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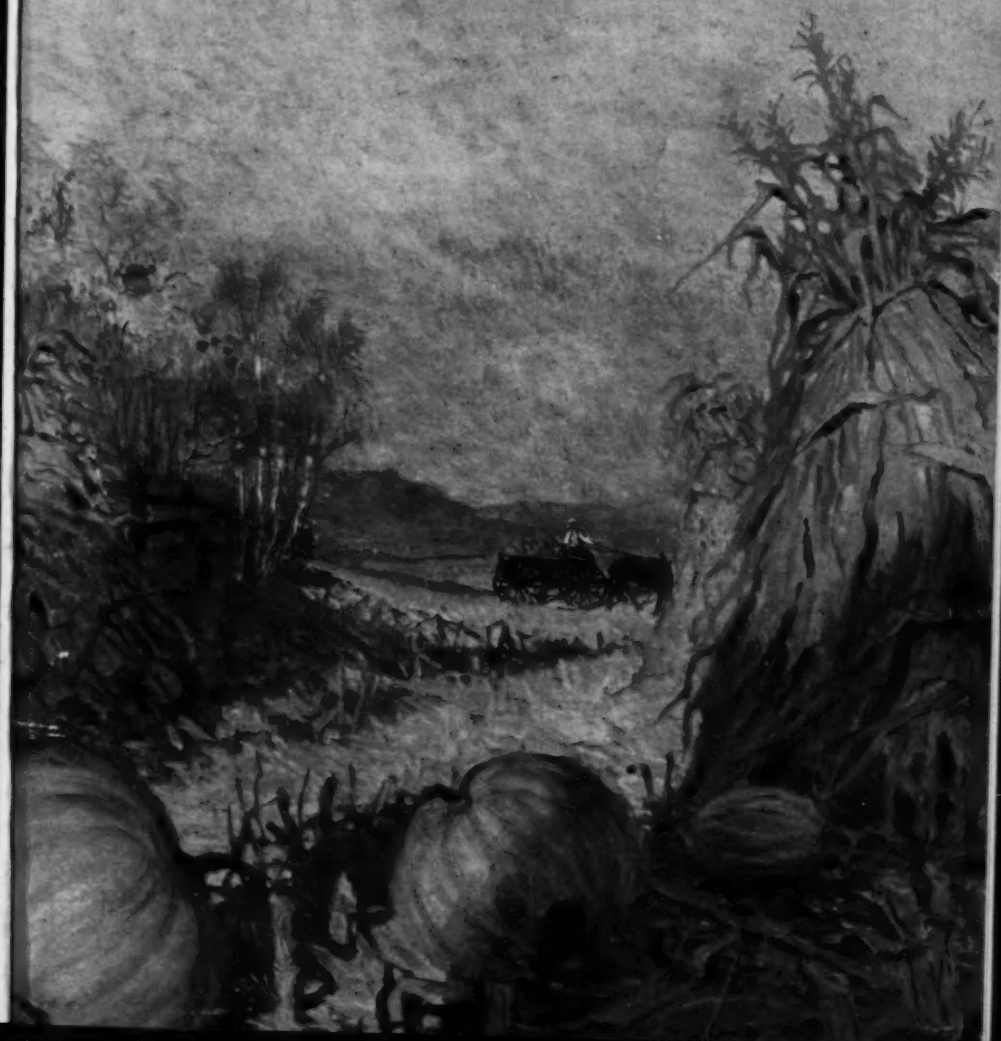
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NATIONAL

Magazine

October 1913

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Boston, Mass.

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1913

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(Oct.)

VIEW IN THE
BOSTON FENWAY



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1913

THE Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

RIPENING fields and harvested crops are suggestive October themes in Washington. The seed of spring tariff discussion matured with growing soil products, with the distinction that the fruitage may wait another year for better or for worse. Despite the disturbing tariff discussions, however, the country has been prospering. Prosperity seems to become a habit, as people understand each other better and realize the futility of the old "panic" hallucination. Of course, during the season past, there have been trying days for financiers and those in charge of industrial enterprises, and there are trying days to come; but as the spirit of confidence has been manifested, the rough ways have been made smooth.

In the last century who would ever have dreamed of millions of dollars of business handled every day simply upon a basis of confidence, man to man. Every check, every draft, every bank note issued is but one of many expressions of confidence in man and his institutions. With the Bankers' Convention in Boston and the currency discussion rife, the "get-together" spirit has o'erleaped mere party boundaries, and a host of self-appointed leaders have found themselves largely without a following—for in these days the people somehow have a way of thinking things out for themselves.

The crying need is felt to be definite lines of policy rather than the exploitation of personal political ambitions. In finance, in commerce and in public service the towering personalities of previous years have been replaced by directorates. Organizations have developed better understandings within their memberships, and organizations again are understanding each other better.

* * * * *

THE summer passed with a steady grind on Capitol Hill. The first breath of autumn resulted in a tingle of activity, when it was realized that the 64th Congress was fast crowding upon the heels of its successor. Already the lines are being formed for the Congressional campaign of 1914. The results of the special elections were watched with keen interest, and the heavy



Photo by Clinedinst

HON. WILLIAM B. WILSON

The first Secretary of Labor, a diligent official whose difficult task it has been to organize a new department in the interests of American workers

artillery of both political parties brought into action. A young and progressive Iowa Congressman, Mr. Frank P. Woods, who hails from the home town of Secretary Shaw, was chosen as chairman of the Republican National Committee. As a result of vigorous training and secret caucuses where party differences are fought out, the Democratic ranks maintained their cohesiveness on the roll call. The debates on the tariff bill will form the ammunition for party campaigns, and the Congressional Record for the special session of 1913 is a ponderous row of volumes, more auspicious than encyclopedias in size. The Record is filled with interesting and illuminating colloquies, reported in fragments through the newspapers, and in their entirety making a dialogue that would sparkle in a "best seller" novel.

* * * * *

ON the seventh floor of the Commerce and Labor Building, opposite the New Willard Hotel, is the headquarters of the youngest department represented in the Cabinet. Secretary William B. Wilson has the distinction of being the first Secretary of Labor, and in the face of many difficulties, he has undertaken his tremendous task of organization. Born in a village up the Clyde in Scotland, Mr. Wilson came to the United States when a small lad. His memories of childhood are associated with the family's eviction from its home, which led his father to emigrate to America, where he dreamed of having a farm and land of his own—something which he never realized, for he remained a miner until his death.

As a boy, William B. Wilson began work in the mines; but he was determined to have an education, and every year found him forging ahead in the night schools in his ambition to become a lawyer. The story of his progress from a worker in the mines to a member of Congress, and then to membership in the President's Cabinet is a record inspiring to the American youth. Today Mr. Wilson is as simple and democratic as when he was a miner. Day after day is spent in conferences with workers and employers. The one great problem constantly before him is mediation. He studies campaigns that will prevent strikes and also seeks means to help arbitrate or settle them. In his views Mr. Wilson is optimistic. He believes that the one essential thing in all relationships between employer and employee is the simple matter of justness and fairness. Hard-working, conscientious, never for a moment forgetting the responsibility laid upon his shoulders, William B. Wilson has set out to make the Department of Labor one that will create rather than retard industrial opportunities. With his grip packed, ready to go here or there at a moment's notice, to stop if possible some impending strike, dispassionately to get at causes and effects, he recognizes the general function of his department as service.

Crowded in a few rooms without the magnificence afforded other departments, he goes on with his work, firm in the conviction that the problems between labor and capital can be solved by meeting together on the common ground of justness and fairness to all concerned.

* * *

IN these days of Republican minority when the members go about the House Office Building—called "H. O." for short, a contraction deliciously suggestive of breakfast food—and drop in at the offices here and there for a conference, the crystalization of new leaderships is indicated. A minority naturally pull together more harmoniously than an unwieldy majority. Republican members have been doing a good deal of visiting about these latter days, in striking contrast to the old days when the "insurgents" frequently clashed with the "regulars"



HON. FRANK P. WOODS

A young Republican Congressman, progressive in policy, whose appointment as chairman of the National Republican Congressional committee has been approved by all branches of the party

over party policies and procedure. As the Republican minority members are gradually getting together and making the most of their shattered forces, the old leaders of former days look with more favor upon the young colleagues who were once regarded as trouble-makers.

During the days of early skirmishes, the head of the progressive Republican organization was Hon. Frank P. Woods, Congressman from Iowa, who had experience in many hard political fights in the Hawkeye State. Mr. Woods hails from Senator Dolliver's district, and came to Washington with a thorough home training in political organization long before the Progressive party had materialized. He persistently represented the principles of the progressive Republicans, but never lost his bearings when counting on ultimate and enduring results.

A quiet and unassuming young man who works systematically and does things thoroughly, Frank P. Woods has made his impress as a leader from his very entrance to politics. He has upset many of the plans of old-time politi-

cians, for he works entirely by new methods, in a level-headed way. At the beginning of the extra session of Congress, the demand for open party conferences was made by Mr. Woods, and it was secured without even a test vote. The line of division between Regular and Progressive Republicans is actually being obliterated, and in the discussion of the reorganization of the Republican party, Mr. Woods was vigorous in his efforts to bring together the various factions and to present a solid front in the congressional campaign of 1914.

Mr. Woods has always been an ardent advocate of the primaries, and holds strong convictions as to eliminating every suspicion of unfairness in politics. As a member of the executive committee of the Republican National Congressional Committee, he was industrious in looking after his party committee selections, an important preliminary



Photo by Clinedinst

MISS JESSIE WOODROW WILSON

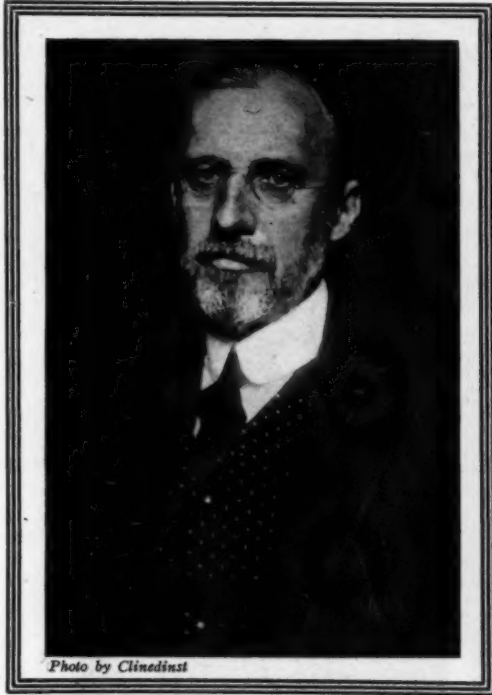
Whose marriage to Mr. Francis B. Sayre in November at the White House will be the great social event of the season in Washington

if there is to be a change in the complexion of the next Congress, so that the Republican members appointed now will be ranking members on important committees and in line for promotion should a political revolution occur in 1914.

Congressman Woods was a banker in his home town, and the same spirit of confidence in his clear-headed judgment manifested by his neighbors and

patrons at home is felt by his party associates. He is Wisconsin born and bred, and is an ardent fisherman, especially fond of fly-fishing for trout. In his manner he preserves the astute silence of the successful angler. At his rooms in Washington a group of colleagues may usually be found at all hours, for he is one of those quiet leaders who always has a following, and knows what is going on. It is already apparent at Washington that in the mustering of the forces for the next great congressional battle, Frank P. Woods of Iowa will play an important part.

It was naturally logical that he should be chosen chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee. An ardent young progressive, his selection was commended on every hand, and all Republicans joined in words of praise. He went right to work, and the Republican gains in the Maine congressional election were most gratifying. For the campaign of 1914 there will soon be in operation new methods and effective plans that will reflect the aggressive and progressive spirit represented by the young congressional chairman who enters the lists with this one purpose in view—results, honorably secured—in increasing the response to the roll call on the Republican side of the House of Representatives.



SIR CECIL ARTHUR SPRING-RICE
The British Ambassador to the United States

* * * * *

INTEREST in the personnel of the diplomatic corps is revived as the autumn advances and diplomats return from their summer outings. M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, dean of the corps, has been in Washington since 1902, and the capital would seem incomplete without him. The lamentable thing for sightseers is that the legations are becoming so thoroughly Americanized that there is no novelty now in their appearance on Washington avenues. In former days the Turks, Persians, Siamese and even the Japanese kept to their native costume and made a most notable attraction in social affairs; now, however, they appear like everyone else in evening hats and frock coats, while their ladies wear exquisite Paris "creations." As one Western visitor remarked, about all that is left of the national costumes is the Turkish

Ambassador's fez—which is nothing extraordinary now that the American Shriner is often seen wearing it when remaining over after a convocation.

Formal social invitations from the Lady of the White House will soon be forthcoming. They are embossed in Gothic type and delivered by messenger, and tradition has it that they are "commands" and that previous engagements do not count—but this is only tradition. At the Turkish embassy the "command"

cannot be obeyed, for religion forbids the Turkish women to appear in public. The exception comes when a member of the legation, as for instance, Ali Kuli Khan, the Secretary of the Turkish embassy, chances to have as his wife an American woman.

It is interesting to witness the informality of Ambassadors as they chance to meet. After the summer a little group of diplomats were overheard discussing the delights and pleasures as well as the discomforts of the various American summer resorts. The coming season promises to be a lively one in Washington, and the diplomatic corps will take part in the merriment.



Photo by Clinedinst

MONIQUE AND PAUL DE LA BOULAYE

The children of the Secretary of the French Embassy and Madame de la Boulaye. The young people speak English with a delightful French accent, and declare that they are quite at home in Washington

rocking chairs in the ante-room were unoccupied—the cane seats were more comfortable and the floors rugless. Without announcement or trumpets the President came back and forth from Secretary Tumulty's office. The bouquet on the desk, changed each day, lent a touch of bright color to the scene. Senators and Congressmen, visiting Governors and other distinguished men ambled around to greet the President as if waiting to get their mail. Sometimes, drawing a little away to a cosy nook of the sofa, the President indulged in a quiet chat. He seemed much the same as when he presided at Princeton—a little more grave, perhaps—but every now and then his face would light up with a smile, and a friendly joke was echoed with Presidential laughter, but a laughter at adagio tempo, in sharp contrast to the Rooseveltian staccato.

A little later, attired in a frock coat, in becoming dignity, the President escaped to the official automobile, and was swept in state up Pennsylvania Avenue. A Mexican message was tucked in his inside pocket. He quietly

WEARING a white suit, white shoes and a white necktie, like a tourist on a Panama steamer, President Wilson smilingly received his guests during the early autumn days at Washington. The stuffy

entered the House of Representatives and was received with hearty applause, indications of a united spirit where foreign countries are concerned. In the gallery Secretary Bryan and Mrs. Wilson and an array of diplomatic celebrities were present.

* * * * *

THE occasion was notable from the fact that the Mexican message was to be delivered, which had been postponed one day in deference to a cable from Huerta in Mexico. Those present seemed to recognize, when dealing with a foreign nation, that Woodrow Wilson was the President of the whole republic and not a party leader. In a clear voice, and with the peculiar inflection characteristic of the class room, amid an almost breathless silence, he laid before Congress the facts with reference to the Mexican situation. There was a thrill of feverish patriotism in the applause that followed, because it was felt that the President had been firm, careful and considerate in his statement. The reply of President Huerta was not read, but passed in the same quiet way and made a part of the records. Huerta's statement, as presented by Gamboa, was counted an able presentation of his case.

Returning with as little ostentation as he had set forth, the President was soon back in the White House, and again appeared attired in white. There was little to indicate that he had just handled an acute international complication, with as little formality as if attending an afternoon social function.

The executive routine seems to be studied in its simplicity. The conferences in the executive offices and at the White House are a prosaic matter-of-fact feature of the every-day work of a president, as Woodrow Wilson sees it. Secretary "Joe" Tumulty, standing near the window, plays with the curtains, listening or bowing, as tale after tale

is poured into his ears about serious and sometimes amusing appointment complications. On his own capable shoulders he takes much of the wearisome patronage parley that has tried the tempers of presidents ever since George Washington appointed the first postmaster for "Boston town," with as little excitement as if talking over the baseball score.



SENATOR JOHN K. SHIELDS

The Tennessee Senator who was selected to succeed the late Senator R. L. Taylor. The new Senator was formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee and is a Conservative Democrat

FOR an expression of rugged common sense on the floor of the Senate, one can always look to Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota. Recently, when the Mexican situation was at an acute stage, Senator Nelson arose and delivered one of those tabloids which are always comprehensive and concise. Some of Senator Nelson's friends insisted that his address had a real Patrick Henry swing to it, though to this remark the Senator took exception, for he was urging peace, not war, and his comments had the effect of soothing public opinion. The value of his remarks, here quoted from the Congressional Record, can consequently be appreciated.

MR. NELSON. I think speeches on the Mexican situation are, at this juncture, out of place and will be an embarrassment to our Government. I want to remind Senators of a little bit of history that we older ones remember well, because it transpired under our eyes and observation. We were very glad during the long, weary and momentous days of the Civil War that no foreign Government intervened in our struggle, and that they allowed us to settle the struggle among ourselves. We were threatened time and again with intervention from France, from Spain, and even from England. In one case the

situation became so acute that a general of the United States at New Orleans was removed because of the complaint of foreign Governments. We were very glad to have foreign Governments keep their hands off and let us settle our controversy among ourselves. The treatment that we hoped and longed for, and which was accorded us during the days of the Civil War, we ought to be willing to accord to a sister Republic at this juncture, and not attempt to agitate the question and bring on war. We ought to permit Mexico, as we were permitted during the Civil War, to settle her internal troubles without warlike intervention on our part.

What is it Senators want? Intervention means war. Suppose we have a war with Mexico, there are 15,000,000 people in Mexico, and they will not quietly and supinely submit to have that country invaded and dismembered. Suppose we should get, as the result of war, what some people are pining for—two or three of the northern Provinces from Mexico and attach them to the United States—what good will it do us? The acquisition of Alsace and Lorraine by Germany as the result of the Franco-Prussian War has



HON. E. LIVINGSTONE CORNELIUS

The new Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate—a young man who has nobly held his post at every session during the long summer term of Congress

proved a great military burden to Germany, and has served in the intervening years to keep up more or less tension and friction between that country and France. It has been one of the causes that has led to the excessive arming of both countries and to the formation of triple and dual alliances. And while the people of those Provinces have been Germanized in speech, they still are, to a large extent, Frenchmen at heart.

The experience of Germany and France would be ours if we should take the same course here, and as a result of war take two or three Provinces from Mexico. They would be a festering sore between us and that Republic for all time to come.

Therefore, it seems to me that we ought to do everything we can in this country to avoid war, and give the people of Mexico the same chance to settle their internal difficulties which we asked and obtained during the long and weary days of the Civil War.

* * *

THERE is sometimes a romance in Dogdom that even surpasses the stories in the old fairy books. Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt is very fond of dogs, but her admiration does not extend toward lap dogs and French poodles. She delights in a plain, everyday dog who can wag his tail when spoken to, frolic with the children, and make himself generally useful in chasing dull care away. Such a dog is Towser, the pet of the Roosevelt home. His history is as interesting as an imported pedigree.

One day Mrs. Roosevelt, who was then mistress of the White House, made a journey to the dog catchers' pound in Washington. She was attracted to one bright, intelligent puppy and paid the regular \$2.00 fee to rescue him from the impending fate which he was about to share with his luckless fellows—a painless but ignominious death by chloroform. From a stray, starved mongrel gathered in by the dog catcher, and about to be put out of the way, only to become by the merest chance the pet of the First Lady of the Land—that is the romance of Towser.

When in later days at Sagamore Hill, Towser got hold of the spanker shield of a tramp's trousers, the victim was compelled to admit then and there that Towser was trained on true Progressive lines, and had profited well by the voice of his master.



Photo by Clinedinst

MISS AGNES SHACKLEFORD

The daughter of Congressman and Mrs. Dorsey W. Shackelford of Missouri. Miss Shackelford's small, informal dances are a pleasing feature of the social life in Congressional circles

PARLIAMENTARY inquiry into the American Marconi Company scandal showed how sensitive the people of all countries are in these days when public officials deal in stocks that in any way may be affected by public legislation. Two cabinet ministers of the British Empire were accused of stock transactions, and all England stood aghast. Sir Rufus Isaacs, then attorney-general, was alleged to have purchased some ten thousand shares of stock



Photo by Clinedinst

CONGRESSMAN JOHN M. MORIN OF PENNSYLVANIA

And his interesting family. In political circles Mr. Morin is known as a fighter, and in athletics as something of an expert; in the home circle, however, he shines brightest as an ideal father of a lively little brood

in the American Marconi Company for Mr. David Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The first inquiry was made at the time the contract of the government with the British Marconi Company was closed. There were hints at cabinet speculation, but the members denied any personal interest in the British Marconi Company, and that was the end of it—for the time. The connection between the officials of the English and American Company has since become known, and "the wireless scandal" has rocked England politically from one end to another, threatening at one time to wipe out the Asquith ministry. The loss of more than two million dollars by the British public, in connection with shares in the American Marconi Company, developed an acute situation and the testimony at the hearing was eagerly read. While our British brethren are good sportsmen, they don't want the dice loaded.

The satire of the modest George Bernard Shaw was evoked when he wrote concerning the "wireless indignation" and depicted the British public as "an incorrigibly intemperate and ridiculous people in our cups of virtuous indignation," showing that after all "England is but a nation of governesses."

Shaw insists that there is nothing to choose between a modern Cabinet Minister and Titus Oates. The reorganization of Sir Rufus was the sequel.

The discussion goes merrily on, showing that the mental attitude of people is about the same everywhere, and that even the most ardent reformer must beware lest the stones showered in every direction may find his glass house at last.

* * * * *

ARE appendicitis and typhoid fever largely brought on by improper cooking? In the Senate restaurant, Nicholas Soyer, the noted French chef, and a descendant of the man whom Thackeray called "the Great Soyer," commented on "the push and kick methods of the American cuisine" which he claims "cause more deaths in the kitchen than in all the hospitals in the country." For thirty-four years Mr. Soyer has been chef for various crowned heads of Europe, including the King of England, and has received gold medals from France and Great Britain. He insists that "Americans are continually poisoning themselves by their poor cooking."

Mr. Soyer's criticism of the American housewife as a cook revives all the old jokes about the young bride's biscuits and the pies "like mother used to make." The distinguished Frenchman remarks: "The average housewife in this country is totally ignorant of the true art of cooking, and is causing much illness which is being attributed to other causes. Your housewives are buying good food, better than is obtainable in many other countries, but they spoil it by their lack of knowledge of how to cook properly. Especially is this knowledge necessary because Americans eat so much rich food, and twenty-five per cent of the albumen or nutrition is lost in the way that your housewife will cook. She will shove a roast into the oven and kick the door shut, regardless of the fact that in so doing its most wholesome part, the juice, is gradually evaporating. The meat comes out, brown and apparently well done, but in reality it is nothing more than a hunk of gelatine or grease. The albumen is gone."

Mr. Soyer believes in paper-bag cooking to retain the juice, and warns



MISS ANNE SEYMOUR JONES

The daughter of Congressman William A. Jones. She is a particularly winsome young lady, with all the charm of manner attributed to the daughters of old Virginia, her native state

people to look out for metallic utensils which tend to corrode food. He insists that French cooking is not rich but simple, and is made palatable, and that the secret of it all is the French seasoning. As he tasted a little bit of Mother's Custard, a favorite dish among many Congressmen, Mr. Soyer remarked that a great deal of the complaint on the high cost of living could be remedied by economical cooking, which means so much to the purse, as well as to the health of the people. "If half of the attention," he said with a significant twinkle, "was given to help people in preparing their own food as the Agricultural Department gives to the care of food for stock, the result would be magical

in preserving health and in saving millions in the aggregate cost of living."

Who will vote for the establishment of a government Bureau of Cooking?

* * *

MANY individual ambitions for a congressional nomination have been "sweated out" during the long summer session of Congress. This is a year of new parties and of strange political experiences. For several years now, the "good old summer time" in Washington has seen Congress in session, and there has been very little breathing time for national legislators to go home, fix up broken fences and revivify exhausted vitality. During the summer sessions legislators have at least had an opportunity to become acquainted with Washington.

One Congressman, seeing for the first time a moving caravan—preceded by two mounted policemen with three heavily armed men sitting in the rear and two in front—began to ask questions. Visiting constituents, with whom he had gone to the White House, demanded to know all about it, and the Congressman had to evade the issue by recalling the old overland stage

coach in "road agent" times. He discovered afterwards that the wagon was filled with United States bank notes coming from the Bureau of Printing and Engraving to the Treasury Department. Millions of dollars are carried back



Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. ATLEE POMERENE

The wife of the Senator from Ohio, and one of the most popular hostesses in Washington

and forth in this way, but always under heavy guard.

Members of the present Congress are fast becoming familiar with the details of governmental departments. The tourist is omnipresent in Washington and he has the time and the inclination to be shown things. He wants to "do" Washington by schedule, and to see things that public men are compelled to neglect in the routine of official life. He thinks, as one Congressman lamented, "that an M. C. is a walking Washington Baedeker"—and woe to the Congressman who cannot answer his questions. Consequently the extra sessions and long hours of summer legislation are not without their lessons and compensations.

* * *

IT must have been a young man from Yonkers, for Dr. Elmer

Brown, formerly in charge of the Bureau of Education at Washington, delights in telling a story of how a taste for beautiful things or a taste for the tawdry and false is formed in youth. One summer's day a small boy was taken to the circus and it was to him the revelation of a new world. His eyes opened

wide and the questions came fast and furious from the moment he joined the throngs gathered about the ticket wagon. It was a wonderful day, and when he returned home, mamma was anxious to know her son's opinion of the circus.

"How did you like it, George?" she asked.

"Mamma," answered George seriously, "if you ever went to a circus you would never go to church again."

This observation has led some educators to believe that an introduction of just a little of the circus methods in their services would make week-day and Sunday schools more attractive to pupils. When at Sunday school on the next Sunday, mamma again heard her hopeful telling the teacher and class all about the animals as they came from Noah's ark, but when he alluded to aerial trapeze performers as "angels with pink legs"—it was too much for the solemn and sedate Sunday school teacher. No wonder that in some cities, the schools close "when the circus comes to town."



Photo by Clinedinst

MADAME GOLEJEWSKI

The beautiful wife of Colonel Nicolai Golejewski, attache of the Russian Embassy at Washington

WHEN I read the bitter words of political discussion and hear little personal disputes on the floor of the House or of the Senate, I cannot help thinking of the words of the mystic Maeterlinck. His tribute to "The Departing Soul" is one of the clippings which two distinguished Senators carry in their pockets, and both insist that when opportunity offers, one is going to read it on the floor and have it placed in the Congressional Record, to check the hot words spoken in debate. When personal vanity is attacked, the wounds are deepest. Some of the most bitter factional feuds in American political parties and the history of the country, have started from some little wound to personal vanity. Thus the philosopher, Maeterlinck, speaks:

When I stand before the rigid body of my bitterest enemy; when I look upon the pale lips that slandered me, the sightless eyes that so often brought the tears to mine, the cold hands that may have wrought me so much wrong—do you imagine that I can still think of revenge? Death has come and atoned for all. I have no grievance against the soul of the man before me. Instinctively do I recognize that it soars high above the gravest faults and the cruelest wrongs (and how admirable and full of significance is this instinct!) If there lingers still a regret within me, it is not that I am unable to inflict suffering in my turn, but it is perhaps that my love was not great enough and that my forgiveness has come too late.

As a certain Representative remarked after hearing these words, "How different is the attitude of the members towards one another on the day set aside for eulogies in Congress, than at times when momentous questions are before the House, and bitter words are spoken."

* * * * *

IT is not many years ago that reporters made a visit to the sand dunes of North Carolina and found two brothers, Orville and Wilbur Wright, working out their dream of the aeroplane. The two were as shy as the game on the marshes near at hand. Unselfishly they went ahead, each giving the other credit as being the "real inventor," and both will be known to history as the fathers of flying machines. The death of Wilbur Wright left unsolved the mystery as to which of the two was the real inventor, and it is doubtful if the facts will ever be known. Orville was usually the spokesman of the two, with a brief interpolation from Wilbur, who was the elder brother—the tall, keen-faced man whose dimensions and expression inspired poetical writers to characterize him as "the typical bird man."

It was Wilbur Wright's lifelong concern to avoid accidents, and he often expressed a wish to die in bed rather than to fall from the air. At one time a million people were waiting on the banks of the Hudson to watch him fly, but the wind was unfavorable and he remained on land, chatting with the reporters. "You know I would make a better picture if I fell," he said grimly, "and these people who don't know me would not care particularly if I should be hurt. But those who are my friends would rather have me wait than take chances."

It does not seem possible that it is less than ten years since the Wright brothers built their first flying machine, although they have been interested in aviation ever since their father gave them a toy helicopter when they were children. The boys first experimented with kites, and not until they had worked for some three years with box kites did they attempt a flying machine. Mr. Orville Wright is still at work experimenting on a machine that will remain in the air without a motor.



Photo by Clinedinst

TESTING TEA IN THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

Miss Alberta Read, shown in the photograph, is the inventor of a new system which is causing importers to take particular care of adulteration in the tea sent to the United States

It seems fitting that Congress should not delay in taking measures to reward the Ohio boys who braved the sneers of friends and companions and worked out the practical and basic principles of flying machines for the world at large, thus accomplishing an object for which Congress had previously appropriated thousands of dollars to no purpose. Flying machines on the military parade grounds were a distinctive feature of the Inauguration of 1913, and are already a permanent part of Uncle Sam's army and navy equipment, and even doing service for the Post Office Department. Will the public highways of the skies be subject to the regulation of the Inter-State Commerce Commission? That's the question now "in the air"—so to speak.

* * * * *

THE Goddess of Liberty was ignored as "a back number" when the New York artist, J. W. Fraser, completed the design for the new nickel, just now the most popular coin in our currency. A buffalo takes the place of the Goddess on the new nickel, the other side bearing an Indian head. The design was passed upon in the last administration by Secretary MacVeagh and George E. Roberts, the director of the mint, and now the elusive nickel will preserve in the coin of the realm pictorial memories of the obliterated bison and the Red Man of ante-colonial days.

The Goddess of Liberty will still occupy a place on some coins, but the popularity of the buffalo on the nickel is assured, and street car conductors will doubtless feel their artistic tastes better recognized when receiving coins

decorated with the impress of an almost extinct species of animal and a disappearing race instead of a time-hallowed device that once embodied the spirit and devotion of a great people.

The Fraser nickel is the latest thing in coinage styles—and there are fashions in coins as well as in dress, though as one of the clerks at the mint remarked pertly, "The average person is so busy spending money on style, that he hasn't the time to notice the style on money."

* * * * *

IN the present Congress there is a lively quartette of Democratic members born in old Union County, Pennsylvania. Union County has a population of less than eighteen thousand, but it has furnished the men to represent ten times the population accredited to it.

In the cloak room the four "Unionites" were talking over old home days. All save one now represent their own state in Congress. Congressman Diferderfer comes from the Eighth; Congressman Leshner from the Sixteenth and Mr. Frank L. Dershem from the Seventeenth District of Pennsylvania; and Mr. Baker is from the Second New Jersey District.

The quartette heartily discussed the scenes of their old home county, but it happened that none of them knew the others in boyhood days. It was another case of men coming together in later life, when they have reached positions of prominence, who may have been born in the same locality and reared in the same environments, and who still have not known one another in swimming-hole days. Careers often travel along the same lines, somewhat parallel in experience and effort, and finally converge in later years. Union County has reason to be proud at least of its congressional product, and is fittingly known as Pennsylvania's "cradle of congressmen."

* * * * *

THE immense increase of tourist travel to the Panama Canal Zone emphasizes the fact that American sightseers are beginning to realize that within six months the stupendous creations of modern engineering, as well as the river ways of the Ancient Panama trail will be under water and forever hidden from human view.

Nearly seven thousand passengers in transit "came dot Isthmus across," in a single month. Nearly all were sight-seers, and about half arrived on three vessels carrying tourists only, and three private yachts.

The commercial success of the Panama Canal is foreshadowed in the large increase of Isthmian trade. Over one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars represent the combined commerce of Panama and Tehautepec the past year. Of this amount nearly five million dollars' worth of merchandise is now handled by the Panama Railroad, while the value of that passing the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic Coast via the Tehuantepec line is about fourteen millions. Colonel Goethals has expressed the opinion that twenty-five thousand soldiers to the Canal should be able to withstand a reasonable attack, and the War Department has planned to place a garrison of eight thousand men to begin with. Twelve thousand men are required in the Philippines, sixteen thousand in Honolulu, and one thousand at Alaska. Panama will necessitate an increase in force and the need of recruiting infantry and field artillery is becoming more apparent, as plans are considered looking toward the completion of the Canal.

Only a few months remain in which to save from the great inland sea all that nature has bestowed and man has constructed along the ancient highway of travel and transportation.

* * *

WITH the softened glow of the electric lights illuminating their dignified faces bowed over the briefs, papers and books before them, or turned in listening to the arguments of the great lawyers of the century, the judges of the Supreme Court continue their sessions at Washington under the admiring gaze of thousands of tourists. The decision of the Court revolutionizing the methods and outrageous delays of patent litigation will diminish such exorbitant expenditures on pioneer inventions as have harassed Thomas Edison and George Westinghouse, whose litigations to prevent shameless infringements of their patents have been enormous, mounting up into the millions. Over the Westinghouse patents alone more than five million dollars

have been spent in patent litigation. In one experience of Thomas Edison, litigation was continued until within a year of the time of the patent's expiration, and although Edison finally won, he secured no damages. At one time Mr. Edison said he seriously contemplated abandoning the patent office, and working out his processes with only a few trusted associates, but the Supreme Court has at last put an end to claims founded on "the hypothetical patent."

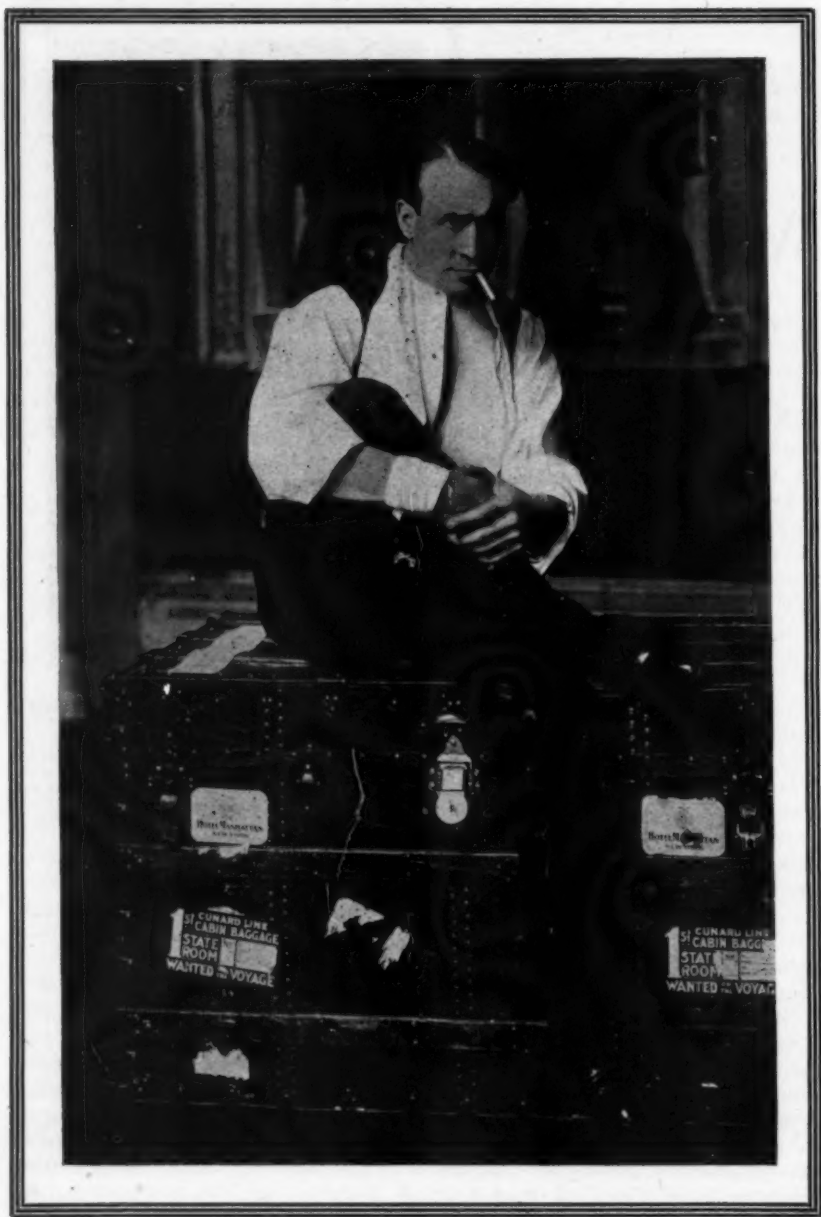
Inventors in all parts of the United States rejoice that the decision of the Court has made it no longer possible for corporations with large capital and influence to crush weak litigants. Hereafter testimony must be given orally in open court—no more fat fees for referees, commissioned to take testimony in private. The new rules require that expert testimony must be direct, to the point, and within the proper limits. Cases must be tried in the court in which the case is made out. All this, it is felt, will eventually put an end to patent suits dragging along from fourteen to forty years. In other words, the fundamental purposes and intentions of the Patent Laws are to be carried out. The present Supreme Court seems to have a keen appreciation of the needs and spirit of the times.



Photo by Clinedinst

MISS MARGARET PERIN

A Washington beauty who has been formally presented at the Court of St. James and is extremely popular at home. She is the daughter of Mrs. George Howard and comes of an old Washington family



MR. WARNER IN "THE GHOST BREAKER"

Smuggled on board the *Lusitania* in a trunk, the hero emerges in a rather dishevelled state

Prison Reform

Helping the World's Unfortunates

an Interview with

H. B. Warner

IMAGINE yourself not speaking to a soul for weeks at a time, shut in a dark cell, your food thrust to you through a grating, and your only exercise obtained through parading round and round a little ten by ten foot yard with walls that reach seemingly to the sky; and then ask yourself, is this the way to get into the better nature of a man, to search for and nourish whatever little good there is in him?"

The speaker paused to let his little audience, gathered in the tiny "Manager's Office" of the theater, anticipate his deliberate answer. Outside in the lobby could be heard the shuffling feet of a larger audience, still under the spell of his acting, while Mr. H. B. Warner, the matinee over, outlined his sentiments on prison reform.

"Think of the old 'Solitaire'—solitary confinement—of the Eastern State Penitentiary, Philadelphia, and many other prisons. I have met men," he declared, "who have openly told me that if they could get so and so, they would be happy to die—and would die smiling. The 'so and so' referred to was invariably a prison official. The men had committed crime, if you will, anything that had offended against the laws, and they had been so brutally treated in prison that they had come out of prison no longer men but beasts—worse, far worse, than when they went in."

To Mr. Warner, prison reform is first of all a matter of humanity. The dark cell, the awful loneliness, the narrow yard, the unwholesome food—he knows these, and to him they are horrible in their reality. The public's lack of interest in prison reform—and going still deeper, the

general ignorance of what this great movement in its true sense means—this also he fully realizes. "How many people," he said, at the beginning of his talk, "even know what prison reform in its true sense means? How many people have really studied conditions in the underworld? Very few indeed."

Mr. Warner's interest in the subject dates back to his boyhood days in England, when he first went on the stage with his father, Mr. Charles Warner, who was then at the height of fame in the London theaters. The young man's acquaintance was not confined to actors who formed an admiring circle about his father—"one of my closest friends at the time," he says, "was the warden of Holloway jail." Through this friendship was conceived an interest in prison conditions that has played an important part in H. B. Warner's histrionic career, for it was as the pardoned convict in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" that he made his first wonderful success on the American stage.

"So many people," says Mr. Warner, "excuse themselves by saying, 'Why should we bother about prison reform? The man has offended; he has been proven guilty; he must be punished.' But let them pause for a moment and consider how many men—and women too, for that matter—have been mentally and physically ruined by that one word *punished*. Is it not possible to correct rather than to punish?"

The answer to this question was given by referring to cases in point. "When first I came to this country," he said, "I met several prison officials, all of whom struck me as being men of the highest order of intelligence. Mr. McKenty of



AT THE INN AT SEGURA

The daughter of the old Spanish inn-keeper reads the palm of "The Ghost Breaker" (Mr. Warner and Sara Biala)

the Eastern State Penitentiary and Mr. Hoyle of the San Quentin Penitentiary, California, are two of the most humane men I have ever had the pleasure of meeting in any walk of life. They understand their position; they realize thoroughly the power they have; they deal out justice—but it is always tempered with mercy." Both of these men have demonstrated that prison reform is not an idle dream of a philosopher, but is a practical, effective possibility. "Through Mr. McKenty of the Eastern State Penitentiary," said Mr. Warner, "there are now no longer

solitary walks, solitary days, solitary nights. The men have air, good food, kindness; but discipline reigns supreme. The point which Mr. McKenty works on is this, as he himself said:—'If there is any good in this man, I am going to bring it out; if there is not, we shall have to do the best we can with him because he has never had a fair start in life, he was handicapped from the start.' The same method is employed by Warden Hoyle in San Quentin.

"It may seem almost paradoxical," confessed Mr. Warner, "but I know as a positive fact that ninety per cent of the

prisoners now in charge of Hoyle are almost devoted to him." Yet the average prisoner, as Mr. Warner pointed out earlier in his talk, would die smiling to get his warden!

"Hoyle is giving his men starts in life. At this time I know two men in New York, one in Boston and one in Philadelphia; these four men together served seventy-seven years. They are now in business and look their fellow-citizens straight in the eye. I received a letter not long ago from one of these men, stating that if I ever went back to San Francisco and saw Hoyle, I was to be sure and give him his, as he put it, 'everlasting respect.' This man of whom I speak is prospering in the shoe business." And these are only a few instances. Perhaps more might have been given and further suggestions made as to his views, but interruptions were growing imperative from the vicinity of the outside hall, where Mr. Warner's presence was greatly desired. To the intruder, the matter of instances and views on prison reform was secondary to the homely consideration of his friend's health. Snatches of his argument came through the doorway. "Ought to have a little air . . . been through a whole day's work at this matinee . . . another performance tonight . . . *prison reform*, you said? . . ." The laugh made the parallel too obvious. You see, the manager's office at the Park is very small and narrow. Also, its door is heavy, and it has a grating—through to the box office. Mr. Warner rose to quiet the disturbance. . . . "I have only given these instances," he said, as he prepared to leave, "in favor of correction rather than punishment. When some of our government officials say that the reformatory system of the state is bad they speak only the truth. Many states are just where they were one hundred years ago, herding young men with common drunkards in their reforma-

tories and the prisons—first offenders with hardened criminals. Until there is a prison reform which shall separate the classes, bring about a state use of prison manufacturers and permit convicts to work in the open air—the surest road to a man's better nature—there can be no real prison reform. Governors and other executives would do well to exercise the pardoning power wherever by so doing a moral life can be saved. The majority of those who go to jail are not necessarily criminals in the true sense. They are the unfortunates of the world. *Show them the error of their ways, correct them, help them to help themselves.*"

This is the earnest appeal of the actor who is portraying on the stage the greatest criminal characters of modern drama.



IN THE PRINCESS' ROOM

After a shooting affray, the hero, seeking to escape, breaks into a lady's apartment by mistake, and relying on her to keep silence, listens for pursuers

Through the LATIN LANDS

*In the Wake of The Boston
Chamber of Commerce in
South America*

*by
Peter Mac Queen. F.R.G.S.*

I RETURNED on the Vasari with the Chamber of Commerce party to Boston a few weeks ago. I had followed in the track of the party from Panama through the continent of South America to Rio Janeiro. The Americans were given a royal reception everywhere. The business men of South America told me they expected great results in a business and financial way from the friendly visit of the Bostonians. It was a sort of Columbiad, a pioneer journey into the unknown realms of trade, through the great Latin lands of South America.

The party took an intelligent and kindly way of impressing the proud and sensitive peoples of those Latin countries, and the people responded with genuine hospitality and cordial interest. The South Americans seemed eager for future brotherhood between themselves and the great republic of the north.

On the steamer I interviewed the genial president of the commission, Colonel Henry L. Kitchaide, and he gave me the following views on the results of their travel and investigation in South America.

He said: "We found the most cordial sentiments toward America existing everywhere in the Latin republics of the South. It is a mistake to confuse them with Central American states; they are imperial nations already highly developed and struggling up into world prominence. The way we

speak of Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Mexico and then in the same breath of the Latin republics of South America offends these people, and justly so. South America is an entirely different proposition from Central America. The revolutionary spirit is almost dead in most of the South American republics, and a new spirit of trade, invention and commercial enterprise is taking its place. The trade of Europe in such countries as Brazil and the Argentine mounts into the hundreds of millions. I am told that the English have nearly two billions invested in Chile. The rich silver, copper and quicksilver mines of Bolivia and Peru are a big asset in the world's wealth. Our newspapers, magazines and public men lump all people of the Latin race together and call them Latin Americans; just as the professors formerly in the science of zoology took everything they did not understand and classified it as vermes—worms.

"Now, I think first of all a campaign of education about Latin America would be a good thing in this country. There are seventy-five million people living south of the Rio Grande, and in their political organization they vary from rudest barbarism to ripest civilization. Many of them resent the Monroe Doctrine as being only a scheme to ward off other nations from these rich lands until we have time enough ourselves to gobble

them up. It would be well to know, for example, that the people of Lima in Peru speak as fine Spanish as that used in the streets of Madrid, that they are a brilliant race, with literary traditions extending away back to nearly a hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims. It would be an illuminating thought for some of our business men to consider that this year there are a hundred and fifty million head of sheep and cattle and horses grazing on the pampas of the Argentine Republic. Some of our ardent jingoes will be glad to learn that the Chilian Republic is putting four super-dreadnaughts into its fleet this year, and that the Rivadavia, which has just sailed from Fore River for Argentina, is the last word in battleship building. The big republics resent the Monroe Doctrine because they think they are quite able to take care of themselves. The governments of Brazil and of Peru are inviting Americans to leave their own country and emigrate to these southern countries in order to improve their condition, though they now live in what we consider the best country in the world."

I asked Colonel Kincaide what impressions he received on the journey as to the improving of our trade relations with South America, and he replied: "In my judgment we must first of all establish American banks in every important town, small banks at first, so as not to provoke the opposition of European banks already established there. This is one of the first and most important things to do. You see, the banks of England, Germany, France, Belgium and Switzerland are all well established. And the invoices of the American houses and their business contracts are often seen by the managers of these banks in the course of business. They are naturally patriotic and will

communicate such items to their compatriots in various cities; thus the Europeans are well informed about our trade conditions and our prices, whilst our merchants are entirely in ignorance oftentimes of what the European houses are doing in South America.

"Then we want to send down as sales-



COLONEL HENRY L. KINCAIDE

President of the Commission of the Chamber of Commerce of the city of Boston, Massachusetts, which visited South America this summer

men into South America our very cleverest commercial travelers. Here in our own country it is easy for a salesman to get an order. The name of the firm he represents is well known; the quality and character of the goods have all been tried, and he has only to enter the store and write out his order. In South America the names of the firms are unknown, many of the goods have never been sold there. The languages

have to be thoroughly mastered. At home we need merely order-getters; in South America we need real salesmen, the best the country can produce. There are so many things we make in the United States that are not sold in South America at all by any country that it seems quite reason-

million dollars to a figure that will be in the hundreds of millions. That is, if great cities, like Boston, and powerful communities, like New England, take the proper interest in this new and fertile field.

"I should say also that we need our diplomatic corps thoroughly reorganized.

We have been very niggardly as a nation towards our consular and diplomatic corps. They are not well housed and they are not well paid. A hod-carrier in the United States gets more than many of our consuls. The fact that we spend only two hundred and sixteen thousand dollars a year on all our consuls throughout the world shows very clearly how the people are indifferent to and the government is stingy with the consular and diplomatic branches in the foreign relations of the United States. Our cleverest young men will not go into the service. Hence we are often poorly represented; although we met in South America some remarkably skilled and efficient consular and diplomatic agents.

"Moreover, a new American merchant marine suited to the size and importance of our country is absolutely necessary. Otherwise we shall never begin to realize the splendid foreign export trade that lies at our very door.

"On the whole, I was very much delighted and I think my companions were, with the cordial and open-handed hospitality that we received

everywhere, and I hope that the city of Boston and the community of New England will take a keen and permanent interest in the results of our investigations."

* * *

In my travels through South America I found that what Colonel Kincaide had said was true. We are only just beginning to understand the people of these great new lands. We have not been told the



INDIAN WATER CARRIER, CUZCO, PERU

Some of them live to be one hundred and fifty years old

able that our merchants should vastly increase their export trade in that direction.

"We have not only been very kindly received and splendidly entertained, but our men have gained an entirely new conception of the great export field which American genius and American enterprise is only beginning now to work. I make no doubt that in a few years our trade with South America will expand from forty

true history of South America. We have read it from the French, English and Dutch historians, the inveterate enemies of Spain. South America is ahead of the United States in literature, poetry and art, in courtesy and the unbought grace of life. They have failed in politics on account of the bad laws bequeathed to them from Spain, and we have succeeded on account of the good laws bequeathed to us from England. Bad as the government of the Spaniards may have been, it was certainly not so bad as represented by the enemies of Spain. From the large numbers of Indians seen everywhere in Peru and Bolivia, it is very evident that the Spaniards did not massacre, much less annihilate, those ancient peoples.

is only two miles away. An era of prosperity is seen on the streets and in the shops of Arequipa. Some of the most aristocratic old families still remain, beautiful women and finely educated men, many of them educated in Europe and North America.

Being isolated from other parts of South America, Arequipa does not have the advantages in theatres and operas that Lima would have, for example. I was surprised and interested in the theatre of Arequipa. It holds about 2,000, and the principal attraction while I was there was the moving picture show of "Quo Vadis." The lowest priced ticket was 75c, and tickets ran up to \$6.00. Fifteen hundred people were present the night I was there; the ladies all dressed in Parisian gowns;



LLAMAS GRAZING IN THE FIELDS, BOLIVIA

Moreover, the fact that everywhere in South America one finds a kindly feeling toward Spain shows that conditions under the Spaniards were not intolerable.

I made the journey from Lima to Arequipa and followed in the wake of the Boston party to Cuzco and La Paz. You land at Mollendo and the train winds by a serpentine way across sunburnt sierras for a hundred and fifty miles to the ancient city of Arequipa. This was the old centre of the caravan routes, a stopping-place between Lake Titicaca and the sea. It has today some fine cathedrals, a splendid hospital, and a beautiful plaza.

The great house of W. R. Grace & Co., New York, has a fine store here; in general merchandise they are the most important merchants on the west coast of South America. There are banks and railway offices. The Harvard Observatory

they wore exquisite furs, with magnificent ostrich feathers, which keep their lustre and delicacy undimmed because of the dry atmosphere. I inquired of a friend who knew the city well where all the wealth came from, and he told me that many families in Arequipa have riches accumulated since the days of Pizarro, and that some people who have become poor put all that is left of an ancient fortune into such beautiful gowns and expensive hats. I was entertained at the Arequipa Club, being introduced there by Mr. Blaisdell, the American manager of the Southern railways of Peru. Although these railways are under the direction of an English company called the Peruvian Corporation, which has assumed the entire national debt of Peru—two hundred and fifty million dollars—yet they are managed by very brilliant American engineers and superin-



Courtesy of Max T. Vargas

BEAUTY IN THE LATIN LANDS

Alicia Estejo, a lovely Limena lady
of Lima, Peru

Bolivian type of beauty, showing
Aymara influence

Julia Maldonado of Chile, type
of Chilean beauty

tendents. Moreover, these railways were built by American engineers with Peruvian capital, but after the disastrous war with Chile of 1879, Peru founded her national debt and turned it over to the Peruvian Corporation.

It now appears that American capital is fast buying out the Peruvian railways from the English company, and thus the advance of the Yankees in South America is being accelerated. If the city of Arequipa were thoroughly cleaned up and scientific sewerage introduced, I cannot imagine a more delightful place for tourists to spend a part of the winter.

Now from Arequipa I took a slow train—purposely, so as to see the country—and travelled a whole day to Juliaca, about 250 miles. Though the scenery here is not so dramatic as on the Central Railway, it is more interesting, for you come to a high plateau at an elevation of 14,000 feet, where there are lakes and rivers and a vegetation of grass which was brown when I was there in the winter-time, but the valleys are covered with flocks of llamas and alpacas, and here and there we saw that beautiful timid gazelle-like animal, the vicuna, which does not thrive at an altitude below 14,000 feet. As to the famous sickness called *sorocho*, which travellers sometimes find so troublesome at these high altitudes—I know nothing of it, for I felt very little difference between the sea-level and altitudes of 15,000 and 16,000 feet. A little short-

ening of breath was all I could notice, and you could not comfortably run or kick up at these great heights. Regarding this famous mountain-sickness I think it is mostly imagination, and that if a person is careful in his diet and does not exercise too much, in ordinary health he should not be troubled much with mountain-sickness.

From Juliaca a branch of the railroad runs to Puno on Lake Titicaca. The main line runs 300 miles to Cuzco. This ride from Juliaca to Cuzco was the most interesting one I had in South America. I went on slow trains and took two days, stopping over night at Sicuani, an ancient Inca town. On the way we passed the station of Tiripata, the headquarters of the famous Inca Mining Company, an American company. There is a trail from Tiripata to the headwaters of the Amazon, built by the American owners of the Inca mines. The road cost millions, but the gold mines of the Inca Mining Company have been very productive. The mines are located 150 miles from Tiripata in the country called the Montana, already referred to.

I met a number of the leading men of this company, and they are very enthusiastic in their reports of the work being done by that great syndicate.

The valleys towards Cuzco are very rich in cattle, sheep and llamas. I must have seen a hundred thousand animals between Juliaca and Cuzco. The train runs through the central valley of Peru. Always you have the great gray plain and

then the vast superb and shining snow mountains. It is cold up there, for you are nearly always at an elevation of more than 12,000 feet. Most of the people seen at the stations are Indians dressed in the quaint garments of the Quichua race, the poncho over their shoulders and the curious covering over their ears called a *borion*, with a hat atop of that. The women sit at the stations spinning threads of llama wool on a little spindle they hold in their hands, called *rueca*. The men are solid and stolid. I could not make out whether they were discouraged by conquest or just serious mountaineers. I think the latter. Most are bare-footed, others wear little sandals of cowhide which they make themselves. There are tanneries along the way operated by Indians and managed by Europeans or Americans.

The railways of Peru are the most comfortable that I rode upon in South America. Trains stopped at eleven o'clock for breakfast—*almuerza*—and a fine breakfast is served in the station for fifty cents, which includes never less than six courses of meat. The farmers, on account of high freight charges, are not able to send much of their meat to distant markets, hence the supply

of fresh meat along the railway line. There was never any llama meat, because the farmer won't kill a llama except in the case of great necessity, and I was told that he often has as much affection for the llama as for his wife and children.

Most of these people do not speak Spanish, but the Quichua language, and I saw at the house of the historian Polo a complete dictionary of this language compiled by the Jesuits in the sixteenth century and written out by hand. This dictionary is still used by savants in studying the Quichua dialect.

* * *

The approach to Cuzco is grand and inspiring. It is at the end of a valley 11,000 feet high, a beautiful fertile spot called the valley of Cuzco, the center of the great Inca kingdom which stretched two thousand miles from Quito in Ecuador away down to the center of Chile. I have a letter in Spanish from the mayor of Cuzco inviting me to stay a week in his city at the expense of the government, and offering me horses to go to Ollantay-tambo and Machupichu, the latter the city discovered by Professor Bingham; but I was unable to spare the time.



REVIEW OF TROOPS IN AREQUIPA PLAZA

Peruvian soldiers, drilled by French officers, and the Chileans, drilled by the Germans

The mayor of Cuzco told me that he greatly enjoyed meeting the Boston commission and only wished that they had had more time to spend among the ancient seats of the mighty in the Inca land. His Excellency suggested to me that a commission composed of one member from the Chamber of Commerce of six or seven leading cities in America could profitably spend two years studying commercial conditions throughout the Latin-American countries. In Cuzco also I spent some delightful days along with the rector of the university, who is an American, Dr. Albert A. Giesecke. Dr. Giesecke has written several books in Spanish on the municipalities of Central Peru. He told me a characteristic South American episode that happened in his faculty meeting one morning. The students objected to some

Inca and pre-Inca work. Whole streets are lined with houses whose magnificent foundations still remain monument to the splendid nation of this remarkable race of rulers. The temple of the Sun, over which there is now standing a church, the palace of Atahualpa, which occupies an entire block as large as a New York block, and the fortress of Sacsuhaman (the glutton eagle) are all far more remarkable than anything I saw in the Aztec ruins of Mexico. The tools with which these ancient builders worked were shown in the museum. They were made of tempered copper mixed with gold and were wonderfully like modern axes and chisels. A skull was shown me trepanned with silver, and the man had evidently recovered, for the cartilage had partly grown over the silver. This striking civili-



PATIO OF COPOCABANA CHURCH
Near Lake Titicaca in Peru, showing the Cloister of Copocabana

of the rulings of the faculty, and came to the door where that body sat in session, placing two lighted bombs at the door of the room. The faculty disappeared *in toto* in less than five seconds. The students then put out the fuses of the bombs.

The mighty ruins of the Incas in and around Cuzco have been so often described that I will not take time to reiterate what is so well known. But I will say that I was astonished at the remarkable amount of

zation of the Andes undoubtedly came from Asia or Egypt. I had, however, one strong impression, and that was that there never was and never could be so glorious an empire here as that described by Prescott and other historians. I can see no evidence whatever either that the Incas were so great and rich or that the country was so populous as has been averred by writers on Peru. There was undoubtedly a semi-civilization here of a marked but

moderate kind. The Incas dwelt in lovely palaces, but the common people crawled into filthy hovels and they have always been just as poor as they are today. The Spaniards undoubtedly perpetrated cruelties, but they never slaughtered millions and depopulated countries as we have been told. We have the history of South America from the enemies of

moon on the far snows of Sora'e were wonderful to behold. I watched from the deck nearly all the night the great panorama on this the highest navigable lake in the world. We looked up at the Southern Cross, and away to the heavenly solitudes of the white-crowned Andes, where the condor divides his realm with the sun, and even the lightning wearies and sub-



DECORATION FOR THE FEAST OF THE NATIVITY
At the beautiful Cathedral of Arequipa

Spain, and when did an enemy ever write a true history of anything? Some of the priests and Jesuit fathers were men of incomparable bravery and undoubted sanctity. They succeeded in some things and failed in others. But to characterize them as cruel demons and unmitigated fanatics is aside from truth and common sense. A hundred years after Pizarro was dead, men of another race were drowning girls in Salem and hanging innocent men on Boston Common. When a Peruvian reads the history of seventeenth century New England he feels just as great a horror for our forefathers as we have for his.

I came back to Juliaca and took a train to Puno on the shores of Titicaca. There was a splendid boat with every accommodation and comfort, and we crossed the lake on a moonlight night, and the glimmer of light on the water and the shimmer of the

sides. Never have I seen such grandeur and sublimity, and I am told it does not exist on this planet outside of the Himalayas. When the red sun rose over the lake in the morning we were among green islands and little elevated fields, quite a homelike scene, like parts of Scotland along the Caledonian canal. We landed at Guaqui and took the railway sixty miles to La Paz, the capital of Bolivia.

This sixty miles is a great plain covered with cattle and terminating everywhere in cloudlands of snow. We passed the famous ruins of the Inca city of Tihuanaco and stopped at a station called the Alto.

* * *

Now we wonder where La Paz may be; we cannot see anything but gray plains and white mountains. But stepping out on the platform of the station, we look down into a gully 900 feet below us; here

are the green gardens and red roofs of La Paz. At 12,600 feet above the sea the highest capital in the world, La Paz has the most unusual situation of any city I have ever seen. We descend by a cog-wheel railway along the face of a cliff, and come to the station. We see droves of llamas and the native people in bright-colored garments. We hear the sound of running water, and the car glides down into a busy railway station. Then we drive over rough pavements and are soon at the

hillside it looks like a field of poppies. La Paz is the city of peace, founded in the mountain fastnesses of the Andes by refugees fleeing from the horrors of war, who settled here and called the place La Paz—Peace.

Bolivia has no coastline, having lost her seaports in the terrible war with Chile when Peru suffered so much—1879-82. There are many mines, and much American capital is invested in the republic of Bolivia. At Oruro, Potosi, Sucre, Cocha-



CARNIVAL CELEBRATION NEAR OBSERVATORY, AREQUIPA, PERU

Guibert hotel, a fine old Spanish hostelry set here in this cold land. For the air is bracing, the climate is cold; the people are mostly Indians of the Aymara race. The streets run up and down the sides of rocky hills that would tire a fox. There is a big plaza and a most interesting market place, and wherever you come to an opening you see towering above the city the majestic heights of Illimani, 22,000 feet above the level of the Pacific. I have never seen so gaily colored a city as this city of La Paz. The ponchos and shawls of the men and women are red and yellow and green and pink and purple, and when the washday comes and the clothing is laid out on the

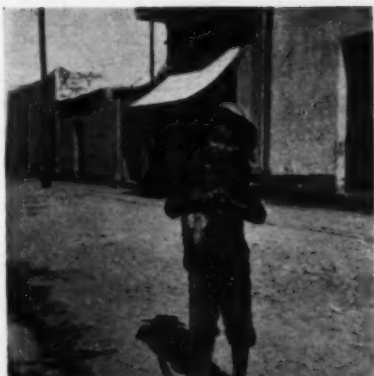
bamba, Uyuni and La Paz you find American influence everywhere.

The frontiers of Bolivia, like those of most South American countries, are very uncertain, and a map of South America made in Bolivia includes a vast portion of the level lands east of the Andes called the Chaco. A map of South America, made by the Argentine Republic, shows Bolivia as an entirely different country with no Chaco within its boundary. Then a map of South America made in Peru includes a vast hinterland in Amazonia, while one made in Brazil shows the Brazilian frontier away over in the territory marked Peru on the Peruvian map; while

the map-makers of Ecuador and Colombia show an entirely different disposition of the lands at the headwaters of the Amazon from that described by the Brazilian and Peruvian map-makers. There is, however, a commission composed of Brazilians and Peruvians who are this summer at the headwaters of the Amazon delimiting the frontiers of Peru and Brazil and incidentally rectifying the claims of Ecuador and Colombia. Meanwhile Bolivian soldiers are fighting Argentine soldiers on the Chaco, and so the question stands. In 1902 King Edward VII delimited the frontiers of Chile and Argentina, but the Chileans thought he gave the Argentines too much, so they allow the adventurers and bad men of Chile to go into this disputed territory and they swoop down from the hills and capture the cattle upon the Argentine plains just as the Highlanders used to do in Scotland; meantime the statue of Christ, cast from the cannons of Argentina and Chile, stands upon the Uspallato Pass rebuking with its solemnity the warring factions on the plains below.

Leaving Bolivia, we took a 700 mile trip to Antofagasta on the Chilean coast. It is a cold and dreary ride of two days, for the trains are not heated. I never knew before that there were so many bones in the body that could be so sensitive to cold. There seemed to be a million more nerves in the body than I had read about in any physiology. The thermometer was about zero Fahrenheit, and it was colder than fifty below zero in Vermont. I was told that the Chamber of Commerce party suffered here almost as much from the cold as the ill-fated expedition of Captain Scott to the South Pole. There is a new railroad from La Paz to Arica which will be only 250 miles and will occupy about twenty-four hours. It is finished, and the delay in opening it was caused by the lack of rolling stock; it will be opened this fall. On the journey to Antofagasta we passed the famous nitrate fields of Chile, the mining town of Oruro and the great copper mines of Chuquibambilla in Chile, the latter a Guggenheim concession.

There was one redeeming feature in that long and dismal journey, and that was the view of the Andes from the station of



1-Street in Arequipa, Peru, showing boy and open sewer

2-Some members of the Boston Chamber of Commerce and their friends, on the *Vasari*, coming home

3-Mr. MacQueen among the llamas on the high-lands of Peru, 14,000 feet

Viachi in Bolivia. The train stopped for breakfast and as we walked about in the cold, clear air, I looked back towards La Paz and was astounded at the view. For one hundred miles, from Sorate to

Ilimani, the Andes seemed one unbroken circle of aspiring whiteness, apparently quite near to us, but in reality one hundred miles away. We saw a semicircle of majestic mountains covered with snow from the blue horizon down to where our eyes met the gray level of the plain. It was a scene of astonishing and wonderful magnificence, never to be forgotten, never to be



MASSIVE STONE AT TIAHUANACO, BOLIVIA

seen again. The country lies in such a way that the mighty mountains seem to rise directly from the brown sheep-covered plains. Beyond, around, above us, was this eternal, white wondrous world like nothing in the Alps, nothing in the Rocky Mountains,—far above what we imagine of the Caucasus, or the snowy Pyrenees. 'Twas glory rolled on glory, splendor heaped on splendor's head.

* * *

Sailing from Antofagasta four days brings us to Valparaiso, the chief port of Chile. At once when we land in the big square we know we are in a real and powerful nation. Fine new buildings, strong vigorous men, busy haunts of trade, are seen everywhere. The city of Valparaiso lies along the sea in a bend two miles long, and the residence part is scattered up and down the hills and in among the valleys. You go from one level to another by a series of lifts just as you do in Lisbon. You can see at once that these are scrappy, up-to-date people. They will fight and can fight. The women run the street cars, and it is a first-class system of street cars,

I might add. No suffragette business, you know. But good, strong, virile women. Oh, Chile is the real nation of South America. They are getting torpedo boats and super-dreadnaughts, and then they will scrap with anybody who gets in their way. I like the Chilians, though they are not very friendly to the United States. Nor have they cause to be.

In the Baltimore incident we were distinctly in the wrong.

You remember that some sailors landed from the Baltimore, and proceeded to raise Cain in Valparaiso. Sailors have raised Cain in Valparaiso and elsewhere since the days of Ulysees. And these bold Yankees began to thrash the Chilians—for some reason known only to themselves. We will never know the reason, for the Chilians killed them and they killed some Chilians. Then our government demanded an indemnity, and because we had stronger battleships than those

of Chile, Chile paid the indemnity which our own people afterwards declared was exorbitant. Then there was the Alsop incident. Oh, but what's the use? We know better now, and they know better. It will take time and careful diplomacy and just and generous treatment on our part to salve over the old sores with Chile. I can't remember cases, but I know that we interfered five times pugnaciously in the affairs of Chile, and so a great many of the Chilians today believe of us

We're half of us liars;
We're most of us thieves;
And the rest is as bad as can be.

As a characteristic instance of how the Chilians regard us, let me quote a story told me by a member of the Boston Chamber of Commerce party. This gentleman, speaking to one of the highest of the statesmen of Chile, asked him if Chile did not desire capital to be invested in that country by the Americans. The Chilean Minister replied: "Why, no; we do not need any capital from North America. We are getting along very well without it."

"But," said the Boston man, "we have

a great deal of money invested in mines in your country." "Yes," replied the Chilean, "but what do we get? Your people have put twenty-five millions into the Chiquecamata copper mines. The copper will all go to North America, the salaries of most of the men will go to North America; the food that the Chilean workmen eats comes from the United States; the stocks of the mines are all in the United States, and in the end all that Chile will get will be a big hole in the ground."

Now remark this, that the Chilean is a combination of four fighting races—first, the Spaniard, then the Araucanian Indian, the only Indian that always defeated the white man and never was conquered himself; then the German, then the Englishman. That's the Chilean. You beat that for a good fighting man, and you've got to

nearly two billion dollars invested there, and the Germans are all-powerful in the south of the Republic. In fact, the German language is taught in the public schools in Valdivia. This city is twenty-two hours by train from Valparaiso, and is the great vineyard country of Chile. South of Valparaiso the vegetation grows right down to the sea, and the land is fertile from the ocean to the Andes. But it is a long narrow country—about seven hundred miles long, with no great plains like those of Argentina, no mighty forests and hinterlands like those of Brazil.

Santiago, the capital of Chile, with 400,000 inhabitants, is fifty miles inland. This beautiful metropolis is adorned with splendid buildings and lovely parks; the streets are thronged by a strong, intelligent, determined looking set of people. At the center of the city rises the summit



BALSAS ON LAKE TITICACA, BOLIVIA

Balsas are boats made of reeds, since there are few trees growing on the high uplands of the Andes

—be going some. The Chilean isn't afraid of England; isn't afraid of the United States; isn't afraid of Argentina, isn't afraid of anything. Moreover, he lives in the south temperate zone almost entirely, the same climate as the United States—rain and snow and six months of winter in the south. Go easy with Chile. Put on the soft pedal. Of course Chile needs and will take many of our manufactured products, but I am told that England has

of Santa Lucia, where the Araucanians fought Valdivia and the Spaniards to a finish and made those blessed conquistadores wish they had never left Andalusia. The Araucanians would have conquered Spain if they had had a battle fleet and had known navigation. And now any Chilean is as proud as a hidalgo if he can boast of Araucanian blood. The Araucanians had the right idea; when they knew there were fighting men with Pizarro

up in Peru, they longed to get a sight of them, to have a fight with them and to take away from them the beautiful empire of the Incas that they had stolen. It does my heart good to think about those Araucanians.

* * *

The Trans-Andean railway runs from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires. The journey takes thirty-six hours; the distance is about 1200 miles. A train runs to Los Andes at the foot of the mountains, and the passengers stay over night in a fine hotel. It was a perfect mid-winter day in June when we crossed to Mendoza in the Argentine. The train wound through the mountains and among the snows. We were expecting to be stopped by snowstorms, but the newly erected snowsheds preserve the trains in the most dangerous parts, and we passed through the magnificent gorges and wonderful ravines with perfect safety. The trans-andean railway is run by the governments of Chile and Argentina. The Chilean section extends to a place near the station of Las Cuevas. The trans-andean narrow gauge part from Los Andes to Las Cuevas was financed by W. R. Grace & Co. of New York.

On the train you meet a wonderfully cosmopolitan set of travelers. One of my comrades was Senor Georges Rorive, the professor of agriculture in the University of Buenos Aires. Another was Mr. Richard Johns of the Oliver chilled plow works, a man I had met during the Boer war in the Transvaal. A third was Herr Hirschmann of Hamburg, Germany, a wealthy manufacturer. Another was Mr. Max Morel of Jura, Switzerland; another Mr. Fernand Henricot of Brussels, Belgium, with his beautiful young wife, a native of Quito, Ecuador. And still another was Senor Lorenzo Hettema of Buenos Aires. Now all these men could speak English, and what they knew about South America and the rest of the world would certainly make very interesting reading. One of the best things of travel is that you meet the picked men of the world. For example, the information given me by a Belgian professor regarding the merits and demerits of agricultural colleges in the United States was very illuminating and very accurate. Emerson

said, send your boys to college and the other boys will teach them; and a corollary to that is, send a man abroad, and the other men will teach him. That is, if he has any teachableness in him.

It was, therefore, a genial and cosmopolitan crowd that assembled around the table in the Hotel de France at Mendoza on the night after we crossed the Andes. We stayed in Mendoza the next day and visited the great wine vats of Domingo Tomba. Mendoza is the principal province for grapes in the Argentine Republic. The vineyards I saw there rival those of Europe. Details are tedious, but let me say that they send out 130,000 barrels a year from this one company, nearly all of which is consumed in Buenos Aires. The process of making the wine is like that in France, with all the newest and finest machinery. The staves of the barrels come from New York. But the great vats that hold 20,000 gallons are made by Germans. The wine is said to be very good, but I was on the water-wagon at the time.

We took the train that evening for Buenos Aires. The railways are entirely in the hands of the English. Splendid cars—the sleeping cars are arranged in the boudoir system—first and second class; but in the same open style as in the United States; the conductors are very polite and kindly, as are all South American officials.

The country is one vast billiard table. After we leave the vineyards of Mendoza, we pass a scrubby, desert region like parts of Texas and New Mexico, and then emerge upon the grassy plain called the pampa. This pampa is fairly covered with cattle, horses and sheep. There were a hundred and fifty million animals grazing on the fields of Argentina last year. I am told that this plain consists of territory 600 miles long and 1000 miles wide of absolutely fertile land. Then they have a lot of mountain country away off toward Patagonia and Chile in the south and west, and a vast sub-tropical region lying up north towards Bolivia and Brazil. The Argentines number about seven millions, made up of Spaniards and Italians, with some Germans and English. The Italian is growing up again here a strong

sturdy man, like the men we read of in the empire of ancient Rome. This is the only example of the old Roman race reviving under good conditions in the world today. The Argentine supplies the English market with beef; and there is a great fight on between the six English and two Argentine companies on the one hand and three American companies on the other. The three American companies are Swift, Morris and Armour. These meat syndicates are called limited liability companies when they are English, and trusts when they are American. I am no friend of the American "trusts," but I could not help

having an exultant feeling when I was told everywhere in the Argentine that the Americans were bound to win in this fight. The American companies raised the price of steers in the Argentine from about \$40 to about \$60 and reduced the price of beef in London to ten cents a pound; while the English companies lost \$60,000 a day. It was told me that the American companies could make a profit through byproducts, but I don't believe it. I think the American trusts will win and finally make the price of beef in London normal and the price of steers in the Argentine moderate. The Argentine gov-



Selling the evening paper in La Paz, Bolivia
The Cathedral in Lima where rest the ashes of that
restless man, Pizarro

Boys scrambling for money in Barbados
The hand car bumps into a descendant of the Inca
Kings, but does her no harm, and MacQueen gets
off and photographs her



NATIVE PLOUGHING IN PUNO, NEAR GUAQUI VILLAGE

ernment refused to interfere in the fight, very likely because a large number of the members of their congress consists of *estancieros*, or big farmers, who are pleased because of the high price of steers at the present moment. I have been told that the dispute is settled, but if it is settled it will be because the American trusts have eaten up the English limited liability companies and are now slowly settling down to digest them. The Americans have already annexed the English tobacco trade and the cotton trade; they are annexing the beef trade, they may be expected to annex the steel trade, and when all the business of England is annexed by America, then we may safely say that England is only an American province. An Irishman in the Argentine said to me, "The thing to do is to give Ireland freedom, restore the ship-building yards to Cork, and then build the American merchant marine with the cheap labor in Ireland."

* * *

I was able to get a good resume of the trip of the Chamber of Commerce party from the popular secretary of the commission, Mr. Dillingham. He said regarding the trip:

"At Panama the party reached the real beginning of their journey. The canal is the important link between North and South America. It will mean that the lines of traffic of the world from east to west and from west to east as well as from north to south, will focus on the canal. In this focussing the eyes of the world will be directed to the countries surrounding the canal. And the next century will be known as the South American century.

"As late as 1830 it was supposed the riches of California could never be gotten out; the same is true of South America today. And the next century will prove it, I think, a wonderland of treasure.

"The ports of Colon and Panama may be great centres or they may not. If they are made free ports, they will be great centers, because big ships will get their cargoes at the canal. The Panama side of the canal is best situated as a concentrating port, and the new city the Americans are building at Balboa is likely to become one of the great harbors of the world. Coaling, provisioning, loading and unloading cargoes at this point will make a new metropolis in the tropics here. Then in the hinterland of Panama and Colombia the pampas support a fair grade of cattle that will find a market when the canal is opened. Fruit will be raised in great quantities and shipped into the markets of the world. The dry docks of Balboa will bring a high class of wage-earners and mechanics, and thus more money will be spent at the place. The people of Panama look to the United States as to a big brother, and the first time they forgot their feuds was when they all united to give the Boston party a hearty welcome.

"There was a charm in leaving Balboa which Pizarro might have had when he turned the prows of his caravels to the south. We were going across an unknown frontier, and we were much surprised to cross the equator in our winter overcoats. The cool weather on the west coast of South America is caused by the Humboldt Current bringing the cold water of the Antarctic sea up to the equatorial line. The first point of land we discerned after

leaving Panama is a rough cape in Ecuador to which the west coast cables converge. We see the big bare hills and we wonder how people can live there. We land at Payta, Peru, and cannot believe that there is any vegetation until we perceive a rich valley of rice and sugar, supporting cattle. The fertility of the valley is caused by a stream that finds its source in the melting snows of the Andes. There has been no rain in Payta for twenty-two years. At Piura, fifty miles back in the valley, the great industry is the making of Panama hats. We stopped at another town called Pascamayo and then at Salaverry. Salaverry is the port of Trujillo, a city of thirty thousand inhabitants backed by a rich valley where there is much verdure and plenty of cattle. In one of the towns we were entertained by an American named Kauffmann, a civil war veteran. He told many interesting stories of the war between Peru and Chile in 1879.

"But the coast was all barren outside of a few towns, and no general agriculture is ever likely to obtain there. It is a great relief from this barren coast when we see the green valley of the Rimac and the harbor of Callao. When we enter the harbor, we wonder where all the American ships are, for among all the flags of nearly every nation in the world we do not see the starry emblem of our native land. We leave the boat and enter the busy city of Callao. We ride upon electric cars of a truly American style and feel at home, until we ask the porter about our valises, and then discover that the lack of Spanish is a very glaring defect in the wardrobe of the average American traveler. The captain of the port passed us without examination through the courtesy of the government of El Peru. We ride on the cars seven miles to Lima, the capital of Peru, and catch from time to time a glimpse of green fields. On our way we pass the wireless station which maintains communication across the Andes to Iquitos on the Amazon.

"So now we are in El Peru, the land of charming people and wholesouled hospitality. These people have battled with Nature and subdued it. They are getting rich crops to supply their own people and have enough left for a good export trade.



On the Antofagasta Railway, the coldest railroad in the world; 14,000 feet high
Harvard Observatory, Arequipa. Mr. MacQueen in the foreground

Mr. MacQueen and some interesting travelers. To the left is Mr. Schmid of New York. The small boy is a Bolivian

And yet it seemed to me that Peru has worked too hard on the west coast and has not given enough of attention to the surprising riches of the regions about Iquitos in Amazonia. But she has not quite recovered from the fearful war with Chile, and the future looks very favorable. By their warm hospitality to us, as representing the business men of New England, the Peruvians proved their sincere friendship for the United States. The President received us personally, the mayor of the city of Lima met us with a band of sixty pieces playing music of Wagner, Verdi and Beethoven. We were the guests of the Bolsa (bourse) on the famous Oroya railroad built by American engineers with Peruvian capital and run by clever Englishmen and Americans. On this railway are the famous Cerro de Pasco and Casapalca mines and the enormous farms of Fox & Co. on the highlands.

"The opening of the railways into the interior of Peru at the headwaters of the Amazon and the exploiting of the rubber

forests and the guava trade are features of the new awakening in the country. Peru courts American capital; she is deepening the harbor of Callao to prepare for the big vessels of the Royal Mail and other companies that are going to run through the Panama Canal.

"No one would believe without seeing it the wonderful fertility of the Cuzco valley. The industrious manner in which the natives cultivate the land impresses the traveler greatly. It must have been cultivated for many centuries in a rude way, and yet it yields today an unbelievable amount in cattle and in cereals. The oxen are tramping the grain and are plowing with a wooden stick as they did in Egypt four thousand years ago.

"The ruins of Cuzco are certainly remarkable. It looks as if they must have been built by a race that lived here long before the Incas and are now called the Cyclopians builders, but a people about whom we know nothing. Cuzco would be a great tourist center if it were not for



THE BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE PARTY AND FRIENDS AT BAHIA, BRAZIL



CELEBRATION OF MASS ON THE OCCASION OF THE RAISING OF THE NEW CROSS
El Nisti, near Arequipa in El Peru

the poor hotel accommodation afforded to travelers.

"The American managers of the Peruvian Southern railway, Messrs. Blaisdell and Brown, helped us in every way and gave us every facility on their trains. They ran the first parlor car that ever passed over their railroad to Cuzco for the special comfort of our party. On the road to Cuzco we see a cornfield moving and wonder what it is. It is simply men carrying bundles of grain on their heads, and is very picturesque. The mayor of Cuzco and Dr. Giesecke of the University received us and made all arrangements for the entertainment of the party. Everything was managed in perfect shape. When we reached the town of Puno on Lake Titicaca in the dusk of the evening, it gave us a homelike feeling to hear the band of the garrison playing in our honor 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' The citizens of Puno in a simple room had prepared for us a most luxurious meal. We stayed all night in the city, to take the trip across the lake in the daylight. The boats always go at night, but by the courtesy of Mr. Brown the boat was sent across the lake in the daytime that we might see the islands and enjoy the mountains beyond. The next

night we stopped at Guaqui in Bolivia, and in the morning took the train to La Paz.

"On the way we passed the ruins of the ancient Inca city of Tihuanaco, the finest ruins of their kind in South America.

"At La Paz we were met by the Chamber of Commerce and finely entertained. La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, is the highest capital in the world. We were driven around the principal streets and met a large number of Bolivian business men. American capital in Bolivia is mostly invested in mines. This country is rich in tin, and a good deal of money has been made by the capitalists of Europe and America in this great staple. We came to Antofagasta in Chile on the famous nitrate line, and passed on the way the well-known borax lakes. One of the most pathetic sights was a cemetery in the sands, no green thing around—the graves of martyrs who have developed the land.

"Antofagasta is a thriving port, the outlet for the nitrate fields and the silver and the copper mines of the hinterland. We had a kindly welcome in the city and met some of the business men of Chile. They were a very clever, smart-looking body of men.

"Farther down the coast of Chile we landed at Coquimbo. The Chamber of Commerce of that city took us to visit their industrial schools and we lunched at one of the schools. The Chilians are undoubtedly a real nation. They are hardy, industrious men.

"We were a day late when we landed at Valparaiso, the principal harbor of Chile. As we entered the harbor, we observed on every side of us evidences of great shipping activity. We went to our hotel



GUSTAVE SARDA
The Treasurer of Arequipa

and in the afternoon were received by the Governor of Valparaiso. Speeches were made by Colonel Kincaide and ex-Mayor Logan of Worcester at a banquet given to us in the evening. The trade and commerce of the west coast centers here. Ships and barges and big steam cranes were seen and railroads converge here from the centre of the country. Big sums of money are to be spent on a breakwater. There are trade possibilities in Valparaiso, but apparently they will not be affected by the Panama canal. The suburb where the banquet was held is called Vino del

Mar, and it is one of the most delightful watering places that we saw in our whole journey. A special train was given us by the Chilean government to convey our party to Santiago, the fine capital of Chile. A committee was sent to accompany us, and we passed through fifty miles of fertile valleys and charming scenes. At Santiago we were met by a commission appointed by the Chilean government. Santiago was one of the most impressive cities we had seen. An automobile ride through the commercial part of the city revealed well-ordered shops, massive architecture, clean streets and self-respecting people. The great hill rising in the center of the city, called Santa Lucia, recalls the terrible struggles between the Spaniards and the Araucanian Indians. The Indians were never conquered and are still a dominating factor in Chilean society. We were shown abundance of friendly feeling, but apparently there was not much of a desire to increase financial relations with our country, the Chilians being well financed by England and Germany.

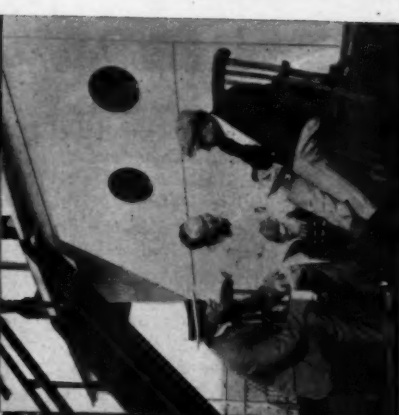
"We enjoyed some special Chilean dishes; we met the important business men of Santiago. Some of the commission visited the university and others visited the manufactories. Then we took a special train to Buenos Aires over Trans-andean railway. We stopped the first night at Los Andes at the foot of the mountains, and the next day the train passed through the glorious scenery of the Cordillera to Mendoza in the Argentine Republic. The Argentines received us very kindly. We spent a day visiting the vineyards and examining the great vats at Mendoza, and then crossed the pampas to Buenos Aires.

"The American minister and the minister of Agriculture for the Argentine could not do enough for us. One would hardly believe the immense shipping trade of Buenos Aires. It is not unusual for a boat to wait a week before it can be docked. The docks are being enlarged at a great expense, and this will surely be the leading port of South America.

"Our visit at Montevideo in the republic of Uruguay was similar to that elsewhere. A royal reception was given the party by President Batlle, the famous socialistic



A group of the members of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, on the *Vasari*



Some members of the Boston Chamber of Commerce and their friends



Captain Byrne on the bridge of the *Vasari*, which brought home the members of the Chamber of Commerce Commission



A party on the Buenos Ayres steamer, men from all over the world



Mr. MacQueen and some friends at the station of Ticho, on the Central Railroad of Peru, the highest railroad in the world
On the *Vasari*. The Executive Committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce party. Left to right, Ex-Mayor Logan of Worcester, Mass., Mr. Dillingham and Colonel Kincaide

president of Uruguay. He came to the palace to receive us, the first time he had granted that honor to visitors. The resources of the Argentine and of Uruguay in cattle, wheat and corn are very important items in the development of South America. Our visit to Brazil was one of the most hopeful on the whole itinerary. At Santos, Sao Paulo, Rio Janeiro, and Bahia nothing was left undone by the kindly folk in the great Portuguese republic to show us that Brazil is undoubtedly very friendly to the United States and will open wide her gates to give us every opportunity for the investment of money and the development of trade.

"The voyage home on the Vasari was a delightful ending to our expedition. We stopped at the British possessions of

Trinidad and Barbadoes, and at the latter place were highly entertained by the British officials. There is much to learn on a trip like ours, and much to be digested after our return home. At every place on our route we received nothing but the most kindly and the most courteous treatment, and every avenue of information on the trade and commerce of South America was placed at our disposal.

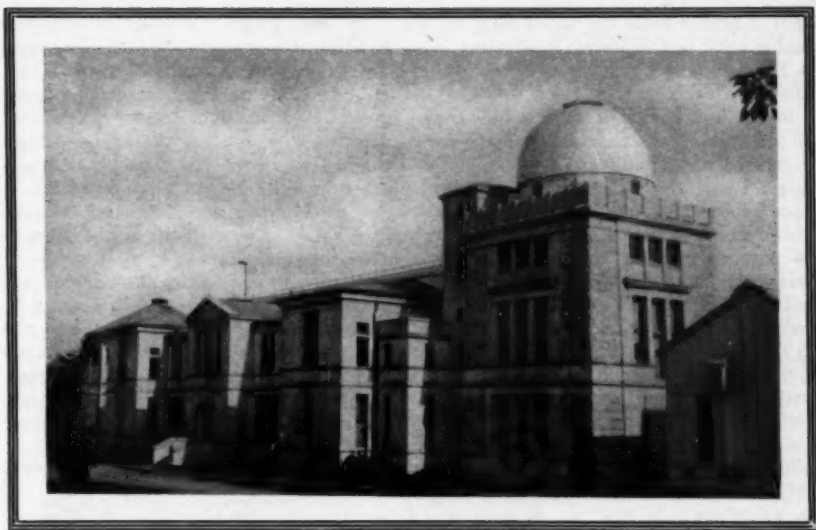
"I have every reason to believe that the friendly advances made towards the great republics of South America by the Boston Chamber of Commerce will be heartily reciprocated, and that the influence of such a visit will give us and our southern neighbors a kindlier feeling the one to the other and will open new avenues of trade hitherto unsuspected or ignored."

THE LOST DAY

TONIGHT I know that I have lost
Somewhere between the far sunrise
Tonight I know that I have lost
Somewhere between the far sunrise
And this the dark, a jeweled day
That God had given me to prize,
I lost it, for I failed to note
The tender beauty of the dawn,
I failed to breathe the sun-drenched flower.
Before the sweet, wet dew was gone,
I failed to turn my cheek to catch
The cooling breeze I needed so:
I did not pause to note the while
How wondrously the new leaves grow.

For all the day was full of cares,
I only looked me down to see
The briars that beset the way
To hold and fret and hinder me.
But now tonight O Lord, I lie
And see with weary, world-tired eyes
The tranquil splendor of the night,
The wonder of thy lighted skies,
And know some better thing is mine
Than this lost day,—and I will go
No more forgetful of thy way
Nor walk no more with eyes cast low,
But looking,—live and laugh and sing,—
Knowing thou would'st have it so.

Grace G. Crowell.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, WASHINGTON, A VERITABLE ALADDIN'S PALACE, WITH ITS GREAT EQUATORIAL TELESCOPES AND WIRELESS APPARATUS

The Wizards of Observatory Hill

by Mrs. George F. Richards

ON a hill-top overlooking the valley of the Potomac, with an unobstructed view of a great expanse of the heavens, the great Naval Observatory at Washington stands in the midst of a little park all its own. Through the courtesy of its Superintendent, Captain Jayne, I have been permitted to get a glimpse of the daily work of this great institution. I came away convinced that we laymen know very little of the invaluable research work done here, and that had my sainted grandmother—long since gone to the land of eternal peace—recounted half the wonders unfolded to me, she would surely have been hanged for a witch, or like old Goody Cole, have been dragged through Hampton town at the tail of a cart and buried at the crossroads with a stake through her brave old heart.

There is no branch of government work

with which we are in such close daily touch, and on which we are so absolutely dependent, as that of this wonderful scientific institution, which is a department of the Navy Department of the United States.

The Naval Observatory is the official time-keeper of this entire nation of 90,000,000 people. It is the powerful hand that pilots our ships, from the huge Dreadnought of the Navy down to the smallest craft that sails the sea: it is the beacon that guides all traffic by land; from over its wires goes out the standard time for the whole United States, by land and by sea, in mansion and workshop; the capitalist and the laborer, the man with the hoe and the spinner at the loom, the executioner of the sentence of death and the glorious chimes that usher in the New Year, are all called into action or set at rest by the great master-clock

that solemnly ticks the hours away in a sealed vault of the Naval Observatory.

Through great telescopes I saw "the Heavens declare the glory of God," I heard the tick-tick of wireless calls from ship to port—calls such as saved the survivors of the Titanic from an unknown fate. I saw the master gyroscopic compass by which are adjusted all compasses for government use. I saw the stars serve as beacons marking time and space. I was told facts so wonderful that my untutored mind fails to comprehend the half of their great mystery.

Through observations taken here is reckoned the longitude which determines national, state and local boundary lines; and here too are prepared the nautical almanacs so indispensable to navigators, and charts without which the ocean would be but a trackless deep.

With the advancement of science since astronomical research began 134 years B.C., it has reached a state of almost incredible perfection, and star maps are now as carefully prepared for practical use as maps of the earth's surface. The Naval Observatory is splendidly equipped for all phases of the work.

Housed in a specially constructed building of its own rests the huge 26-inch Equatorial Telescope that has but three equals in the entire world. The building is provided with all sorts of wonderful mechanical devices and I felt as if I were in Aladdin's Palace when at a single turn of a switch the floor began to rise, the great dome revolved, the roof opened, the enormous telescope swung slowly round and about, until it reached the proper adjustment for a perfect observation and through this magnificent instrument the splendor of the heavens was spread before me.

In the dome of the Administration building is a powerful 12-inch Equatorial Telescope, while a few hundred feet away, in a separate building, is mounted the great 10-inch photographic telescope, which looks much like three huge cannon chained together, the operation of which is regulated by the same wonderful devices for adjustment, accuracy and keeping pace with the rapid flight of the stars as mark the equatorials.

In the Administration building is the wireless apparatus directly connected with the great towers at Arlington. From this little room daily at noon, time signals are sent out over 165,000 miles of telegraph wire, and by wireless apparatus to all government vessels at sea and all naval



ON THE ROAD TO OBSERVATORY HILL

stations. The time balls that fall daily at noon in New York, Boston, Washington and as far south as Key West, are all operated through the Naval Observatory, and not long ago, the Observatory here established standard time for Manzanillo 2,500 miles distant on the coast of Cuba.

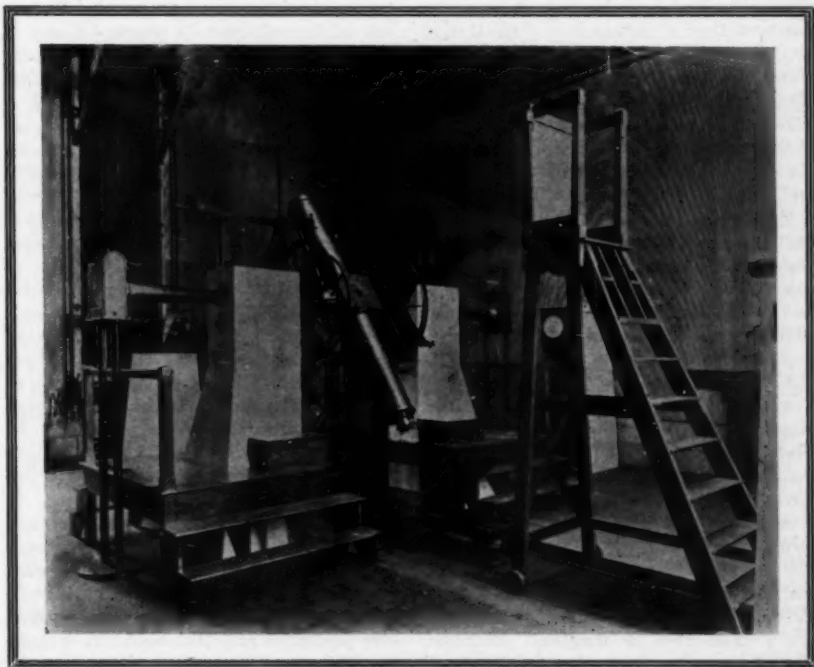
To me the wireless apparatus looks much like an ordinary telegraph board,

and to my great delight I was permitted to listen to an incoming message. Slipping over my ears something similar to the receiver commonly worn by telephone operators I plainly heard a series of dots and dashes from the telegraph code, and learned that it was the Navy Department at Washington asking a war ship in the Brooklyn yard if it had a sufficient coal supply. But the Brooklyn yard, only a few hundred miles away, seemed quite like a next-door neighbor, when the official, who was so courteously "doing the honors" told me that not many nights before, on a test by wireless from Arlington, he heard distinctly the tick of the great electric clock in the Eiffel Tower in Paris, more than three thousand miles away.

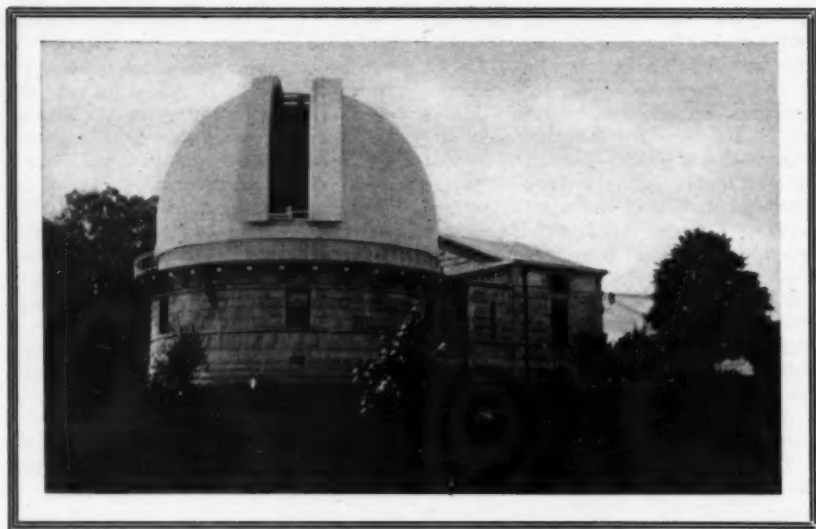
The master clock, which supplies standard time to the entire hemisphere, is in a hermetically sealed vault the temperature of which is so regulated that it cannot vary more than an infinitesimal part of a

degree. A thermostat so delicate that it automatically corrects a variation of the two hundredth part of a degree keeps the temperature at the desired point. By this clock all ship chronometers are set and are kept six months under close inspection before being placed on shipboard. Each naval vessel carries from three to five chronometers and so delicate are they, and the need of absolute accuracy is so great, that they are carefully packed and carried by hand from the Observatory to the ship, to guard against possible derangement by jar.

The Observatory makes daily time observations through the 6-inch Transit, or Meridian Telescope. The astronomer in charge the night of my visit extended me the privilege of seeing a star cross the meridian. He consulted the Nautical Almanac, with its index to thousands of stars, showing the exact moment at which each is due to cross the meridian. He made a few rapid calculations with



THE SIX-INCH TRANSIT TELESCOPE, THROUGH WHICH THE STANDARD TIME FOR THE UNITED STATES IS TAKEN



WHERE THE GREAT 26-INCH EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE IS HOUSED

mysterious and complex figures, then announced that a certain star "was due in six minutes." Up to that time everything had seemed to me but a bewildering theory, far beyond my comprehension, but here was the promise of something tangible. He pointed the transit telescope, adjusted the electric key of the nearby chronograph and I fairly glued my eye to the glass, but nothing was in sight. A moment later a brilliant star went whizzing across the transit and vanished into the great blank space beyond: and with my own eyes I had seen standard time taken for the 90,000,000 people of these United States.

• • •

Next I was shown the great Gyro-Compass of the type fast succeeding the magnetic compass on war vessels of the United States Navy. It has been found that steel ships, with their immense turrets, play serious havoc with the magnetic compass. Added to that is danger through deck exposure in time of battle. The Gyro-compass is more powerful and not affected by steel nor electrical storms and seeks the pole with far greater certainty than does a magnetic compass. The Gyroscopic Compass—which is on the principle of a huge spinning top—

points always to the true north and cannot be turned from its course by any of the influences that affect a magnetic compass. Its motive power is electricity, and its revolutions aggregate 9,000 a minute. The master compass is set far down in the depths of a ship, with repeating compasses at convenient places elsewhere. The Gyro-compass is already installed on nine battleships and will form a part of the equipment of all hereafter built.

The Naval Observatory has a wonderful library of 30,000 volumes open to students and scientists. It has the best collection of astronomical works on this hemisphere and contains more complete sets of astronomical and mathematical works than any other library in America. In addition to the most approved modern works on the scientific topics to which the Observatory is especially devoted it contains many rare volumes dating back to the earliest printed books on astronomy. Among them is a copy of the "Paciolus Summa de Arithmetica" A.D., 1494, with splendid illustrations; the first algebra ever published and the second volume of the "Machina Coelestis" of Hevelius, A. D., 1679. The latter is exceedingly rare,

as the edition was burned before distribution and but few copies exist. The library is also especially rich in the earliest Trigonometrical tables, such as those of Vlac, Briggs and Rheticus.

On the wall of the Superintendent's office hangs a little faded print of Commodore Maury—the only memorial as yet acquired by the government of the founder of the Naval Observatory. Recently, however, Senator Martin of Virginia introduced a bill carrying an appropriation of \$50,000 for a Maury Memorial. Many foreign countries have already erected memorials to this great Virginia scientist and navigator, but the United States has thus far failed to officially recognize the splendid work he did. It has been suggested that, should the Martin bill pass, the memorial might well take the form of a handsome building in the Observatory grounds, to be devoted to the use of the hydrographic work, to which Maury, with unflagging zeal, gave many years of his life. Of Maury it may be briefly said that he was foremost in hydrographic research; was the inventor of the electric torpedo for harbor defence; his work has been of inestimable value and he is held in veneration by all navigators. Out of the little United States Depot of Charts, of which he was first in charge, has developed the splendid Naval Observatory of today.

* * *

The Naval Observatory works in cooperation with foreign observatories; its superintendent must be a Naval officer who ranks not less than Captain. Although the observatory is splendidly equipped the congressional appropriation allowed it at present is far from adequate to maintain a working force commensurate with its needs. Astronomy at the Naval Observa-

tory is by no means simply star-gazing. It is downright hard mathematical work by night and by day, coupled with incessant study. The men who constitute the working staff are fairly steeped in scientific knowledge and patience. The work seems to require that each man must be an expert astronomer, mechanic, mathematician, optician, electrician, navigator, chemist and photographer, to say nothing of a full knowledge of a few minor arts, sciences and trades. These men must have as intimate knowledge of both heaven and earth as we ordinary mortals have of our own households, and moreover they must be content with a comparatively small remuneration and possess unabated devotion and enthusiasm for the work.

It is a far cry from the crude, imperfect mariner's needle of Columbus to the great gyro-compass; from the Dutchman's log and picturesque sun dial to the automatic self-registering log and the Master Electric clock; from the first little spy-glass to the mammoth Equatorial telescope at the observatory. There is no work comparable in precision with that done by modern astronomical instruments. An error of the thickness of a spider's web is regarded as enormous in the microscopic measurements of a star in relation to time and space; the variation of a two hundredth part of a second in time is looked upon as tremendous and must be overcome at whatever cost of time and labor. While our earth is spinning along through space at the rate of eighteen miles each second, these scientists of our government are making minute and invaluable calculations based on stars, the nearest of which is 25 billion miles away, and are standardizing time and space for all the people of the United States.

THE HIGHEST THOUGHTS—Many thoughts are so dependent upon the language in which they are clothed that they would lose half their beauty if otherwise expressed. But the highest thoughts are those which are least dependent on language, and the dignity of any composition, and praise to which it is entitled are in exact proportion to its independency of language or expression. . . . We are more gratified by the simplest lines or words which can suggest the idea in its own naked beauty than by the robe and gem which conceal while they decorate.—*Ruskin*.



Hale. Hearty and Nearly Eighty.
Yours Sincerely,
Henry Clay Barnabee

America's Master of Mirth

by
Charles Winslow Hall

DURING the half century past literally millions of Americans have looked upon Henry Clay Barnabee behind the footlights and felt the real spirit of mirth. If there ever was an individual who is the personification of good humor, it is Henry Clay Barnabee, who now at fourscore years is enjoying the sunset of a happy life. Where is there a theatre-goer of ten, twenty or thirty—even sixty years back, who has not been attracted to the operas rendered by the "Bostonians" and the "Boston Ideals"? The one pre-eminent maker of mirth in the cast was Henry Clay Barnabee, and the tall form, flowing forelock and clear, blue eyes of the actor resembled the well-known features of Henry Clay, the "Mill Boy of the Slashes," in features and magnetic charm.

There are plays and players which when either is named suggest each other, and are loved and revered through the longest life; and even in some cases awaken admiration generations after the play has become a classic rather than a popular diversion, and the brilliant actor or actress who breathed into it the breath of life has long ago become dust and ashes.

The gifted critic will recall the names of Shakespeare, Jonson—"rare Ben Jonson"—Mrs. Brace Girdle, and Colley Cibber. Some few among us remember Keach, and many the oretund Forrest and the elder Booth. More will call up before them the Noctes Ambrosianae of a far-away youth, when love and pleasure found a deeper zest in dreams inspired by Booth's Hamlet, Barrett's Cassius in Julius Caesar, the versatile Warren in hundreds of delicious characterizations, Fechter's

Monte Cristo, Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle, Maggie Mitchell in "Fanchon the Cricket," and Charlotte Cushman in Lady Macbeth. All of these have gone from among us, some full of years and of honors; others as it seemed before their time, and just as a wider fame and greater prosperity seemed ready to crown them. Of all who charmed us in this broader, larger way—one with a national reputation, unique and stainless, Henry Clay Barnabee still lives hale and hearty in bearing and spirit to remind us of a remarkable epoch in American stage exploitation, that of the serio-comic opera of which "H. M. S. Pinafore" or "The Lass that Loved a Sailor" was the prototype. In this and "Robin Hood" Henry Clay Barnabee became both famous and loved from the Atlantic shores to the Golden Gate, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

Recognition of his genius and charm is now a feature of current literature, since it became known that in a very quiet and unobtrusive way he had employed his leisure in writing his autobiography, in which he naively tells us that: "On the 14th of November, 1833, the day following the birth of Edwin Booth at Belair, Maryland, occurred the event which made a certain antique dwelling-house in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, marked in that town's annals as 'the home of Willis Barnabee, father of Henry Clay Barnabee, the famous singer.'

"Someone has remarked that when good Dame Nature ushered the Booth baby and the Barnabee baby into the world with but a few hours between the one and the other, she was only serving



"Moving Pictures" of Barnabee expression that run the gamut of human moods from sad to gay, impersonating individual characters

the prophets with another exemplification of the ancient proverb, 'Mirth follows closely at the heels of Tragedy.' If this be true, and in accord with the divine ordering of careers, Edwin Booth ('Alas! Poor Yorick') was cradled to become a tragedian, and as such his life's work was to be the task of portraying the serious side of human nature—of interpreting the mad scenes, of strutting the stage as a hero robed in royal bearing, and of striving to win the laurels due to a real dramatic genius.

"And what of the other babe? Well, I was he, and in obedience to the Father's will, I was born—if the above declaration holds true—to be known as a Disciple of Comedy; to be respected as a messenger of good cheer; to be hailed as a warbler of joy and gladness; and to be remembered as one who tried to convince Tragedy that the world is a house of mirth instead of a castle of skulls and crossbones.

Strong in the faith that what is to be
Of good or ill will be well for me—

must have been the couplet penned for our individual belief. At any rate, it has always been mine; and Booth, as we all know, believed and trusted in a Power that shapes the course of mankind to its own decrees. His large and noble faith in all that is and is to be, told him in his sphere what it has taught me in mine, viz.: that after all the tempests and storms of life have been encountered, death, even at its worst, must be the only perfect peace."

He finds that "the designation of 'the only Barnabee', in my latter professional years tagged upon me by kind friends and enthusiastic press agents was in truth a legitimate inheritance from my dear father, Willis Barnabee. I have never encountered the name thus spelled either before his time or since with but one notable exception. That exception is found in the quaint old work of Seventeenth Century Latinity known as 'Barnabee Itinerarium' or 'Barnabee's Journal'—a rollicking, rambling Bacchanalian chronicle in rhyme, supposed to be of the renowned literary progeny of one Richard Brathwait, a contemporary of Shakespeare.

"And I might remark that the extraor-

dinary thing about my English namesake's itinerary is that like my own it took in a wide circle of 'one night stands' full of such startling coincidences as the following:

"Thence to *Gottam* (Gotham) where sure am I
Though not all foibles I saw many."

"Thence to *Nottingham* (Nottingham) where
rovers
Highway riders, *Sherwood* drovers,
Like old *Robin Hood* and *Scarlet*,
Or like *Little John*, his varlet."

"You may hardly believe it, but the following startling lines are extracted from the song by Brathwait in Barnabee's Itineraries. The places noted would naturally lead you to think that they were penned by a modern New England writer instead of being, as they are, from the quill of one who flourished in England some two hundred years ago:

"Barnabee, Barnabee, thou'st been drinking,
I can tell by nose and thy eyes winking,
Drunk at *Portsmouth*, drunk at *Dover*,
Drunk at *Newcastle*, and drunk all over.
Hey, Barnabee! Tak't for a warning,
Be no more drunk or dry in a morning."

In speaking of his boyhood Mr. Barnabee says: "One of the most impressive among my early recollections is that of having gazed upon the living and Jove-like presence of Daniel Webster. I can see him now as he looked that day in Portsmouth more than threescore and ten years ago—his massive frame and magnificent head surmounted by a broad-brimmed 'stove-pipe' hat—his dark, deep-set, cavernous eyes, smouldering beneath their overhanging brows which reminded me of the coping of a cathedral—his firm-set lips and determined chin.

"He wore a high black stock and collar, a blue coat with brass buttons, a buff waistcoat, and loosely hanging trousers. A veritable king among men, was our eloquent expounder of the Constitution."

His family relations were characteristic of the dominant New England class of his day: "I can remember my dear mother, a little woman engrossed in household duties and the care of seven children; my father, a stalwart man with occupations which took him away from home a great deal of the time, stern but tender, as if to make me feel that the velvet hand held a sword of steel; (my elder



Josephine Bartlett, who played Dame Durden in "Robin Hood"
 Eloise Morgan, a prima donna with the Bostonians, who played Ninnette in "Prince Ananias"
 Fatmah Diard, a prima donna with the Bostonians

The charming lyric soprano, Alice Nielsen
 Gertrude Zimmer, a prima donna with the Bostonians
 Camille D'Arville, a prima donna with the Bostonians

Bertha Waitzinger, a prima donna with the Bostonians
 Marie Stone, a prima donna with the Bostonians
 Juliette Corden, alternate prima donna with Marie Stone, with the Bostonians

brother going away to sea before I knew him, and never returning), my three sisters, older than myself, dividing the care of my younger brother and the wayward youth who is writing this.

"My father was a noted 'whip' in those palmy days of the stage coach, his route for many years being between Portland and Boston via Portsmouth. He had the honor of driving Lafayette into our town on the occasion of that illustrious Frenchman's last tour of America in 1824, and the highway over which he passed is called the Lafayette Road to this day."

The senior Barnabee made a comfortable living, and his family was enjoying the fruits of his prosperity, when through a friend's rascality he suffered heavy losses. He became keeper of the old Franklin House—"Portsmouth's leading hostelry, with its big mast and swinging signboard in front, dating back to the Revolution. Mother was cook and I waited on table and helped tend bar. . . .

"Although I alternated bar-tending in my leisure hours with attending school on week days, and singing in the church choir on Sundays, I never then or subsequently acquired the habits either of drinking or smoking. And here let me say earnestly as regards my individual self, that to my lifelong abstinence from tobacco, compulsory though it may have been, I attribute the preservation of my voice, which at eighty is as strong and sonorous today throughout its full register as it ever was."

At an early date young Henry Clay began his excursions into the field of stage management, dealing at first with the "Tableaux Vivants," then a favorite diversion with amateur managers. He learned to dance under the tuition of an itinerant, who boarded out his bill for tuition of the Barnabee children. The boy also attended a singing school of the then popular type and to some extent learned to "read music," but he says: "I never really got it through my head, so as to read musical notation in the ordinary, conventional, civilized way. . . . The fact remains that if today one were suddenly to place before me the score of 'Robin Hood,' 'Pinafore,' or 'Fra Diavolo' I

couldn't for the life of me tell whether a given note was A or G, or what key it was in. At the same time I could sing it correctly, or any unfamiliar piece of music, although I should prefer to hear it played over once on the piano, so as to get started right on the tempo. The celebrated Madame Rudersdorff who was one of the finest dramatic and *coloratura* singers I ever knew, once said to me when I confided to her this peculiarity:

"Never mind; you are all right. That's the true method of singing at sight, anyway. The best of them don't really know anything about music more than that—if they know as much."

* * *

The young tavern waiter was learning from his study of the many varied characters, guesting or dropping in at the Franklin Tavern, something not to be learned in the schools—the art of reading human nature and of imitating and entertaining it. The itinerant entertainers of those days, such as Wiseman Marshall, "that comical Browne" (Artemus Ward), the Hutchinsons, Harrington, the ventriloquist, and many others, visited Portsmouth. Little Adelina Patti, "then a child wonder, aged eleven years," came to Portsmouth, accompanied by Maurice Strakosch, the pianist, and Ole Bull, the splendid Norwegian violinist, and from them young Barnabee insensibly acquired some of the arts and graces which were hereafter to give him a world-wide prominence.

What he says of stage fright will interest many a nervous young actor:

"I have often been asked time and time again if I ever had stage fright. Have I ever had anything *but* stage fright? I have played the part of the 'Sheriff of Nottingham' nearly nineteen hundred times and I cannot remember when I did not go on in a state of tremor and trepidation perfectly indescribable. Many and many a time I have called 'Guy of Gisborne' (Peter Lang) from his dressing room and insisted upon going through the lines of our first entrance, and often as I entered the wings to go on I have shouted in an agony of fear, 'For heaven's sake! somebody! give me the first line of my song! Quick!!!' and then I would



Upper left hand: Mr. and Mrs. Barnabee on their wedding day
 Upper right hand: Mr. and Mrs. Barnabee somewhat later
 Lower picture: Mr. and Mrs. Barnabee in 1890, on the road

walk on with a 'know-it-all' look that would encourage my helpers. . . .

"It has been said that an actor must be scared nearly 'out of his seven senses' to make him brace up and show what he is made of. If that is true, I must have done fairly well, for with me it was a case of 'brace up' from first to last, though I kept it to myself and the audience never 'caught on.' Hardly a night passes even now in which I do not have some dream of getting on to the stage, not knowing what I was going to sing or say. Stage fright! Well, I do not believe there is any terror like it, except perhaps the first march onto a field of battle, or the walk to the chair of electrocution, and I cannot write of either of them from experience."

* * *

It was an important step in the life of the Portsmouth boy when he joined the choir of the church. The male quartette, of which he was a member, went serenading through and about Portsmouth with such effect that only the stern parental veto prevented the four from "taking the road" and gathering prestige and profit in the surrounding villages. Meanwhile, in the more practical walks of life, Mr. Barnabee for four years served in the dry-goods emporium of "William Jones & Son" during which he made his first visit to Boston, and at the old Museum saw Junius Brutus Booth, father of Edwin and John Wilkes Booth, in John Howard Payne's tragedy of "Brutus." It was during the engagement of September 10, 1849, that Edwin Booth made his stage debut, "playing the small part of *Tressel* to his father's *Duke of Gloucester* in 'Richard III.'"

Young Barnabee came to Boston permanently when he passed his twenty-first birthday, and became a salesman with C. F. Hovey & Co., with whom he remained eleven years. During this period his interest in the stage constantly increased. He tells of hearing Oliver Wendell Holmes read "Dorothy Q" at an Old South entertainment with the historic painting pierced by the rapier thrust on the platform beside him. Dr. Smith followed with "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and Ralph Waldo Emerson with his Concord Hymn.

Truly, the young dry-goods clerk had ambition. He studied singing under Mr. J. Q. Wetherbee, a talented and efficient teacher, and joined the choir of the Baptist church on Chauncey Street, where Dr. John P. Ordway acted as organist. The Doctor at that time was a skilful specialist who for diversion wrote songs which are popular today. He was also the organizer and proprietor of Ordway's Aeolians, a negro minstrel troupe which for several years was a feature in Boston and New England entertainments. He and Barnabee became friends. "He would beckon me aside just before the organ response to the prayer and eagerly whispering, 'Have you heard my latest tune?' would allow the strains of 'Twinkling Stars are Laughing, Love' to filter slyly through the solemn harmonies of the response."

About this time Mr. Barnabee became an active member of the Mercantile Library Association on Summer Street, just below Hawley, which then gave monthly entertainments, including singing and elocution. A number of actors and singers received their early training here, including Edwin Adams, W. E. Sheridan, Dan Setchell and others.

Curiously enough, the elder Hovey of C. F. Hovey & Co., his employers, attended some of these entertainments and was struck with the evident capabilities of his salesman and, far from being displeased, advised him to cultivate his talents with a view to greater successes. A little flirtation with tragedy promised well, but fortunately was not a lifelong attachment, and it was in the choir of the church of the Unity, in connection with which he saw twenty-two years of nearly continuous, choral service that Mr. Barnabee was to find the associates and friends who were mainly instrumental in building up the two greatest comic opera companies that have ever visited and delighted American cities.

On December 1, 1859, Mr. Barnabee was happily married and gained a sweetheart who never lost his supreme tenderness and trust until on Christmas day, December 25, 1909, not quite a month after the celebration of their "golden wedding," Mrs. Clara (George) Barnabee



MR. BARNABEE OFF THE STAGE AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF HIS CAREER

passed quietly and painlessly away to that happier land where "beyond these partings there is peace."

During these years Mr. Barnabee heard Grisi and Mario; Jenny Lind "in the vast hall over the Fitchburg depot"; Piccolomini, Kellogg, Formes, Brignoli, and a host of other favorites of the day, a long and interesting list of whom with the operas in which they appeared is presented. He also joined the Handel & Haydn Society, probably the oldest existing musical society in the New World. Of this ancient and honorable body many interesting and one or two deliciously funny reminiscences are related.

* * *

In 1854 the Boston Theatre opened its splendid proscenium to an admiring public, who took nearly as great an interest in seeing the gas jets of the magnificent cut glass chandelier burst into flame as they did in the actors and play that followed close upon its illumination. There was great rivalry between the leading ladies, Mrs. John Wood and Miss Julia Bennett, and Young Boston, including Mr. Barnabee, were constant attendants. Fortunately, theatre tickets did not dissipate fortunes then as now.

"And just think of it," says the veteran play-goer, "fifty cents paid for a seat in the best part of the house. The outlay of a dollar and forty cents then meant two theatre tickets, two oyster stews, peanuts or peppermints at choice and 'bus' fare."

Following a most eloquent and exquisite resume of the histrionic demi-gods and goddesses of his day—punctuated by rare bits of humor and anecdote—Mr. Barnabee details his brief experiences as a recruit at Readville, where at the last moment he was arbitrarily refused by the mustering-in officer on account of an alleged defect in his eyesight, which has never since seemed to materialize "to any great extent." A sprained ankle followed close on his retirement, forcing him to use crutches. Passersby thought him a wounded veteran, paying for his bus fares and meals wherever he went, showing the attitude of the people at that time toward the soldiers, but on July 4, 1863, he could not stay at home, so great was the popular

apprehension of a Confederate victory at Gettysburg. He says:

"I can never forget the experience. Everybody was out in the streets, but the stillness of a church pervaded the entire population. People walked about with anxious faces, but seldom spoke. Friends greeted each other with a shake of the hand and a look that spoke volumes. All felt intuitively that the decisive clash had come, and that the outcome must be either a further invasion northward by Lee's army or its rout and retreat. When that glorious dispatch came from President Lincoln announcing the repulse of Pickett's Division, the breathless anxiety and gloom were dispelled as if by magic. Mighty cheers rent the air, the national colors bloomed and blossomed, and joy and gladness filled all hearts.

"The rest of the afternoon and evening for the general public was given up to revelry and pandemonium, but in thoughtful homes quiet though fervent thankfulness was expressed that the cloud had broken at last, that the beginning of the cruel war's end was in sight, and that Webster's patriotic aspiration, 'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable,' was to be fulfilled, never again to be threatened by internal dissension or foreign foes."

* * *

After the war, the professional life of Henry Clay Barnabee began to develop. In 1865 he sang in concert at the Boston Music Hall with Annie Louise Cary, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Sarah W. Barton and other artists of the period. He also joined in the high-class musical entertainments of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, while his talents as a soloist and comedian were frequently and generously acknowledged by critics and the press. A number of those ancient notices are reproduced in his autobiography, followed by a really trenchant yet kindly appeal to the critics of today to judge leniently and comment moderately when dealing with young and especially lady performers, of whom he justly observes, "Actors and actresses are the most sensitive people in all this wide world."

In 1886, R. F. McClannin, the veteran



One of Barnabee's wives in
"Fatinitza"

Jessie Bartlett Davis, the
original Alan-a-Dale in
"Robin Hood"

Hattie Brown, another of
Barnabee's four wives in
"Fatinitza"

Zellie De Lussan in the
"Bohemian Girl"

Annie Louise Cary, one of
the world's greatest con-
tractors. She made her first
appearance under the man-
agement of Mr. Barnabee

Marie Stone as Zerlina in
"Fra Diavolo"

Marie Stone as Galatea in
"Pygmalion and Galatea"

Alice Nielsen in "Rip Van
Winkle"

Jessie Bartlett Davis as
Cynisca in "Pygmalion and
Galatea"

actor of the Museum Stock Company, invited Mr. Barnabee to appear at his benefit. He appeared on the stage thrice, first as Toby Twinkle in "All that glitters is not gold"; sung "Simon the Cellarer" in costume, and played Cox in Morton's farce, "Box and Cox," with William Warren in the leading role—a very decided testimonial to the ability and versatility of the young actor, when Junius Brutus and Edwin Booth, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Farren, Barry Sullivan, G. V. Brooke, Dion Boucicault and other veteran and noted professionals re-enforced the galaxy of the stock actors of the Museum. It was a great occasion and the struggle for seats and standing room resulted in two broken arms, two dislocated ribs, several fainting spells and minor casualties, but Mr. Barnabee was fully satisfied when William Warren told him that his "was the best first appearance he had ever seen."

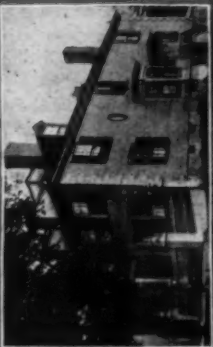
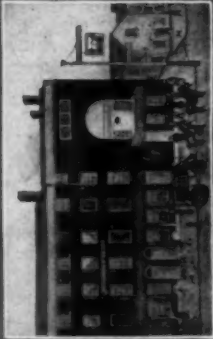
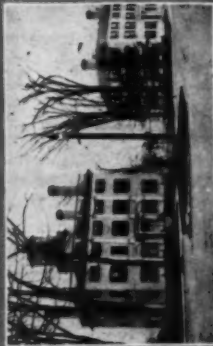
Among the most amusing items in Mr. Barnabee's repertoire at this time was a song, "The Cork Leg," to which George M. Baker, for many years known as the author of many parlor dramas and comedies, and the right hand man of the publishing firm of Lee & Shepard, added a clever counterpart in "The Patent Arm." These songs, sung and acted by Mr. Barnabee, awakened not only the enthusiasm of New England audiences, but the approbation of such literary men as Ralph Waldo Emerson himself.

Of course, Barnabee joined the Masons, and in due time the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, both of which associations add their quota of interest and amusement to his narrative. He tells of the visits of Dickens and Thackeray, the inimitable personality and anecdotes of United States Marshal Isaac O. Barnes, unique John Stetson of "The Howard" and the "political boss" of the Irish vote in Boston, Mike Doherty, Rufus Choate, Benjamin F. Butler, Charlotte Cushman, and Carl Zerrahn, also come into the naive reminiscences.

A wider range of circuit, with more impressive numbers of associates, was now being taken by Mr. Barnabee. With Mrs. Barnabee he made a visit to Europe, and

in London attended several performances, among others the rendition of Gilbert & Sullivan's "Pinafore," in which he himself was soon to star, in a series of successes which made him unapproachable in the history of American comic opera. "Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore" was first staged at the Opera Comique, London, May 28, 1878, and had a run of seven hundred nights. The first presentation in America was by the stock company of the Boston Museum, but the manager of the Boston Theatre, having made a failure of one European success, determined to take up "Pinafore" with a company of singers, including "Adelaide Phillips, the superb contralto; Myron W. Whitney, the basso of his time; Tom Karl, the dulcet-voiced tenor; Barnabee, the prosperous litterateur, from whose pen these memoirs flow, and who can also sing some; Frothingham, a recent graduate from minstrelsy; Hitchcock, a rising young baritone, and Georgia Cayvan, who was really and truly a 'sweet little Hebe.'" Miss Marie Stone, then first choice for Josephine, "the Captain's daughter," could not leave her engagement with Emma Abbott, and for a time, with the first performance close at hand, no fitting substitute was in sight. How Mary Beebe, a friend of Annie Louise Cary, captured the prize and made the part a great success, is duly chronicled and well remembered by many elderly gentlemen and ladies, who renew something of their lost youth in recalling her sweet rendition of solos, duets, and brief recitative.

The deck of a man-of-war was the single scene presented, but the outfit and routine of a war ship and its varying appearance by night and day made other scenery superfluous, and the rollicking, devil-may-care opening chorus of her crew was an overture which at once inspired the audience with a happy receptivity of the dainty irony, refined humor, and legitimate romance of Gilbert's great masterpiece. When the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., First Lord of the British Admiralty, faultlessly and richly attired, with his marine guard and the coterie of "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts" came on board "in due state and ancientsry," it was indeed astonish-



The Shillaber House
Home of the late H. P. Shillaber
(Mrs. Partington)
Haymarket Square
Warner House

Daniel Webster House
The Franklin House
Tavern conducted by Mr. Barnabee's parents
Public Library

Old Jackson House
Governor John Wentworth House
Governor Langdon House

Buildings of historical interest located at Portsmouth, N. H., the birthplace of Henry Clay Barnabee

ing how Barnabee's rendition of what was really a British satire, dipped in the honey of song and beauty, seemed to interpret it all to the comprehension and perfect satisfaction and delight of immense American audiences.

Many crowded audiences greeted the new galaxy of singers before "Pinafore" gave way for a time to "Fatinitza," "The Mascot," "The Mikado," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "The Ogalallas," and other light operas, with which the Boston Ideal Opera Company, and later "The Bostonians" entertained great audiences in almost every considerable city in the United States. Above all, most readers will recall "Robin Hood," in which the beautiful and amiable Jessie Bartlett Davis as "Allan-a-Dale" and Barnabee as the "Sheriff of Nottingham," became public favorites and made their names household words from the Atlantic seaboard to the Golden Gate.

* * *

One of the remarkable features of the Barnabee memoirs is that they are memoirs in the literal sense of the word. Mr. Barnabee wrote his book without the aid of notes. In the same way, when the pages were completed and in the publishers' hands, he addressed a personal letter to the friends whose names he could recall, telling them about the book as happily as a young girl whispers her first love secrets. The response brought thousands of warm, hearty and appreciative letters which any statesman or magnate, however prominent, might treasure. These personal tributes were a logical appreciation of a career that had made millions of individuals feel happier and better for having seen and known Henry Clay Barnabee. The autobiography entitled "My Wanderings," is the crowning work of a great life, for upon it the author has bestowed all the affection of his kindly nature, just in that same happy vein that made him loved by audiences the country over.

As the summer days wane into autumn, Mr. Barnabee has been kept busy answering the letters incident to the publication of the book that forms the golden links of memory in a long and happy life. He has outlined in "My Wanderings" a notable

biography reaching back to the days when Jenny Lind made "Home Sweet Home" an immortal ballad. Here is a man who took part in the famous Peace Jubilee in Boston and was with Charles Dickens at the time he visited America. He numbers among his friends not only every member of the profession, many of whom he helped in their early struggles, but statesmen, authors, musicians—everybody loved to meet Henry Clay Barnabee, whether on the stage or in a social gathering.

The career of a man like Henry Clay Barnabee, free from the entangling rivalries of politics or business manipulations, shows how a name and fame can be made by using the talent that heaven bestows in making new friends and some one happy every day. Few men have been more honored and beloved in the sunset of life than has Henry Clay Barnabee. The infection of his good nature is like sunshine, and every page of his book which is now on the press reflects the charm of real reminiscence. Yet "My Wanderings" is not a stilted recital of events concerning himself, but rather of all those associated with him. The book contains more than a hundred portraits of men and women prominent on the stage and in public life with whom the great old actor was associated. It is a veritable treasure trove or stage album covering half a century. No book will be more welcome to father or mother, aunt or uncle, grandfather or grandmother than Henry Clay Barnabee's "My Wanderings," because it brings back the pictures hung on memory's wall.

The autumn book lists reveal many biographies, but none will prove more popular or fascinating than Barnabee's book. It shares with the reader the author's own visions of the past. The Sheriff of Nottingham in "Robin Hood" or the original Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., in "Pinafore," appearing before the footlights in his written pages is like going to the theatre again to witness a "Revival" of the famous old operas. "My Wanderings" furnishes a panoramic picture of American life, fascinating alike in its literary charm and colloquial style, bringing together reader and author, in a good old-fashioned curtain chat of the dear old days.

The Dalrymple Mystery

by
Octave Thanet

Author of "The Man of the Hour," "The Lion's Share," "By Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER I

THE MAN IN THE LIBRARY

THIS is the true explanation of the mysterious and frightful happening in the old Dalrymple mansion. Anyone spending the day in the pretty mid-western city would be likely to notice the house, a stately dwelling set deep in its richly shaded lawn among elms and maples as beautiful as in New England, with a glowing, old-fashioned garden in the rear. The house itself is a grandiose edifice of that pseudo-classic style belonging to early nineteenth century architecture, but misnamed colonial.

The Dalrymple sisters, however, made no such slip in nomenclature; they knew. They had the duty as well as privilege to know, the elder being the secretary of the state society of Colonial Dames and the younger the regent of the local chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution.

There were no more esteemed and respected ladies in town than the Dalrymples. They bore the same name, but Anne was Mrs. Roger Dalrymple (widow of her distant cousin of that name) and Elinor was Miss Dalrymple. They were distinctly gentlewomen, with ancestors and taste and a fortune happily large enough for them to indulge both their taste and their charities. Miss Elinor was the older sister, being at this speaking in the last of her forties, while Anne had

barely turned away from the thirties. Anne was charming, not stout, but of an engaging plumpness, vivacious yet with a thread of dignity through all her humor or gaiety; and she was both an admirable housekeeper and given to hospitality. Elinor, on the other hand, was quiet and shy; she was so slender and so tall that she did not carry herself quite erect, and she had a habit of remembering and straightening her shoulders with a nervous jerk. Often she would say, "Oh, excuse me!" although no one had spoken. When still very young she had met an Italian nobleman during a winter spent in Venice and become attached to him. Her people were not pleased with him in spite of his engaging manners, handsome face and picturesque pedigree; and her father flatly refused to consider his addresses. Whether Elinor's unhappiness would have changed his attitude cannot be told; the young Italian, always the most obliging man in the world, saved the situation by falling ill and dying after an illness so short that there was barely time for his sweetheart to reach him. She never ceased to be grateful to her father and brother for going with her and for their after kindness to Gabriel's mother who, poor soul, would have fared but leanly without them.

Possibly as time went on and Elinor learned more of the world she may have learned that they had been kind to her

also; but if she ever came to see Gabriel as he was, she never had the courage to love any other man, and she ever afterwards kept an especial tenderness for all Italians. Elinor neither had her sister's beauty nor her brilliant spirits, but she had a timid charm of her own, fruit of the softest and most unselfish of hearts. Anne was kind and generous, absolutely honorable and faithful; but Anne didn't let the Messina earthquake or the garment worker's strike keep her awake nights; Anne didn't buy unspeakable "art centerpieces" because the vender "had such shabby shoes," nor was more than normal restraint needed with Anne at church bazaars or to keep her from slyly slipping anonymous packages into the annual "missionary box." Neither did Anne habitually hunt for the good in everyone and accept the bearer's own word for his worth; in fact, Anne, on occasions, was a bit of a fighter in a ladylike way. Being what they were, the Dalrymples kept a most sunny, pleasant, dignified household, the last house in the world one would have said to be the scene of a brutal tragedy. Yet this is what befell there the night of the 20th of February, 1910.

THERE were six persons in the house that night, all women. Usually there would have been one man, or rather one boy of fifteen, Roger Winthrop Dalrymple, Mrs. Anne Dalrymple's only child, but he had gone to Chicago with a chum and was to arrive so late that he had arranged to stay with the chum over night. Therefore the sisters and the four maids were the only people in the mansion. The gardener and the houseboy slept in their own homes and the Japanese chauffeur lived above the garage, which was at some distance from the house.

The night was clear and as Keats might say "of a temperate keenness," so that footfalls echoed crisply on the trodden snow. For some reason Miss Elinor was wakeful. She was up half a dozen times, fancying that she heard noises. The sisters' bedchambers adjoined, and each time Anne was roused to a sleepy remonstrance. The last time the clock struck three. Then both sisters fell into deep slumber. They awoke at the same instant, shortly after

daybreak; someone was screaming in a heartrending manner.

"That's Signa," said Anne, but without excitement, knowing the temperament of Signa, "is it a mouse or were your noises burglars and all the silver is gone?"

The screams were followed by a swift rush through the hall, a return rush, and a medley of voices on a lower key, but plainly trembling with agitation. A man's deeper tones were heard. Harris had been summoned. By this time the sisters had thrust their feet into slippers and flung on their kimonos, and Signa was rapping wildly on their doors, wailing, "O Mrs. Dalrymple, O Miss Elinor, please they come down to lib'ry; man's in there, all killed and bloody!"

Impulsively Anne ran to support her sister, who had grown white, but a timid nature often has reserves of courage; although her hands shook and her face paled, Elinor kept her wits; it was she, not Anne, who remembered their unconventional toilets and called to Harris to go outside. Obediently he vanished; when they descended only the four maids awaited them, cowering in the hall, just beyond the library door. The sisters had a subconscious impression of their blanched faces and wide eyes before their own eyes found the ghastly object which they saw. Across the threshold of the library, his feet almost touching the sill, his head and shoulders under the desk which held the typewriter and the telephone, lay the body of a man. He lay in a hideous, clotted pool of blood, turned on his face, so that only the oval of a black bearded cheek and a curly black head were visible. One arm was doubled under him; the other rested in a wide angle from his side, with the bare hand lying palm upward, the fingers curling a little. The wrist showed beneath the dead white line of cuff a bluish gray. The man was young, of medium stature and slim; he was clad in a fashionable suit of gray with gaily clocked silk stockings and smart low shoes. The room was dimly lighted, because both shades and blinds had been drawn tightly, and no one had had the resolution to step over the body to reach the electric switch. The arm on the floor was on the further side; but Miss Elinor straightened her shoulders, stepped

over the man's ankles, and laid her trembling fingers on the wrist.

She shook her head and shuddered. "No use," she whispered, "but we must call the doctor—and the police. There—there is the—"

Anne nodded and sped down the hall. Miss Elinor rose. She went out of the darkling room, closing the door gently behind her. "I am afraid he has been dead hours," she said in a hushed voice to her pale audience. "there is nothing to be done for him, and I know that we mustn't touch anything before the police come."

"Well," declared Mrs. Radcliffe, the sisters' own maid, who had been with them in all quarters of the globe for fifteen years and had the freedom of such long and intimate fidelity, "I'm sure I ain't cravin' to touch that poor clay; but I know one thing, if that jore ain't cleaned up right away, it'll git through the wax to the grain."

Signa and the laundress groaned in unison.

By this time Mrs. Dalrymple had returned, pale but perfectly mistress of herself and the situation. The doctor and the police were coming; they were to leave everything absolutely as they found it. "I called up the Ordways," she added, "I was afraid someone else would tell Roger—but I told the maid not to wake the young gentleman until time for breakfast. I didn't tell her what had happened."

Before Elinor could answer, Harris, the gardener, called aloud (he remaining modestly out of view, having had a glimpse of the kimonas): "Say, somebody tell the ladies there's an awful queer mess just outside the *porte cochere*. Guess they better git some clothes on and come out."

The maids ran forth, and presently Signa's faint shrieks pealed out, while Radcliffe hastily helped the ladies into motor car ulsters and wraps.

WHEN they joined the group outside, they did not so much wonder at Signa's shrieks. Plain and ominous on the cement walk running past the *porte cochere* to the side door was a big red hand, the dexter finger pointing to the words above, "No. 1," daubed in the same blood red. There were faint footprints,

but so trampled that it was not easy to distinguish them, and all about were flecks and splotches of blood.

"Hon'able ladies, see," called a new voice, the mild liquid accents of the Japanese chauffeur, "heah auto t'lacks! Heah they bling dead one!"

"Kuno and me have figured it out," Harris explained, "that that feller was killed outside and then they brought him here, being a nice, quiet, unsuspecting place."

"But how did they get in?" said Elinor.

Anne suppressed a little cry; she said in a very low voice, "Elinor, do you remember my losing that latch key, Friday?"

"But anyone who picked it up couldn't know it was our latch key."

"Elinor, I'm ashamed to tell you, but you know how peskily similar in looks but not in locks those Yale keys are; and after I tried twice to get in at night with the wine cellar key and had to rouse the house, I—I tagged the keys; and when Ally Brooks left me her Yale key when she went away, I put our number on our tag. I didn't expect to lose it!"

"Well, I don't wonder you did," said Elinor. "I don't blame you a bit. Look, there are the police, I do believe." A motor car puffed and groaned through the driveway up to the group. In the car sat the chief himself, the head detective, McCabe, and a policeman of no rank or repute, by name Simpkins. Him the chief detailed to watch the house and keep off the rabble sure to swarm over the place so soon as the murder should be bruited about. The other two instantly realized the importance of the evidence before them. They measured tracks, hunted for further marks and examined everything at such length that Mrs. Dalrymple suggested they go into the library to view the dead body, a suggestion not received with favor. "In good time, madam," replied the Chief stiffly, "in good time. If the man's dead he can't run away; but this evidence can melt."

The entrance of a new figure into the scene prevented Anne's further argument. This was a middle-aged gentleman of evident dignity and importance in his world, who stood in the doorway gesticulating with the long narrow bag used by surgeons.

"Shertain," he shouted, "what have you done with the patient? Where is he?"

"Patient," bawled Shertain, "there ain't no patient. There's nothing but a corpse in the library."

"There's nobody, dead or alive, in the library," retorted the doctor, "there's nothing there but a puddle of blood!"

CHAPTER II

THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW

BUT there *must* be!" exclaimed the sisters in a breath. The others began telling what they had seen. The officers were already bounding up the steps. The Dalrymples followed at a soberer pace. Opposite the library door they halted. Although the blinds and shades were still drawn, Dr. Remsen had pushed the electric button and the room was flooded with light. But where the dead man had sprawled with his crumpled hand, there was nothing save the dark, thick pool on the floor, sluggishly spreading over the gleaming oak boards.

There was no sign of struggle or violence in the room, no slightest displacement of the furniture. As free from any tragic disorder as on any peaceful yesterday, the bookcases in formal pomp of gold leaf and leather, the great davenport and arm-chairs, the table with its files of magazines, the writing desk, the typewriter tidily draped in its silken cover—all of them stood in their accustomed places, and above them the family portraits, brocaded and ruffled, looked down in crackled dignity. But on the floor—there was the grisly reminder that their senses could not have betrayed them.

"But what has become of—that—person?" asked Miss Elinor, at which and at the inflection of her tone, Anne could not suppress a half-hysterical giggle.

"The fellers that killed him must have carted him off or he walked off himself," sneered McCabe. "Were you folks 'round here all the time?"

They admitted that they were not; at interval between ten to twenty-five minutes must have elapsed while they were outside, and before the doctor, their neighbor on the west, had dressed and responded to their summons.

"Huh!" grunted the chief, "any closet in this room?"

THE doctor, who was the Dalrymples' family physician and familiar with their way of life and all their belongings, at once stepped to a door on one side the fireplace and flung it open.

Instantly McCabe called attention to some wet splotches on the floor.

"That means their shoes had snow on 'em and it melted," he explained with condescending kindness to Elinor, who admired his swift action.

"They were in there all the while."

"Then they must be in the house somewhere still," said the chief firmly; "they couldn't have snaked a bloody body out with so many folks looking. They're hiding somewhere. Get your gun ready, Sam."

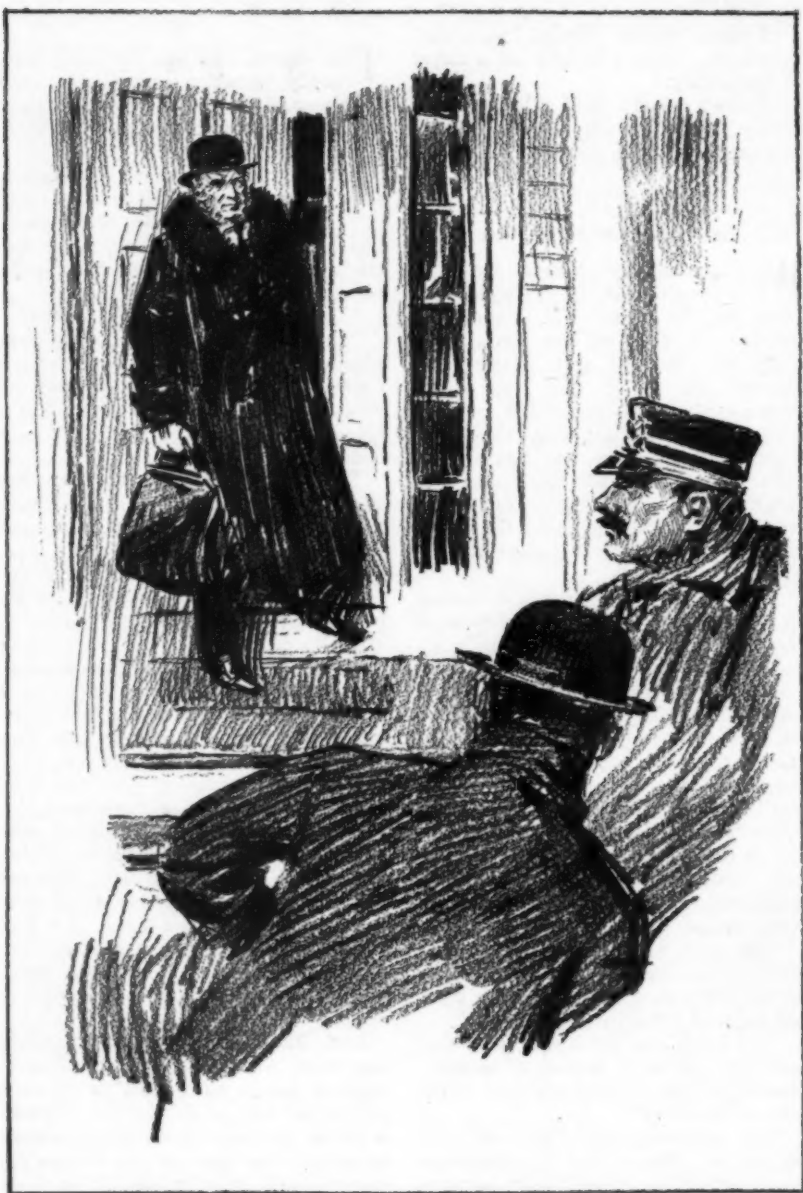
"Tell that Jap feller to guard the east side and Harris the west and the cook to holler good if anybody makes a break through the kitchen."

Accompanied by the doctor, who had fished a savage-looking blade out of the bag to which he still clung, and guided by Mrs. Radcliffe, not in the least afraid, but considering the meat cleaver as no more than a decent tribute to the situation, an exhaustive search of the house was made. From garret to cellar the procession of inquisition took its way, with so much slush on its shoes and so little care in its handling of household treasures that Mrs. Radcliffe's wrath mounted higher with every descending floor. When the officers reached the kitchen, they took Harris to show the cellar; and she had a chance to explode to the cook and Signa.

"Dhar p'licemens is not near so s'arp like in our country," observed Signa, "nor bad folks don't get caught near so mooch."

Mrs. Radcliffe was a patriotic New Englander, who could abuse the miscarriage of justice with vigor in her own person, but had no zest for the criticisms of aliens; she retorted sharply, "I wonder so many of you folks come here when you leave so much better at home."

"Yes, it's better," agreed Signa with simplicity, "but we don't get so high wages like here."



"There's nobody, dead or alive, in the library," retorted the Doctor

IN her heart Mrs. Radcliffe was fond of the pretty, gentle, capable creature; moreover, she craved sympathy for her own grievances, so let the slur pass and went on: "you can't judge all policemen by these ijits; you'd ought to see 'em in Massachusetts; but these is dumb ijits, only they do plenty of talkin'. Prying into the hat boxes, as if they could stow away dead bodies in *them*! Well, I guess I'll go down cellar." She found fresh cause for scorn awaiting her before the furnace, out of which McCabe had just upreared the charred ruin of a coat.

"Pretty well burned up," commented the chief, "but I guess it's a coat all right. I thought we'd find something in the furnace."

"Aren't there stains on it?" inquired the doctor, pointing to some darker portions.

But here Harris' dry tones struck in, "It's a coat all right and stains all right; for it's my old painting coat my wife wouldn't wash no more, and I thought I'd git it burned early 'fore the folks was up and no harm done."

Mrs. Radcliffe corroborated Harris' statement; she had seen him put the coat in the furnace.

"Guess I'll have to give the coat up," admitted the chief. But his smile was a wry one, and he finished the futile search of the cellar and ascended to cross-examine the domestics in no genial frame of mind.

Perhaps for that reason, subtly, unconsciously, the natural garrulity of the household over the situation was dissipated by a cold sense of being under suspicion and chilled into a defensive reticence.

"I can sense they suspicion we know more'n we tell," said Radcliffe, gloomily regarding the back of the motor car of justice, as at last it sped away; "they made that plain enough, so I didn't feel called upon to suggest that we had a cistern; I ain't huntin' glory for them. But that young man in front, he don't make no pertentions and he says 'Yes'm' and 'No'm,' and he looks as if he washed himself sometimes. So I'm going to say cistern to *him*. It would be a joke if he was to find the co'pse."

No such dazzling fortune, however, was in store for Simpkins, although he explored

the cistern with minutest care, assisted not only by Harris (visibly scornful) and Kuno (affable and ingenious), but by Roger, the son of the house, who had heard the news through the telephone and appeared on the scene, demanding equally details of the horror and breakfast.

ROGER had once come into collision with the law. It was an accident that might happen to any young gentleman with a motor whose speedometer didn't agree with policemen's watches, and the chief had behaved almost human. It was not Shertain, but the late chief, a *fine* fellow and a splendid officer; he was the real thing in detectives, and when a new mayor and a new party took his job away, Roger became a political cynic. He told Simpkins frankly that Shertain was out of his depth in anything beyond a saloon fight, and they ought to send to Chicago and get a real detective.

These sentiments he expressed to the latest assistant, Dr. Remsen's nephew, who had two claims on Roger's admiration—he had made all the Harvard societies and had very nearly died of appendicitis. To Roger he seemed a much greater man than his uncle, the distinguished surgeon.

Roger gazed upon him now with a deference seldom seen on his freckled, joyous countenance. "What do you think about all this rum mess, Pat?" said he.

Cathcart shook his head. "Search me," said he, "maybe there'll something turn up at the coroner's inquest, but"—

"Can't have a coroner's inquest when they haven't got a corpse to inquest on, can they?"

"By Jove, the corpse *has* jumped his job, hasn't he?" laughed Cathcart. "Well, let's have another look at the library."

"I'll bet they'll be so upset in the kitchen that breakfast will be late," grumbled Roger, "and I hiked over here before they had breakfast at Sam's; and school takes in at nine!"

But when they came to the library where the coals were glowing in the fireplace, throwing out cheerful little gushes of flame; and all the shades were up, admitting the sunlight, and Mrs. Radcliffe and the laundress were busy over an

innocent and shining library floor; it all seemed so peaceful, so orderly, that one might have dreamed those tumultuous earlier hours; and down the hall in the Sheraton dining-room there was the soft gleam of silver and linen, and Signa was bringing in the grapefruit.

"Oh, say, but I'm hungry," cried Roger, and with a cheerful disregard of the decencies pertaining to his youth, he fell upon Dr. Remsen just entering the room and asked him if he had taken any samples of that stuff to see if it was really human—but here his mother steered him away from speech to his seat. "I think we'll wait until after breakfast before we discuss that poor murdered young man's fate," said she; "I feel the need of a cup of coffee."

"My notion," said Roger, undisturbed, "is that he wasn't murdered at all; just got into a fight and was drunk and wandered away here."

"But why *here*?" The doctor was speaking.

"Well, we lost our latch key," Miss Elinor began, "and he found it—"

"And every blooming key we have is tagged unless it's the doorkeys," chuckled Roger. "I bet they're tagged, too."

"He might have come," admitted his aunt, "but he was dead, Roger, he was certainly dead. I felt his pulse myself, and it was a *dead hand*!"

HER earnestness impressed them all, even Roger, who was always contumacious in argument; he inherited it, the Dalrymples said, from his father, who was a noble man, but obstinate.

"Besides," said the doctor drily, "there is that red hand and No. 1 on the walk; that doesn't go well with your theory of an accidental visit and the man being scared away."

Roger looked disconcerted. "But if he didn't walk away, how did he get away? Nobody could tote a body round by daylight, bleeding quarts, too."

"Neither, I should think could anybody covered with blood *walk* away," said Mrs. Dalrymple.

"The only thing I feel sure about is that the police will bungle the case," said the doctor.

"Sure," said Roger; then he recalled his manners and added, "Yes, sir, they certainly will."

"The whole machinery of society now seems to be organized to see that the criminal isn't oppressed," the doctor asserted gloomily. "If the man or men responsible for this outrage should by some accident be caught, instantly there would be some good reason found why they should not be punished. Our jury system is abominable; a medieval anachronism! It would be easy enough to remedy the worst of it, simply give the judge a little more power; but will we? No; the besotted idiots who believe every selfish demagogue who will flatter them, want to recall any judge whose decisions don't suit them. The minute a crime is committed, especially a good big black one, there is a hue and cry to *help* the criminal escape. The newspapers apprise him of every move making or to be made against him which they can ferret out; the police get their jobs for political devotion to some boss who generally is no better than he should be; and most of them, even if honest, are deadly stupid; and the sharp ones are out for the reward and as busy blocking the researches of their rivals as finding out things for themselves, and they all believe in that Frenchman's dunder-headed maxim: Suspect the least probable person! Nowadays it takes a fool criminal to be caught! Look at the blackmailers and the blackhanders which could be put out of business in this world mightily promptly if justice—not law, but justice—had half a chance; and see them wax fat like spiders, with blood! Why, to get justice now, innocent people have to turn criminals themselves and so obtain their immunities. Hullo, Pat? Stop laughing at your elders because they hate to see their country going to destruction."

"I'm not laughing," replies Pat with a grin. "I quite agree and I am also sorrowing."

"Well," remarked Anne, "I hope whether they catch the criminals or not, they will not choose *our* house to leave their next victim. The yard has been overrun by reporters, and the telephone rings every five seconds."

"There's one of the sleuths out there

now," said Cathcart, who sat facing obliquely the eastern windows.

THROUGH the colonial lace curtains he could see the last representative of a vigilant press measuring tire marks in the snow. There had been five of them; four gifted young men and one gifted young woman. The latter was properly the society editor of the *Blade*, but two reporters being ill, Miss Gray made herself useful wherever needed. Our friends thought that she wrote much the best story published.

Her methods of inquiry were gentler and more winning than those of the force. Before she had been on the ground an hour Simpkins had emptied his soul for her; she had won the confidence of the three Swedish maids; before she had been there two, Radcliffe, Harris and Kuno were pouring information into her ear, and Miss Elinor herself took her into the library.

It was she who was out in the snow. They could hear her cough. "Poor child!" exclaimed Elinor, "sister, do let us have her in and make her change her shoes and take luncheon with us; it's Betty Gray."

"Judge Gray's daughter?" asked the doctor. "Dear, dear! I heard his affairs were in bad shape; poor investments, trusted friend and that sort of thing, and of course he could save nothing out of his salary. The salaries of our judges are a scandal. And Betty Gray has to work on the paper! Dear, dear!"

"Very good work she does, too," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "She's the right stuff. They only have the house, but Betty has a few hundreds a year from a legacy, and that she is using to help the boy finish his college course, and they take roomers and make preserves and eke out in all kinds of ways; and hold up their heads and have the Guild to tea once a year—a lovely tea they give, too—just as they used to. I don't suppose anybody knows how pinched they have been, for they don't keep a maid. And yet how trig and neat Betty always looks."

Young Cathcart, who had inherited far more money and had far more leisure than was good for him, looked at the light, erect shape cheerily splashing about in the

slush. He hadn't even noticed that the thin, neutral-tinted face was young, but now the dark eyes struck him as the brave eyes of a soldier of fortune. They made him feel an impulse of comradeship which was not like any emotion awakened in his heart by girls' eyes before. Very readily he went at Mrs. Anne's bidding to beg her to come in.

"Isn't that like their sweetness?" she said. She did not tell him she had hurried away without her breakfast, and that luncheon for a long while had been a forbidden waste of money either for carfare, the long way home or for the simplest meal down town; but now that she dare recognize her appetite, she was suddenly conscious how hungry cold and exercise had made her. "They are the dearest people," she sighed. "I hope that they don't mind my prowling about. And I wish I knew how much they mind the things I am expected to write. I am anxious, of course" (never would he know, she thought, this handsome, debonair, sickenly-rich young man, *how* anxious!), "but I would rather miss a scoop than say anything that would be unpleasant—"

"Oh, they are game, they won't be bothered!" he interrupted, "but, I say—why not put it up to me what you are going to tell? *I'll know*, they are my adopted aunts, you know. I can ask Uncle Pat about it. And on my side I'll put you wise—and nobody else—about any little thing I may pick up. Please!"

He looked handsome, wheedling and imperious at once, with his fair, freckled face and his black-lashed blue eyes and his shining white teeth. "I don't believe your name is the only Irish thing about you," she laughed.

"Sure it's not. My grandmother was an Irishwoman, Dr. Remsen's mother, the Honorable Nora Butler she was born, and a famous beauty by that same token. I'm said to resemble her myself."

They both laughed together, simply because they were two young creatures pleasantly excited by a problem in horror, not near enough to their hearts to depress them.

"Well," said the girl, "it's taking a great risk, but I have so much confidence in—your uncle. I *will* tell you something. I

was in that room; I looked in that closet. There were three wet footprints; I mean three pairs, and one was bigger than the others; it must have belonged to a tall man; he was so tall he bumped against the hooks and there was a hat on the floor. Under that hat I found this piece of paper. He must have torn some letter, and a piece dropped on the floor. The hat falling on it prevented his noticing it. See."

SHE handed him a torn fragment of paper. It was the ordinary typewriter paper with no watermark, such as may be bought all over the country. The writing on it was ordinary typewriting from a Smith Premier typewriter, and the piece of paper had been torn on both sides. It read:

"You dog of a Black Hand
this is the last day of grace
Prepared to settle! You hav
List of Missing Articles for the
full time. If
which is coming to you Go to
place. Otherwise you know w
coming to you!"

Below was a rude hand, painted red. While he read she continued: "And I noticed another thing. When I got into the library it was before they had gone in to clean it up; the shades were still down, but there was a bright fire burning. I asked Miss Elinor had there been a fire in the room the night before; she said yes, she had been writing there, and her sister played solitaire while she wrote letters.

"I asked her who laid and lighted that fire; she didn't know. Neither did Mrs. Dalrymple or any of the maids or the men or the boy.

"Who did light that fire, Mr. Cathcart?"

Cathcart shrugged his shoulders. "I haven't a glimmer," said he, "have you?"

"Just a glimmer," she answered.

"Mind letting the light fall on my darkened intellect?"

"If you won't endanger my scoop by telling?"

Cathcart assured her that he was absolutely safe. "Now, who did light the fire?"

"The murderers," said she.

"But why?"

"You know this house well, did you ever happen to see the ash flue going down to the ash pit below? It isn't a flue, it's as big as a chimney."

"I know, the old Colonel had a big box where he hid things when the house was closed; had a door in it down cellar to get at the stuff. Very artful contrivance; but so much trouble to work that after safety deposit boxes came in, the ladies took the whole thing out. It was really a safe in the chimney with a sham ash hole above."

"Don't you think that a body could be jammed down that opening? Either that or they burned something. With the fire going no one would be likely to examine, at least not at once. But don't you think the ladies would allow you to take me down cellar so we could look in that ash pit? Nobody has looked."

Cathcart looked at her with kindling admiration which he did not mask. "Sure they will," quoth he. "But you've got to get something to eat first."

The Dalrymples gladly gave Betty Gray a chance to "go anywhere in the house," as Patrick Cathcart put it. Presently, therefore, the two were busy with the ash pit. But barely had they revealed the smouldering pile of coals and ashes before Roger and the doctor were at their elbow.

They all looked at each other with the same thought, but the doctor voiced it. "This isn't an ash-pit," he exclaimed. "Somebody's been burning something in here."

Betty, a little paler, drew her breath sharply; the doctor and Cathcart felt their own nerves tenser; but Roger sent out a joyous whoop: "They've burned him up in here! I see his shoe!"

A SHOE, or rather the wreck of a shoe, was promptly fished out of the fire by its discoverer and the furnace poker. Another shoe followed and a charred mass which had been clothing but now was burned out of all identification. But rake over the coals as they might, they found no semblance of human relics.

"They may have burned his clothing; they haven't burned him," pronounced Betty.

The doctor was sniffing. "I don't know

why on earth we didn't smell this abominable burning leather before," he muttered, "I suppose because it was shut up! And there's something else. They have put kerosene on the wood to make it burn without a draft. I smell it."

"There's some on the floor which they spilled," said Betty quietly, pointing to a dark splotch on the gray cement floor, "but I'm not so sure that when they started that fire they didn't have plenty of draft, didn't have the door open. We don't know how long they had been in the house, nor how long that fire has been burning; the wood is all burned out and it was hard wood at that, and the coals are burned down. I don't believe that they went down cellar and made that fire *after* the body was discovered. Miss Elinor told me that she heard noises all night. And the cook told me that the door into the kitchen from the cellar was unlocked. It looks to me as if those men spent a long while in the house. That blood on the floor was dry almost—"

"It was human blood all right," interrupted the doctor, "I analyzed it. Not so very dry, Miss Betty."

"It was when I saw it; but that was later. I don't understand." She frowned a little. "You mean how the clothes are here and not the least trace of the corpse?"

"I wasn't meaning that; but it is puzzling! I—why, Miss Elinor!"

Miss Elinor was standing uncertainly on the sill of the door to their division of the cellar. "What is this horrible odor?" she exclaimed, "it's been all over the house for ever so long and now it seems worse. Have—have you found—anything awful?"

"Only some burned clothes," Pat soothed her with an arm about her trembling shoulder—"not a sign of the decedent, as the newspapers call it, and we don't know for sure that we've found his clothes. There's the pile over there, do you recognize it?"

Miss Elinor shook her head; she wasn't sure, she said, that she could recognize unburned clothes to the exactness of an oath; he had worn something gray and there were clocks of gay color on his socks; she noticed that particularly because the bright colors somehow seemed awful to

her under the existing circumstances. Poor young man!

"Did you see his face, Aunt? How'd you know he was young?" questioned Roger keenly. Well, she didn't see his face and he had a beard, a black beard, she remembered. Perhaps he wasn't so young; he certainly had made an impression on her of being young; but very likely he wasn't; she hoped he wasn't, it wouldn't be quite so terrible.

"Humph!" grunted the doctor, "nowadays the most hardened villains seem to be boys in their teens. Let's withhold our pity in this case until we find out something about the victim."

"We haven't even found out how he was murdered yet," said Betty. She looked gravely around the little circle. "I guess I ought to tell you something. And—and ask you how you feel about having it in my story. May I speak to you, Miss Elinor?" She made as if to go apart; but Elinor Dalrymple said firmly, "I have absolute confidence in the discretion of everyone here; and whatever you discover you know best about the wisdom of publishing it."

THE doctor shrugged his shoulders very slightly, then cast a relenting smile toward Betty, "Speak out, my dear, what is it?"

"Very well," said Betty, "I will. Come out to the garage."

They all noticed a certain gravity, almost solemnity of manner in Betty's mien as she led the way to the garage.

The doctor fell a little behind Miss Elinor and the boy, laying his hand on Pat's arm. "What's your impression of her?" he said in a cautious tone, tilting his head at Betty's straight, slim back.

"Some sleuth," responded Cathcart, in the same key; and the older man nodded.

None of them, however, had the least notion of what Betty meant to say or to show them; and they were all startled to a degree by her next words, spoken to Miss Elinor:

"Are you quite sure of Kuno, Miss Elinor? So sure that you wouldn't put too much weight on what looked like evidence against him?"

"Kuno!" exploded Roger, the irres-

sible, before his aunt could answer. "Do you think Kuno would kill a feller *here*? Why, he's a samurai, Kuno is, and he's awful fond of mother and Auntie, he wouldn't be scattering his killing leavings around their premises! Believe me!"

"Yes, Betty," said Miss Elinor mildly. "I'm sure of Kuno, he goes to my Sunday school class."

"Besides," Roger persisted, forgetting his manners in his excitement, "besides, I guess as likely's not and more likely there wasn't any murder, the feller just walked off, naturally"—

"After burning his clothes?" interpolated Pat drily.

"I guess the other fellers burned his clothes because they were bloodied up. Anyhow, it's sure they didn't burn him and they couldn't haul him out in broad daylight, now could they?"

But now they were on the threshold of the garage. Betty, who had paid no attention to the lad beyond an enigmatical smile, turned with her hand on the door-bolt, saying, "Kuno has gone down town." Then she led the way, within. The others saw only the familiar large room, cement walled, cement floored, the usual appurtenances of the garage in sight, the three machines—limousine, Roger's car and the ladies' electric brougham standing peacefully, shining tidy. But Betty uttered a little cry: "Someone has washed it up—ah!"

SHE ran to the wall and lifted an axe lying on the bench against the wall. She turned it over and nodded. They could see the reverse side. It was stained with red.

"Forgot the axe," cried Roger. "Oh, mamma!"

"When I came this morning," said Betty, "there were stains on the floor, too; and the axe was lying on the floor all bloodied."

"Well, I bet Kuno didn't do it, anyhow; and if he'd seen those stains he'd been the first to report it!" shouted Roger.

"Are those assassins hidden here, *now*?" gasped Miss Elinor, paling. "Who washed up that blood?"

"I was in here a little while before I saw you," said Betty; and she directed her

speech to Cathcart. "I found several stains, but they have been scrubbed out now; and I found stains outside between the garage and the alley on the snow; and some in the alley"—

"Were there footprints?"

"No, there is a hard path."

"And any trace in the alley?"

"Yes, there were specks of red just at the end of the alley."

"There might have been a car in waiting," mused the doctor: "and they got off that way. But in broad daylight and with houses fronting them—I can't make it out."

"It wasn't so very light this morning, even later; and this all was early; and there are no houses on the alley, only the back yards of the—"

"That's right," Pat interrupted, "it would be impossible to chop up a man so he might be jammed in an automobile; and the houses opposite are both closed, people gone to California. Oh, it's not such an impossibility, especially if it should be the work of some kind of a gang; and it may be. There may be a Red Hand—"

"More likely to be a sham," the doctor put in, "we'll know better when we find out who the man in the library, dead or alive, was, and if he had had any particular experience." He noticed a waning of attention in his audience; simultaneously his own ears caught the whirr and pant of a motor car. A second later, the chief of police, a policeman and Kuno walked into the garage.

CHAPTER III

NUMBER TWO

A WEEK had passed with no developments of note; and interest in the mystery had suffered only the normal blunting. There was still a daily newspaper theory or record of some phase of the hunt. And still Kuno impassively detected the shadow that followed him and spied on all his doings. The shadow took first one and then another form, being in fact several sleuths of the Chief's hiring. Kuno never gave sign of his suspicions unless it were to Roger, his constant ally, or Roger's chum, Sam the Silent, as Mrs.

Dalrymple dubbed him. "He has the most freckles and the least conversation of any boy I ever knew in my life," she observed to Elinor; "but he stands well in his class, and his mother says he never told her a lie in his life. I think he is a nice boy. And he certainly thinks the world of Roger; it is funny to watch his grinning admiration. I wonder if he ever has an idea of his own. Roger says he's clever."

"He thinks it was somebody trying to play a joke and scare somebody," said Elinor, "I only wish I could think the same."

"Did he tell you?"

"He did; and Roger says if Sam thinks so it may be true, for Sam has read no end of detective stories and—what's his name, you know, the one who was chief before Shertain, who was so considerate about Roger's exceeding the speed limit—he used to tell stories of his private detective work to Sam. Once, Sam shadowed a man for him—"

"My word! his people would be ready to faint if they knew of such a thing!"

"I ought not to have spoken of it, perhaps Roger meant it to be in confidence. Don't breathe it. It was only a man at a picnic; and the Chief suspected that he was a famous check forger; but he wasn't, he was a perfectly decent man, and Sam thought so, but naturally Roger thinks more of Sam's shrewdness since then."

"Naturally," agreed Anne drily, "such a dizzy eminence could not fail to impress him. But somehow I have more confidence in Dr. Remsen as a sleuth than Sam."

Dr. Remsen, however, was guileless of detective lore. He was a distinguished surgeon whose eyes would not permit him to practice as steadily as before. He was not in the least blind nor was he ever likely to be, but his optic nerve tired easily and he could not see with the exquisite accuracy that had been his. As a consulting surgeon he was more sought than ever; but he pined after his old hand-to-hand grapple with the enemy. No one, unless it were Pat Cathcart, and possibly in lesser degree Elinor Dalrymple, guessed how bitterly he rebelled in secret while making no moan aloud. The doctor was a widower whose wife and only child had died ten

years before. Before his marriage he had been one of Elinor's suitors; but during his widowhood he had made no advance toward anything beyond an agreeable and kindly friendship, and the courtesies which a neighbor of the same horticultural tastes is apt to show ladies whom he esteems. Fruit and flowers passed between the two fair demesnes; and occasionally the doctor and Pat would run over for an evening at bridge; Anne or her sister would be asked to "take care of the ladies" at the doctor's dinners, while the doctor's keen, inscrutable face was seen at all the Dalrymples' functions of state open to both sexes. Nothing more. But, now, Dr. Remsen and Pat came, daily. The doctor took as much interest as if the murder were a puzzling case. He had vehement although seldom exhibited theories anent the failure of municipal government; and he considered that he was justified in his sternest criticism. It was not in his nature, however, to sit idly on the shore. He commandeered Betty Gray to engineer a few inquiries of his own. She hunted up descriptions of missing people the country over, by means of Press bureaus. His aim, of course, was to hunt down the identity of the man found in the Dalrymple library. The rather startling result was to discover no less than five vanished men with descriptions tallying point for point with the sisters' meagre recollections.

"I always knew the police couldn't describe a kitten without a tape measure," grunted the doctor.

ANOTHER result was the stirring of Elinor's sensitive compassion by the pitiful tales in the clippings; wherefore the doctor soon ceased to allow them to escape from Betty Gray's custody. Her compassion was armored by a reporter's experience of the craft's gift of imagination.

"I don't often fall to those sob stories, nowadays," she said simply. Yet that very day she had gone without a luncheon and a book which she had been scrimping a month to buy, because she must needs give a washerwoman of her acquaintance her little daughter's photograph.

"The girl has tuberculosis and is going away to a cure," said Betty rather defi-

antly to Pat, who discovered her rash benevolence. "I know perfectly well her mother needs everything on earth more than a colored photograph in a gaudy gilt frame; but the child isn't likely to get well; and—well, she's the child's mother. I took Milly's picture and had it enlarged and colored it myself; and the frame was cheap."

She threw her pretty head back as one who should say: "You see it was not extravagant; and I'm not in the least soft-hearted." She was in a prickly mood.

"It was a kind thing to do," said Pat, "but I say—when you run across a case like that I wish you'd let me help a bit; a hard-working woman, worthy poor and all that—"

"She doesn't work hard at all, that's the trouble; and she's not very worthy, either; her husband deserted her because she was so lazy and such a poor cook he couldn't eat her 'muxes' as he called them."

"That kind of thing, finding that people are poor because they deserve to be, must be awfully discouraging."

"Oh, I don't know. It would be more discouraging if they didn't deserve it."

"I think you are awfully sane and broad-minded, Miss Betty."

This was a compliment which touched Betty to the quick; it quite unsmoothed any ruffled feelings made by his intimation that she was soft-hearted. Pat, himself, found her an entertaining paradox; and admitted that he was very sorry for her, such a pretty, plucky little creature. He quite forgot that he had considered her rather insignificant looking when he first noticed her prowling about in the snow, a week ago.

The inquiry into missing people was only one of the doctor's activities. Again assisted by Betty Gray, he looked up the circumstances of departure of the missing man of their own town, who had not yet returned; and whose partner and intimates professed to be as much in the dark as anyone. The man had walked out of his office, cashed a check that almost exhausted his bank account; and disappeared. Cautious advertisements in the home and in the Chicago papers had failed to lure a word from him. He was gone without a trace. Betty reported that by

consequence several poor people in town were breathing the easier. "Good job the Black Hands made, believe me!" was Roger's comment.

The doctor, it was, also, who kept tab on a number of citizens of more or less importance to the police, who had displayed a furtive interest in the supposed murder. He paid his good money to Shertain and McCabe for informal biographies of these worthies. He kept a list of them in a special red note book which he was always pulling out and consulting or adding new impressions thereto. And it was he who ferreted out the one fact of mark obtained in that whole week, so far as the Dalrymples knew, namely, that there had been warnings sent out to sundry loan sharks and others of that ilk, signed with a Red Hand. In no case would the recipients show the warning note; they swore that they had destroyed it; and their reluctant admissions had been accompanied by almost frantic appeals for secrecy.

IN every other respect the case seemed up against a blank wall.

"I say put an ad in the papers," suggested Pat, "'PERSONAL: Will the Gentleman who was killed and left in the library at No. 432 West Pleasant Street, kindly communicate in strict confidence with X, this office; and he will hear of something to his advantage. References given and required.' That ought to fetch the guy."

"He is quite too far away to reach by that medium," said Mrs. Dalrymple, rather wearily, "as for any other, we have had six letters from celebrated clairvoyants, including our own talented Mme. Heta, offering to put us next, as Pat would say, to the departed; as well as letters from common or garden detectives who want to know how much it is worth to us to have the assassins discovered. I've about come to the conclusion that we ought to offer a reward, say five hundred dollars. It certainly would be worth that much to my peace of mind. Mrs. Lacey, the family lawyer, is of the opinion that it might prove to be a good thing. What do you think about it, doctor?"

"I think it would be safe," said the doctor, "quite safe."

"Anyhow it may stop some of their bally yawping in the papers," cried Pat. "They could see that you didn't take any stock in the suspicions of Kuno."

So the reward was offered; and to rest their nerves the sisters went to Chicago for a few days. As a nerve cure, however, the visit was not an entire success. Some enterprising journalist saw their names on the hotel register; and it required all their wits to avoid interviews at all hours of the day and night. Indeed, Miss Elinor did fall a prey to one woman reporter who, rebuffed by Roger in the office and Mrs. Radcliffe in the rooms above, had patiently waited until Miss Elinor returned (un-guarded for the moment since the hotel clerk had halted Anne to inquire about some theatre tickets) and had borne her away to the grill room in a whole column's later triumph. Miss Elinor's sole reply to her sister's reproaches was simply, "My dear, she was *so* thin!"

"Thin, indeed," sighed Ann, "well, her interview isn't thin. There's a whole column of it. I've no doubt she got ten dollars and her expenses."

"I'm sure I hope she did," said Elinor, "poor thing. She liked the tea and English muffins and little cakes so much. She said she was ready to drop. She must have been waiting hours!"

"I don't see anything very fatiguing in waiting in a very comfortable chair for hours."

"And you can't deny, Anne," said Elinor, wisely swerving from the conflict, "you can't deny that at least she's very positive that we had nothing to do with it. She said any theory involving the inmates of the house was preposterous. She uses that very word. I think the interview was a good thing."

ROGER was of the same opinion. They had taken Roger and his crony, the silent Sam, because an opportune vacation (caused by diphtheria) offered an excuse to indulgence. The boys were of considerable use, although Elinor secretly never had an easy moment when they were out of sight, because the perils of the street were so great and boys are so reckless. Anne was less beset by visions; but after Roger returned joyously one after-

noon and reported that they had pulled a deaf old lady out of the path of an automobile, and he was going to be in the papers on his own account (which, indeed, he was) she felt that Chicago with two lively youths was not a restful haven. They returned home the day after; but the journey was more tumultuous than Chicago, as a spreading rail tipped the engine on its side and piled the cars upon it. Their own car did not leave the track and before they knew that there was danger the sickening swaying had ceased and they were standing still.

The boys had pushed them into the aisle at the first lurch of the floor. Every other occupant of the car appeared to be in the aisle, also. Anne had a blurred picture of white faces and twisted forms on the floor, over the seat backs, clinging together, before she realized that the one second of stunned silence was rent by moans and shouts.

"Everybody in the car all right?" called the reporter.

"I guess the ladies better get out," said Sam, "the engine's lying on one side and the front cars seem to have run upon it." He spoke in his usual diffident and unemotional fashion; and he did not seem pale. As for Roger, his eyes sparkled and his cheeks flushed in the boyish elation of excitement peppered with danger. The boys helped the ladies out, and Roger ingeniously made a footstool of his knee; and so well did they have their wits about them that when they returned to the car for the hand-luggage they brought out every vestige of the party's possessions—even to some other lady's rubbers. Afterwards they were most useful in helping Mrs. Dalrymple and Miss Elinor start a fire of wreckage and brush wood, which proved a vast comfort to everybody, especially as Anne through the boys hunted up the cook; and Elinor and she heated soup in the cans and made coffee. The cook had a broken leg and the waiters were needed elsewhere; so the ladies (much to their secret relief) had the job for themselves with volunteer aids from the other women. "There is plenty of work for all the men," said Anne, "we'll help most, looking after the children and getting a warm place to put the wounded; and

something hot to drink for everybody"; a sentiment regarding woman's place in catastrophes with which no one dissented. Indeed, the leading advocate for woman's suffrage in the county, her smart tailor suit protected by a table cloth draped about her, stirred and flavored soup with docile efficiency, while an eloquent woman orator was a marvel, soothing and feeding the babies. The accident, as is the malign custom of accidents, occurred in a lonely spot. They were two miles from the nearest village. It took time to summon help, wading through the snow to the country road, and thence to a farmhouse nearly a mile away. Anne never forgot the scene, the little blue-white frozen stream, the path of woodland with the bare black limbs of the elm trees against the dim sky, the spreading white fields about the dark sprawling bulk of the engine with the sinister red glow of its coal box on the snow and the train in broken disarray behind it. There was something portentous in this jagged spiral so unlike the hyphen rigidity of its normal state. A cold, clinging mist darkened above the horizon; the smouldering sunset was blurred. The figures swarming about the cars all looked black and unreal. But the red splashes on the snow were real—and sickening. Only two people were injured beyond scratches and bruises; and these two not in any dangerous fashion. At least such was the report brought Elinor by a brakeman who drank his steaming coffee, reporting between gulps. "Did say, though, there was one feller killed," interrupted a white-jacketed negro waiter.

"I saw the engineer and the fireman myself," reported the brakeman, "they was jest only scratched up—snow's soft falling!"

"'Twasn't them. 'Twas a passenger man; I seen them take him off. Feller from your own town, ma'am"—to Elinor—"Give 'em a napkin to put over his face. See, that's the one; they're carryin' him—look a' there!"

FOUR men were carrying him; the women's shuddering interest returned them the backs of the bearers, the broad curve of something sagging between and two stiff, flaunting, tan-colored shoes.

A kind of hush fell on the group; they had been disposed before to the excited gaiety that follows an escape and meets difficulty with an American crowd. The men laid their burden down a little way further. Some other men joined them, one bearing a lantern. They could be seen to examine the dead man. One man (a doctor they guessed) kneeled on the snow by his side. They talked together a little space of time. It seemed to Anne from their gestures that they were discussing the manner of his death. Then all but one of them went back to the cars. The dead man lay stark and straight in the snow with his yellow shoes and the napkin over his face.

"Poor man," said Anne two hours later, when their journey had been resumed. "I suppose *he* is on this train, going home."

She asked a question to that effect of their own porter, who was returning with them, having hurt his arm. "No, ma'am," he answered, "they all kep' him. Sure is mighty queer 'bout that man." He hesitated, official reticence regarding the details of a wreck plainly struggling with an astonishing bit of news which he ached to spread. Then: "Well, 'tain't nothing to do with the railroad," he broke out, "but they do say that feller did not git killed by that wreck. He'd been shot dead by some enemy; and they found him there laying over the basin in the toilet. Yes, ma'am. Plum dead."

"Maybe he committed suicide," said Mrs. Dalrymple.

"No, ma'am, he didn't be that kind. He thought a heap of hisself, that feller; he certainly did! And the way he talked of girls being crazy 'bout him—I heard him going on in the smoking room; oh, no, ma'am, he never did pull a gun on hisself, believe me! 'Sides, they hunted that toilet faithful, and there didn't be a sign of that big revolver!"

"What you all guess was on his shirt front with his vest buttoned over it? *A red hand!* I saw it myself. And *No. 2* in the same red below. And you ladies know—"

He gave a deprecating glance downward; he knew the ladies and he knew of the "famous Dalrymple murder."

"I see," said Anne slowly, "the Red Hand has struck again."

(To be continued)

A Flurry
in
SEA FOOD
by
Archibald Webster

THE trouble began one Monday morning when Dan Naylor and his clerk sat in the back room of the Naylor Sea Mart reading the political news. The street door opened, jingling the bell above their heads, and a good-looking stranger entered with the greeting.

"I guess I've struck the right place; you seem to have some spare time. Do you want to make a little money?"

"Friend," replied Naylor, "that's what I am here for, but if you have any mining stock or get-rich-quick scheme, you are in the wrong stall. If it's fish, I will listen."

"All right. I am in the market to buy fish eyes, and I desire you to be my general agent."

"Fish eyes! Why man alive, there is no money in those. We throw the eyes away with the heads."

"I know you do *now*. Still I don't believe that you would, if I bought all of the eyes you could obtain for me."

"It seems darn funny; I have been in this business my whole life, but I never heard that fishes' eyes had any value before. What's the game?"

"There's no game. I offer you two dollars and a half per thousand, or twenty-five cents per hundred for all that you can obtain and I do not care to make a contract with you unless you positively agree to furnish at least one hundred thousand per week. Allowance will be made for dull seasons, but deficiencies must be made up immediately when trade is good. I will supply you with glass jars, and collect

them from you when filled. It is spot cash on delivery; any kind of salt water fish will do, and the fresher the better. Decayed ones I will not accept, and for extra fresh eyes, I will pay three dollars per thousand. Another thing: I am to remain unknown in the matter, you are not to divulge my identity under any conditions without my permission. You are at liberty to make any arrangements you desire with other dealers, and to show my own good faith, I shall present you with one hundred dollars the moment the papers are signed, for you will be put to some extra expense."

"Jingoes, you interest me," Naylor ejaculated, figuring on some wrapping paper. "That amounts to two hundred and fifty dollars a week; thirteen thousand a year."

"That is only the minimum, I will take much more."

"And I can pay what I like for them?"

"Sure, that is up to you."

"Friend, I am your man; by the way, what might your name be?"

"Wilcox, Ormsby Wilcox."

"When shall I begin?"

"Immediately, although I shall not hold you to the large order right away. I shall send you a crate of my glass jars this afternoon. Now let us draft the papers, and sign them. Remember, there is no penalty if you break the contract, except that I am at liberty to employ somebody else."

After the agreements had been signed

Wilcox bade Dan adieu with the parting injunction, "You had better get the big dealers sewed up on long time contracts, for when this gets noised about they may want to go up on the price."

Dan sat down bewildered with one hundred dollars real money in his fist. The whole occurrence seemed like a dream.



"Fish eyes! Why man alive, there is no money in those. We throw the eyes away with the heads"

Neither he nor his clerk could figure out the meaning of the purchases; but there was the agreement and the money and if anybody was foolish enough to pay for fishes' eyes he did not care. An opportunity had arisen and he proposed to make the most of it. Dan owned two fish markets himself, and as he was well acquainted with the trade, he knew that he could buy cheap. Accordingly, by the end of the month, every fish dealer in the city had been interviewed; most of them agreeing

to save the eyes in the jars which he left, and to receive therefor the sum of seventy-five cents for each full one. Now as the jars held over five hundred eyes, this meant that Dan made a gross profit of from fifty to seventy-five cents on each full one, quite often the latter, as he insisted on having large and fresh ones. Dan owned a small runabout, and between that and a second hand one he now bought, he managed to do the additional work by the employment of two young men. This resulted in a handsome profit to himself, for he soon found that Wilcox was very generous in his allowance for extras. For several months, therefore, Dan felt that he was fortunate among men. Then his troubles began, for the trade became intensely curious as to what he did with the eyes.

The old timers at first greeted the announcement that Dan Naylor was buying fish eyes with incredulity and then with wonderment, for in spite of their assertions that there was no commercial use to which they could be put, here was a prominent dealer spending almost a thousand dollars some weeks for them. It may be that fish dealers have so much leisure during several days each week that the topic was discussed with increasing fervor, or it may have been that Dan's silence provoked many to attempt to pierce his reticence. At any rate there were more arguments over what became of the product than had ever taken place before over anything connected

with the business. The retailers wrangled about it whenever they met, and compelled their customers to listen to their theorizing. It spread to the wholesalers at the wharves, and soon even the captains and crews of the fishing smacks and schooners contributed their reasons for the remarkable purchases, until a dozen stories were current.

Captain Barnacle, the Dean of the fleet, declared in his gruff, infallible way:

"It is a wonder to me that nobody ever

thought of saving these things before. There ain't no mystery to it. I heard about it when I was a lad off the coast of China. You see, they have a blind God they worship there called Finchu. Years ago, he led the Chinese to mighty victories, but while attacking a fortress the enemy captured him, and put out both of his eyes, which they cast into the sea, for being immortal he could not be killed. Since then he has been confined to a temple, and his people have not amounted to much in warfare. They say, though, that somewhere in the sea his eyes are to be found, for they are immortal too, and a gigantic reward is offered for whoever discovers them. I don't believe a word of it, but I've heard tell that the fish wear them. I'll bet the chinks are at the bottom of this, for they say the people there pay money for fishes' heads."

Old Rich, the lobster king, and a great rival of Barnacle's on all subjects, ridiculed this, saying,

"That is a pipe dream of the captain's. He has been taking some of that dope he got in China. I tell you some hard-headed chaps are behind these purchases, and I don't wish to be quoted, but the fact is, these eyes are boiled which makes them hard. Then they are covered with a secret solution which is transparent, so that they make a new type of button for women's clothes, some of them being as handsome as the finest pearls."

His opponents, however, invariably asked him to produce a button, whereupon he always grew angry, and told them to wait until spring, which was safe enough, as the winter had several months to run. Nevertheless he had many followers on account of his prestige, and for a while the trade divided into two camps, one believing Barnacle, the other championing Rich. The knowing ones, however, soon discredited both, and wild and improbable stories were rife, until somewhere a rumor spread like wildfire that bore the earmarks of truth, especially after *The Deep Sea Gazette*, the great Boston weekly, backed it up editorially. This account spoke authoritatively, and is herewith reproduced:

"FISHES' EYES"

We are happy to note that our industry has received a great impetus in the revival

of the old Roman custom of eating fishes eyes. Those who have read Gibbon's history will recall how the Emperors had their fish brought from fresh the sea to their palaces by special couriers, but one must consult the masterly work of Professor Rumsen to get further particulars. There it states that Constantine the Great was very fond of a dish prepared from the eyes of carp. These were treated with a solution of salt and spice, and when served properly, exceeded in delicacy the rarest caviare. This epicurean secret we are happy to state has been re-discovered by the talented chef of John Rogan, the eminent financier, who lately has ravished the palates of his guests with the most subtle appetizer that any have ever tasted. The recipe, we understand, has been confided to a few of the ultra fashionable set, and from now on will be a necessity to the wealthy. We predict a rapid rise in the price of fishes' eyes, as the outside part of the eye is not used, but only the interior which seems to possess a concentrated flavor that the German Emperor recently declared equals the fabled ambrosia. We may also add that the North Atlantic fish are infinitely superior to all others for this purpose. Hence the demand will be extraordinary, and as the supply will be limited, the prices are bound to be high.

The item was everywhere believed and extensively copied and commented upon, especially by the radical and socialistic journals, who denounced the new luxury as "epicureanism run mad." Then at a mass meeting in Faneuil Hall, Boston, much against the wishes of the fish trade, resolutions were adopted severely condemning "the Sybaritic dinners that pamper the licentious tastes of our aristocratic voluptuaries." Beware, it cautioned, "lest our modern debauchees in their greediness invite the fate of Heliogabalus."

Immediately after this, Dan came in for both execration and praise, chiefly the former. "So," complained a friend who had viewed his contract with Dan as simply furnishing a little extra pocket money, "You thought that you would be fly and rope your friends into an agreement so that you could feather your own nest. You have buncoed the trade all right, but it is rather scurvy just the same to hog it all. You pay us a cent for ten, but I will bet that you resell them for a cent or two apiece."

Another said, "He is the cleverest man that has ever struck the fish business, to know enough to keep quiet about it, and catch a lot of gudgeons in his net."

Dan, however, had contracts with only a few of the large retailers, and he now found that they were extremely bitter against him, for the smaller men were free to sell to whom they chose, and at their own price, as were the great salt fish firms who had refused to make contracts. In vain did Dan point out that the others received no money at all for their eyes, and that they all spoilt. From selling upwards of three hundred thousand eyes some weeks,



Captain Barnacle, the dean of the fleet, declared in his gruff, infallible way: "I'll bet the chinks are at the bottom of this, for they say the people there pay money for fishes' heads!"

his output shrunk to less than sixty thousand, for the independents refused to sell, except at quadruple the price.

The first few weeks after the newspaper publicity, Dan bought enough to fulfill his contract at a fancy figure, although by so doing he wiped his profits out. This extra price only added to the excitement, for everyone now believed that the value would climb sky high. In the meantime he told Wilcox of the comments, but that gentleman only chuckled, "It will subside, for nobody is going to buy but myself. They must take what we give or receive

nothing. What good does it do holding out for a long price, when there is only one buyer. Don't worry, and do not pay any more than your old terms in the future. I shall release you from the one hundred thousand contract for the time being. The situation will soon clear."

Dan laughed himself at this, as Wilcox seemed cocksure of his position, and his liberality put Dan at ease. Accordingly he ceased to buy except from his contractors, which speedily made him the most unpopular man in the city, for he was branded as a monopolist and trust magnate, until a stranger would really have believed him to be a grasping millionaire. Cartoons appeared in the newspapers picturing him as broiling a group of retail fish dealers over a hot fire, and compelling them to live up to unholy agreements. He endeavored to explain that he was benefiting them, but that only made matters worse. Then amid universal approval, all of the dealers who were under contract, upon the advice of counsel, refused to supply him with any eyes whatsoever. Dan might have gone to law, but acting under advice of Wilcox he ignored them; although he himself was probably more curious about the use the fish eyes were put to than any one in the city, still he restrained himself and awaited developments.

The excitement among the fish dealers, however, fanned into such a roaring blaze, that a boycott was attempted on Dan's regular business, and only with the greatest of difficulty and ingenuity could he obtain sea food of any kind to sell to his customers, many of whom left him on account of his alleged meanness. When he appeared on the wharves he was hooted and jeered, and two different times the irate fishermen pelted him with decayed rubbish, causing him to seek shelter and to telephone to the police for protection.

On another occasion the tires of his automobile were punctured deliberately, and one night the windows of his downtown store were smashed.

Nevertheless old Rich planned to side in with him secretly and share his profits, as Dan noted one day when the great merchant called around in person.

"What do you say to letting me in?" he began ingratiatingly. "You can never handle the situation, whereas with my resources and prestige, I can drive the trade into line."

"I will," replied Dan, "if you will agree to the old figure of seventy-five cents a jar, plus a twenty-per cent commission for yourself," which he cunningly figured would net him as much as he was making after paying all expenses.

"I cannot do that, my boy," replied Rich, "but if you will make it two dollars straight I will waive the commission."

"It is out of the question, I would lose money at that figure."

Rich smiled at this, for it gave him a cue as to the price, so he went a step further.

"Tell me who your parties are and let me explain the situation to them, and I will share half of the net profits with you on whatever terms are agreed upon. It will pay to tie up with me."

"I know that," replied Dan. "But I am under an agreement not to divulge the name of my purchaser under any condition."

"But if we become partners in this enterprise it will be different."

"Not at all, I cannot give away a particle of information even to you."

After a few minutes of further parleying Rich became angry at Dan's obstinacy and shaking his fists cried:

"You are a fool. Do you suppose that I cannot discover to whom you are selling. I shall put sleuths on your trail, Sir, day and night, and then I shall deal direct with your customers. If that fails I shall communicate with Rogan himself. What do you say, I'll give you a last chance."

"I have nothing further to add," replied Dan.

"Take the consequence then," he shouted as he angrily departed.

* * *

Dan grew fearful of the old man's vengeance, knowing Rich to be the most powerful man in the trade, so he immediately telephoned to Wilcox and told him the story. Wilcox responded with a hearty laugh. "Don't mind him a bit.

I anticipated some such move long ago, and it will take a Sherlock Holmes to follow my movements, but seeing that he is so confident of his prowess I shall redouble my pains. Have your jars ready at seven o'clock Friday and two men will call for them. I shall take care of the rest."

Dan smiled an hour later when he saw that Rich had commenced to spy on his movements, and all that evening, and all day Friday, Dan and his stores were under constant surveillance. On Friday evening Wilcox's men called and received the jars which they placed in two grips. The moment they left, three of Rich's force shadowed them, one of whom was Rich's son. They followed the two men, who proceeded to the railroad station, and bought tickets for New York, arranging for a drawing room on the midnight train.

"There must be money in fishes' eyes, for these fellows to take a drawing room," grunted young Rich. This surprise, however, was nothing compared to what greeted them later in the evening, for the two Wilcox lieutenants repaired across the street to a first-class hotel and ordered a feast that completely staggered their shadowers, who seated themselves at a nearby table.

Caviare, terrapin, broiled trout, canvas back ducks, imported asparagus and artichokes, hothouse grapes and other delicacies were served in the food line, while their liquor consisted of expensive cocktails, a rare old sauterne, and several quarts of the best champagne. Then when they ordered a dozen cigars, three for a dollar and gave the waiter a tip of two dollars, Rich gasped.

"They must be millionaires or making a bundle on this job. They look more like clerks to me than aristocrats. Listen! Hear that."

"Pretty soft, paying thirty dollars for a meal for two," one of the men was saying, "It isn't much like the old days when thirty cents was my limit. The boss must be bundling it when he can do this for us, what!"

"I should say so," the other responded, "but what fools people are paying so much for fishes' eyes."

"I dunno. It is the greatest stuff a man

ever ate, and the plutocrats can at last eat something that the mob never can."

Rich's face showed his enthusiasm as he whispered to his companion:

"This is the find of the year. The old man will be crazy about it. I am going out for a minute and see Bill. He must have discovered what the grips contain by now."

Rich went to the hotel corridor and Bill rushed toward him, saying:

"I searched their bags, and they contain a lot of bottles labelled 'Rogan & Co., New York City.'"

Rich rubbed his hands with glee, as he proceeded to telephone to his father, who ordered him to follow on to New York, and the next morning when he saw the two men enter Rogan's office, young Rich felt that the fight was won.

Right after this Dan received a visit from no less a personage than Mrs. Jack Warner, the great social leader. Dan listened in perplexity as she inquired, "Mr. Naylor, I wish to buy some of that new delicacy to serve when the Russian Ambassador dines with me next week. Will you kindly take an order."

"I am sorry, Madam," Dan apologized, "but I only collect them in their raw state."

"Then please direct me to where I can buy them in their prepared form."

"I cannot, Madam, I am held to strict silence."

"I know that it is held a close secret, and that it commands a fabulous price, but the cost is no drawback to me, for I wish to be the first to offer it to my guests in this part of the country."

"It is too bad—"

"Mr. Naylor, I offer you a bonus of a thousand dollars."

"But Madam, I tell you—"

"Call it two thousand dollars. I must have some."

"I will find out for you right away," he answered, going to the telephone where he told Wilcox the story.

"Whew!" that gentleman ejaculated. "Everyone is taking this delicate food story seriously, you must inform her that it is all a mistake."

"What! Doesn't Rogan use it as a table luxury?"

"Bosh, no. That is the disordered dream of some crazy fisherman. Tell the dear old lady that we buy them for an entirely different purpose, although it may be a good plan to let the fish trade discover it for themselves, they are such rubber necks."

Mrs. Warner received the news with more or less incredulity, and as she departed Dan was even more staggered than she was.

* * *

A few days passed, then to the surprise of even Wilcox, Rich and Company advertised for eyes, at two dollars a jar or four dollars a thousand. Yet this did not start the trade at first, but upon reflection the dealers sold, for whatever Rich and Company went into bore the stamp of legitimacy, then for a month the firm bought all they could get.

"Let them go it," Wilcox said to Dan. "They are not on to the secret, they are only throwing their money away. The stuff they are marketing as 'Roman Ambrosia,' is tasteless of itself and while for a few weeks the public may buy on account of the notoriety the matter has received, the bottom will soon drop completely out and they will be stung. We will hold tight, for thank goodness I stocked up enough to have a quantity on hand."

Wilcox proved to be right, the dealers were gleeful for only a few weeks, then Rich and Company ceased to buy, and consigned their product to the offal wagon. It seems that they had stumbled upon a French chef, who positively affirmed that he knew the recipe Rogan used, and after he had made up a very appetizing dish, Rich and Company decided to market it. They advertised its merit strongly, and for several weeks the public bought it at a fancy price. Then rival chefs declared that the flavor was due to a costly French sauce, disguised in such a way as to deceive the ordinary man, so amid the jeers of the fish trade Rich and Company retired from the eye field.

After this happening the dealers grew cautious, for while they might argue and speculate, the eyes were absolutely valueless unless they were sold to Dan; so the merchants eventually came to see that to condemn him meant to look a gift horse

in the mouth. Hence, one by one, they voluntarily sold to him until after a few months the larger portion became his customers, and Dan once more rubbed his hands in glee as he counted his large gains.

His contentment, however, was short lived, for in old Rich he had an implacable enemy, who went about the wharves muttering, "I'll git him. The young scamp shall pay for this."

"Guess you will have to git up pretty early in the morning to catch Dan Naylor napping," drawled Captain Barnacle one day.

"You go to the Devil," snarled the spiteful old fish king, shaking his fist revengefully at the captain. "I'll make the whole lot of you look like thirty cents before I get through."

"Be keerful," warned the captain coolly. "You better stick to your lobsters, Rich, or the boys may be calling you one."

A burst of laughter greeted this sally, which so thoroughly enraged Rich that he walked away speechless.

The following week the blow fell from an unexpected quarter, when the clerk who had been present at Dan's first interview with Wilcox, appeared at the store with a blustering lawyer and made formal demand upon Dan for a half share in the profits of the fish eye business. With astonishing effrontery, he claimed to be a full partner and the attorney threatened immediate suit unless the case was settled peaceably. At first, Dan blinked at them in bewilderment, believing the matter to be some sort of a joke, for he supposed the clerk to be still in his employ. Then, as the pettifogger thundered at him insultingly, Dan began to realize that the men were serious.

Ordinarily Dan was slow to wrath, but this proved too much for his presbyterianism:

"Get out of here," he cried advancing menacingly. "You are a pair of four-flushers. You can't blackmail me. Step lively, or there will be trouble."

The advocate, who trusted more to the glibness of his tongue than to the strength of his fist, quickly glided to the door, getting there just ahead of his client, whose retarded exit was then greatly

accelerated by the impetus imparted by Dan's number nine rubber boot.

"You shall answer for this in a court of law," bawled the retreating counsellor.

"Sue and be hanged," answered Dan, banging the door to keep out further tongue messages. Dan paced the floor in perplexity, wondering how his clerk ever acquired the nerve necessary to claim partnership, but he soon gave up. He had given the clerk an excellent salary and treated him kindly, so he speedily came to the conclusion that the clerk was a scoundrel pure and simple.

The newspapers gave a headline to the lawsuit, so when Dan showed up on the wharves everybody clamored for information. Captain Barnacle was cordiality itself.

"Come in here," he beckoned, as Dan passed his office. Dan obeyed willingly, for he liked the captain. "I see Rich's lawyers has thrown the gaff into you," the mariner began. Dan looked up in surprise. "Is that so? Does that shyster do legal business for Rich?"

"Sure as you are born. Has for years. Guess there is some harpooning on foot."

"I should say so. This clerk is no more my partner than what you are, Captain."

"Guess old Rich is trying to make you tell what you do with the eyes, Danny."

"By George, you are right, but how can he do it?"

"A partner has a right to know the details of the partnership business," Captain Barnacle remarked sententiously. "Guess you'd better look out that they don't foul your anchor, Danny."

Dan left with a new determination to fight to a finish, but he was in somewhat of a dilemma, as Wilcox was in Europe and Dan did not know just where, neither could he find out, as his patron had been very secretive regarding his identity. Accordingly, when the trial occurred, Dan was left to his own resources.

* * *

The court room was crowded to the doors with inquisitive fish men. The two Richs were there glaring across the chamber at Captain Barnacle, whose good-natured face wore a cynical smile, but Wilcox was not seen.

The clerk took the witness stand and

made out a strong case, testifying barefacedly that one Ormsby Wilcox had engaged both Naylor and himself to collect fish eyes for equal compensation, and asserting with conviction that the eyes were sold for food. As Dan had only his own testimony in opposition, the tide set against Dan, the judge saying the second day:

"I shall have to find for the plaintiff, unless the defendant Naylor is willing to produce Wilcox. The plaintiff has told a straightforward story, whereas the defendant refuses to disclose the whereabouts of Wilcox, or to tell what use the eyes are put to. If Mr. Naylor chooses to clothe his defense with a maze of mystery, I must assume that he is intentionally concealing facts that will aid the plaintiff."

"One moment," rang out an interruption at the door. Dan turned and saw Wilcox entering. The judge frowned, but when he found who it was, and that Wilcox had just returned from Europe, he allowed his testimony to go in.

A hush fell upon all as Dan's lawyer interrogated him.

"Have you ever purchased fishes' eyes from anyone beside Dan Naylor the past year?"

"No, Sir, he was my sole agent."

"Did he ever have a partner in his arrangements with you?"

"No. I dealt with him as an individual, alone. Had he taken a partner I would have terminated my relations with him, as I wished to avoid publicity at that time."

"That is all," exclaimed Dan's lawyer, with a triumphant gaze at old Rich.

The clerk's lawyer bounded to his feet and confronted Wilcox with a malicious leer and bullying gesture that excited the exasperation of the spectators.

"Do you mean to say that you did not agree to give the plaintiff one-half of the profits?"

"I agreed to nothing with him. I never spoke to the man in my life."

"How does the plaintiff happen to know, then, to whom these eyes are sold and the exact use to which they are put?"

"He doesn't. He knows no more about it than a wooden cigar store Indian."

"Do you insinuate that the plaintiff has not been telling the truth," the lawyer shrieked, shaking his fist under Wilcox's nose. Wilcox, however, in no way quailed. Instead, in deliberate, icy tones he replied:

"I insinuate nothing. I affirm positively that he has been uttering falsehoods." The murmur of applause greeting this unequivocal statement was only quelled with difficulty by the court officers. The plaintiff's lawyer then cried expectantly: "Perhaps you will tell the court what is done with them?"

Objection was made to this question, but Wilcox brushed it to one side, saying:

"Now that I am in court I shall tell all, for I am getting heartily tired of the foolishness and petty jealousy displayed by certain dealers who ought to have more sense. My grandfather is the sole proprietor of Wheeler's Celebrated Cure for Milk Leg.' I am his manager and heir. An essence extracted from fishes' eyes and mixed with other elements is the secret of its marvellous efficacy."

"We began to make the essence in large quantities only after I made the arrangements with Dan Naylor, and at that time we had strong reasons for secrecy. The different reasons advanced by the fish trade were all buncombe, and we merely smiled until Rich and Company started to spy upon Dan. Then I engaged two young men to 'jolly' them and they fell for it, hook, line and sinker. You now know what we do with them, but just the same I defy anyone to duplicate our compound."

The court dismissed the case after this testimony, and although Dan had been to a lot of expense and bother, the ridicule Captain Barnacle poured upon old Rich and the uproarious laughter of the fish trade at his discomfiture, completely satisfied Dan's feeling of revenge.



Paula Peyton, PESSIMIST

By

Lucile Lambert

I CAME back to the office exhausted from a hot, vile-smelling luncheon with Aunt's friend, Dr. Bohn. It was an August day—in New York. On my desk I found the Simonson Surah Silk poster, the first "big" thing I had written since joining the staff of the Kahn-Herrick Advertising Agency, blue-pencilled "Won't Do." Then the impish little office boy shoved a letter in my face, mumbling that it wasn't marked personal and had been "opened by mistake" by the cashier. The letter was from Aunt Cornelia at Boston, and arranged for me to dine with Professor D'Aubigny.

"I am convinced, my dear Paula," ran the closing words, "that the friendship, protection and companionship of a Christian member of the opposite sex, who possesses an unimpeachable character and some literary achievement, would be of material benefit to you."

"Dear Aunt," I savagely grabbed a rough crayon and pounded on the most convenient stationery, which happened to be the back of the Simonson poster, "I want a man—a real *heathen man*—who has a questionable character and does not know Shakespeare from Rex Beach. It is imperative that he smoke, drink and swear. He shall puff vile cigarettes when in my company, order cocktails when I dine with him, say Jehosaphat, Fool or Bally Ass—and *Damn*—as occasion prompts.

"But he must not be a bore and he must not know more than I do. He shall not

regard me as bric-a-brac or a graven image; he will not observe petty conventions. I want to go real places with him to see real things. I do not want him to know me as I have always endeavored to *seem*. I don't want him to make love to me, nor I don't want his protecting arm or arms—"

And I might have gone on indefinitely had I not been interrupted by a drawing summons from the office boy that "Chief" would see me at once in the private office. I hurriedly dropped the crayon, turned the sheet and nervously made my way by the long tier of desks to the door marked "*Private*, Albert S. Kahn, President." It was my first real interview with the "Chief."

* * *

That night, in my small room in a very proper hotel (built, I am told, for working women, though I have yet to meet the self-supporting female—quoted, Bohn—whose weekly wage would warrant its rates) I debated whether I should button myself into a dinner gown for the terrible D'Aubigny, "a direct descendant, my dear, of the house of——"—and heaven only knows what else. I could fancy him—it's the same creature who wrote that volume, "Deficiencies in American Literature"—long-haired, stoop-shouldered, angular and hectic—D'Aubigny, I mean—I could see myself sitting out an "apology" dinner, quivering under his piercing eye and floundering with his formidable vocabulary. Is not every

one of Aunt Cornelia's acquaintances a pedant of the same class? Do they not all sit at stupid, cheap French table d'hôte dinners in stuffy cellars, and between scrappy fish and greasy fowl pick flaws in Shakespeare, improve on Thackeray and condemn Byron's illiteracy? Did I not abandon a safely begun magazine career just to rescue myself from an atmosphere of style, coherence, unity, vocabulary, grace and the lack of them? Why else did I come to a New York advertising agency whose president, I had learned, had not even a common school education, and had first made his fame from

"Thompson's Milk White Honey Bread
Puts home-baked kinds in the shade.
It's the greatest ever made—
Thompson's Milk White Honey Bread."

Besides, I'd a notion I could dash off "copy"—loud, virile copy that would take. Later, perhaps, unhampered by the critical, ascetic staff on Rae's Review, I should write something—just what didn't matter. I merely had a conviction that I should write.

It was with all kindness, I admit, that Aunt Cornelia had indited letters to a "certain few very old friends" in New York, begging that they look me up, keep a protecting eye out for my welfare, and advise me as to my "career." But the friends of Aunt Cornelia, alas, were created neither for protection or for counsel.

And so I debated.

"I will not!" I stamped at last; "*I will not!*" I laughed boisterously, shrilly, then semi-hysterically; I wept at my degeneracy.

A sharp rap on my door silenced this impious glee. A gaping, proper-looking maid handed me a card. D'Aubigny! "Mr. Maurice Carr" I read aloud. Carr! Carr! Who on earth was Maurice Carr? An inherited sense of "the proper thing" was urging me to state, stiffly, "There is evidently a mistake. I have not the pleasure of Mr. Carr's acquaintance."

"I am expecting him," was what I explained with perfect composure, "and will join him directly."

Mr. Maurice Carr was comfortably ensconced in the stuffed rocker of the Red

Room. He was big and tall and light. "Good evening?" I queried coldly, with fitting propriety. After all, I am an Endicott-Peyton of New England.

"Good evening!" he acknowledged warmly, rising to face me; "I came to apply—I'm convinced that I'm just the fellow you want."

"To apply!" I gasped.

"Yes, ma'am," drawing out the words as he drew something from a pocket and unfolded it with precision. It was the ghastly crayoned letter to Aunt Cornelia! I sank to the red divan.

"Why, sir, you are impudent," I exclaimed with a wobbling severity intermingled with a tinge of faintness, "that is a letter to my aunt."

"You neglected to prefix a salutation," he answered flippantly. "We rather thought it was a personal advertisement." And there it was, "*I want*" in great bold, black crayon capitals. "We passed it round," he continued while I sat quite speechless, "but I seemed to be the most promising applicant. The other fellows have little deficiencies which do not exactly meet your requirements."

I was possessed of a consuming desire to cry out—to scream and shriek—to implore someone to remove this man from the house. "That paper circulated about the offices?" I demanded. "The men—all the men—have seen it?" I put my hands over my eyes and saw visions. Of course I never could enter Kahn-Herrick's again—and just when Chief had encouraged me in my work, and had asked me to meet Mrs. Kahn at their home! I couldn't go back to Boston, either, without explanations. Oh, my reputation was quite, quite gone.

Mr. Maurice Carr carefully put the awful thing on the center table, glancing at me reflectively. "Yes, they saw it," he said, "but I told them that you—er—copied it for me to illustrate for some fool publication. They thought it downright clever. You see," as I breathed relief, "I didn't want to recriminate myself!"

Suddenly I remembered. Maurice Carr was our staff illustrator!—the great favorite at Kahn-Herrick's, and nicknamed "Monte Carlo." I tried hard to

think of something intelligent to say. It was thoughtful of him to save me. . . . Save me—from what? I had voiced my sentiments exactly; why shouldn't people know them? Should I become harnessed into another yoke of conventionality? An insane spirit of defiance welled up inside.



"We passed it round," he continued while I sat quite speechless, "but I seemed to be the most promising applicant!"

"I meant it—every word of it!" I blazed. "I repeat it—I will shout it from the housetops! I'm sick of sham and propriety and convention! I'm bored to death with discussions of religion and morals and literature! I'm tired of meeting people who think they know more than I know!"

And then I cried. No, I did not weep; I did not "burst into tears"; I did not "sob convulsively." I plain cried. And "I wish I was dead!" I wailed in conclusion, with fine disregard for subjunctives. "I hate everybody and everything!"

I anticipated that my visitor would at once attempt to convince me that I meant no such thing, and I prepared to fly at him. In fact, I was yearning to pull his hair and fairly shake him into submission. (I am quite sure that the Endicott-Peytons must have been gladiators before they were Puritans.)

Maurice Carr crossed to where I sat bawling foolishly, fists clenched. "I guess you do, Miss Peyton," he said, "hate everybody but the Poster Man." He was smiling down at me, and his smile was disarming.

"I suppose you think I don't mean what I said in that letter," I bullied.

"Of course you mean it," he agreed affably. "People usually mean what they say."

I stared miserably at Washington Crossing the Delaware on the wall ahead of me, feeling like a pugnacious child who has been found with his head in the jam-pot. Something inside felt as though it would burst. "Oh!" I cried, "You—I—"

"That's just it," broke in my companion genially, "You and I—we're going to be bully friends. Why, I can meet more than half your requirements."

"What a fool!"—I addressed Washington—"what a fool I am!"

"Bally ass, too, maybe?" His reflection on the words gave them a rasping sound. He grinned at my scowl. "Ah, well, we'll talk about that some other time. Just now I want you to look up a wrap. We're going to Wallack's—I haven't been to a show since they dramatized Shakespeare's 'Going some!'"

I was too overcome to resent the ridiculous shot. "Why," I sat up very straight and looked him in the eyes—they were roguish but honest and gray—"I'm not in the habit—I don't know—" The words

on the poster, which diabolically glared at me from the table, seemed to fly over and jump down my throat.

"It's a staff affair," said Maurice Carr; "Chief'll be there and Mrs. Kahn and the Herricks. Not to chaperon, of course," hastily and with something like a gleam in his eye, "we do not observe petty conventions!—the Poster girl and I," and he picked up the awful thing and restored it to his pocket, considering the matter settled. "The fact is, Mrs. Kahn told me to jump over here and pick you up," he said as we went out. "She was afraid to ask on such short notice, or some such bosh, but—I thought I knew a way." He laughed.

* * *

A box had been reserved for the Kahn-Herricks. The Herricks were there, and Chief and Mrs. Chief, a charming, motherly woman who drew an arm about me between the acts when the men went out to smoke, and whispered, "I'm so glad you know Maurice, dear. He is very near to us. It is so refreshing to know him—and he tells such good stories!" When I looked up to answer I fancied that her eyes seemed misty. She was looking vacantly ahead.

"The only thing that will ruffle Montie's irrepressible good nature," put in Mrs. Herrick hurriedly, with a rather forced laugh, "is to call him 'Monte Carlo'."

All the evening I wondered why Mrs. Chief had grown preoccupied—why her eyes had filled with tears when she spoke of Maurice Carr. What was the mystery?

Cordial good-nights over, my escort led me to a dear little cafe which was neither French nor Italian nor table d'hôte. "If you don't mind," he said from behind the menu, "I don't believe I care to indulge—in a cocktail tonight. I—er—consumed several earlier in the day, however. And, by Jehosaphat," he lingered on the word and searched his pockets, "I've left my cigarette case behind!"

I laughed outright, though it was all too uncomfortable. "That letter—" I began. But the waiter stood at my side, and when I glanced down at the "List of Drinks" I felt a strange elation as I saw "Tea—Coffee—Cocoa." I must act logically; must do something to vindicate myself partially.

"When one is in a desperate mood," I burst forth, "he is likely to make rash statements."

"Yes?" encouraged Mr. Carr.

Slowly I blurted out the whole silly tale. "I believed I could write," I concluded vehemently, "away from the influence of Aunt Cornelia and the ascetic Review staff, but I can't—the Simonson poster failed! I'm going to be a failure! They've ruined my whole life! I can't write!"

"What was your subject matter?" asked my listener politely.

Subject matter! Was subject matter essential to writing? "Not what you write, but how you write it"—wasn't that the motto over my desk at home? I gasped.

"You'll write," Mr. Carr went on easily, "when something really good comes along to write about."

"I can never write," fumed I, "with rules of style consuming my whole brain, and thoughts of Aunt Cornelia and the Rae staff."

"Oh, rules are all right in their way," said Maurice Carr, "and critics are good fellows to know when you want a hole knocked in a plot."

"Plot!" I repeated crossly, "I don't know any plots. And I've never seen anything human or interesting."

Maurice Carr was smiling again. "I've blown around a bit these past few years, and I've learned a lot," he announced. "I've seen real people. I don't know much about books. But I'll tell you, sometimes, a few little things I saw that made me glad I'm here. Maybe you can use them as a base."

"But why can't you—"

"I?" he interrupted, laughing. "I don't even go in for Higher Art. Just a no-account illustrator who can make passable Soup babies or Chocolate girls, or an occasional cartoon that takes the public eye . . . And now let us eat."

* * *

. . . "How fatherly and kind Chief is!" I observed later as we walked down Madison Avenue. "And Mrs. Kahn—how I should like to have her for a mother! Have they any children?"

For a moment we walked on in silence.

He shook his head, and when he spoke there was a queer little catch in his voice. "Their daughter died—about a year ago. Jacqueline Kahn and I," he stated simply, "were to have been married."

"Oh!" I cried. That was why Mrs. Kahn—"It must have been awful for you," I murmured.

"Trials come to all of us," he replied quietly, "but we may as well believe that 'what is is right,' and that there's a Higher Power that knows."

This from the man I was mentally characterizing as "light, breezy and refreshing, but rather shallow!" What an ingrate I was, anyway! How ridiculous he must have thought me! But he tactfully changed the subject.

"You must know the Kahns better. They're great people!" He outlined the Chief's career, and told of his struggles before success came. By this time we had reached my hotel.

"Well," said Maurice Carr, "have I

been accepted? Is it agreed that we're friends, and the pact is drawn?"

I put out my hand. "May I make a revised pact?" I asked. "The other—"

"You *have* outlawed a few of the tenets," he laughed whimsically. "Knock spots out of it. See you tomorrow!"

Before I went to bed I dropped on my knees for the first time since—I don't know—and uttered a simple prayer of gratitude. When I arose I happened to catch my reflection in the long mirror. "Paula Peyton," I gasped, "you're someone else—you're not the same." I turned off the lights. "I'm glad you are!" I answered back in the darkness, "I'm glad I'm not!"

Selfish, narrow, petulant, egotistic, infantile—so I had been. Inconsistent, ignorant, snobbish, cowardly—but stop, stop!

"Maurice Carr," I confided to the one little star that twinkled happily in the visible patch of sky beyond the roof-garden, "is a wizard."

OCTOBER

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

ORIOLE of months—now October bold
Comes with garb of flame and with song of gold!

Where clear her echo blows a crystal horn,
The merry winds go hunting at the morn.

Where bright her maple tree outspreads like lyre,
The hands of autumn strike the strings of fire.

Where flows her brook with Orphic music brave,
The gay leaves follow dancing on the wave.

Where shines her orchards of Hesperides
The lips of silence sing with honey bees.

Where stir her wildwoods through the long blue hours,
The ripe nuts fall like ceaseless thunder showers.

Sing on, O happy bird, with raptured breath,
For soon shall winter come with hush and death!

ENGLISH in the New Republic

Amy W. Hotchkiss

IN Shanghai, in all shops one finds Chinese familiar with English, but often using much pidgin English. "Pidgin" is supposed to be derived from several changes on the word *Business*, which was first shortened to *Busin*, then through the form of *Pishin* and finally became *Pidgin*. Pidgin English is the language used in trade and households in the ports of China, where the Chinese and foreigners deal with one another. It is similar in its origin to the mixture of languages known as *Lingua-Franca* in the Levant and in other parts of the Mediterranean. It is a direct translation of Chinese into English and strictly idiomatic. For instance, they say, "That book, pay my," instead of "give me the book."

The Chinese tailors speak fluently in this odd English. Recently an American lady went to a Chinese tailor in Shanghai, to see him regarding putting feather interlining in a muff. The tailor seemed a trifle dazed as to what she wanted and said, "B'long allo same chicken fur?" He wanted to prove his intention of treating his customer right and told her, "My b'long allo same you, you b'long allo same my,—b'long my velly good flend," and later, wishing to ask after one of the lady's daughters, remarked, "Miss A——, have catchee master?" When this was said, China had not come out for Woman's Suffrage!

An architect of my acquaintance was installing the first Otis elevator in a department store in Shanghai, some years ago, and described it to his Chinese workmen as follows: "One small piecee room walkee

topside. Bimebye pullee littee string, walkee downside."

It is difficult for a Chinaman to master the English pronunciation and this accounts in great measure for the prevalence of pidgin English. The letter *r* is almost always sounded like *l*, so we have *ki-lin* or *kleen* for green and *lain* for rain. "Too muchee *lain* just now" is often heard; "just now" being a favorite expression to denote the immediate present. In calling upon a lady, one says to the boy (house servant of any age from sixteen to sixty), "Misee have got?" and the answer comes, "Have got" or "No have got," according to whether she is in or out. This recalls the time-honored, true story of the lady who called and the boy reported to his mistress of the house: "One piecee man down side, b'long missus." Scarcely complimentary to the "piecee man!"

* * *

The Chinese are remarkably ready for any emergency, and they are great borrowers and lenders as the following anecdotes show.

An officer of a British regiment, stationed in China, called upon a friend, who was in very moderate circumstances. According to the custom, the host asked the visitor what he would drink, expecting to him say beer; but when he specified wine, the host called his boy, saying, "Go catchee some hock and seltzer for this gentleman." It was not long before the servant returned with it, and after the guest's departure the boy was questioned by his master: "What ide you catchee that hock and seltzer?" The boy smiled and said, "Oh,

that b'long easy, sir. I have one piecee flend here at number 78, I makee lend him knives and forks last night, he makee lend me hock and seltzer today; that b'long easy, sir."

One lady's boy always procured for her beautiful table flowers, but the source from which they came was mysteriously kept from her. One morning she needed the flowers earlier than usual and said to the boy, "My must have flowers just now, catchee chop-chop (quickly), boy." The boy was puzzled, but finally confessed, "My no can just now, mississee, master next door no have walkee down town." So at last the secret was out.

I dined at a friend's one evening, who lived next door, and after dinner she said she had been mortified to discover my table linen, vases of flowers and some other additions to the table, when she went to see if all was right just before my arrival. On accosting the boy, he said, "Mississee no pay me any. I catchee next door." ("Pay" was used instead of give.) Undoubtedly my boy had filled out some previous time with a chicken and other things, for which the exchange was made.

The foreign children living in China use pidgin English to talk with their amahs (women nurses) and often with their parents and others. One little American girl in Shanghai, for example, asked about her sister, "Mary bimebye have number one large hair allo same my?" Meaning, will Mary when she is as old have as thick and long hair as hers? This same child was left with her amah as the mother went out one day, and the amah remonstrated with the little girl for something, when the surprising answer came, "Maskee, amah, s'pose missee go out, my b'long allo same small missee." Maskee is Portuguese for "never mind" and in common use. Missee was the amah's name for the child's mother. The child expected to give orders in her mother's place and wished to be obeyed.

* * *

As long ago as the Queen's Jubilee, one recalls some choice bits of pidgin English. Here is one of them. One Chinaman asked another the meaning of the masses of colored bunting which decorated Shanghai so profusely, and was answered, "Too

many years ago, number one missee England side, began to makee do Queen pidgin." The Chinese use "too" for anything superlative; number one as has already been stated, means principal; side expresses location and "England side" is therefore self-evident; "began makee do" is Oriental redundancy; "Queen pidgin" means literally the business of being a Queen.

But frequently, nowadays, the Chinaman in the business world is surprisingly well educated and the foreigner does not always realize this when entering into conversation with him. An American went into a house-furnishing store in Shanghai and said to the proprietor, "My wanchee one piecee table, six piecee chairs,—can do?" To his astonishment the Chinaman answered, "Yes, Mr.—, I can supply you with these."

Another illustration is that of a well-known Bishop, who went into a steamship office with the following inquiry, "Pekin steamer, what time walkee, what side walkee?" The clerk replied, "Bishop —, the steamer *Pekin* will leave from her wharf in the French Concession at three o'clock this afternoon."

In contrast to that is a translation of the old nursery poem:

"Singee songee sick a pence,
Pockee muchee lye; (rye)
Dozen two time blackbird
Coolkee in e pie.
When him cuttee topline
Birdee bobbey sing;
Himee tinkee nicee dish
Setee foree King.

"Kinee in a talkee loom (room)
Countee muchee money;
Queene in e kitchee,
Chow chow breadee honey.
Servant girlee shakee,
Hangee washee clothes;
Chop chop walkee blackbird,
Nipee off her nose."

Perhaps the reader may be interested in puzzling out from what poem the following verse is taken. The poet was an American and this is the first verse:

"That nightee time b'long chop-chop,
One young man walkee, no can stop,
His hands b'long colo, allo same icee,
But have got that flag with chop so nicee,—
Topside Galah!"

Emotion-Pictures in Public Affairs

THESE might be called emotion-picture times in public affairs. While moving pictures were not used directly for campaign work in 1912, yet the events of the campaign somewhat suggested them. Moving pictures are the universal amusement of the period and are offered in every town, city and hamlet. Every boy or girl who pays a nickel to go to the "movies" knows how easy it is to fake the impossible and realizes that the pictures are supposed to be true to life, really taken from "actual" happenings. The activities of figures running up and down the road, falling over each other, jumping out of barrels, out of their clothes, and other antics, produced originally from real pictures, are made by a clever trick to produce exaggerated motions and impossible and unnatural but amusing effects.

Illusions in moving pictures are no more capricious than some of the political fantasies of today. Effects are intensified by the employment of the swiftly moving automobile, the aeroplane and wireless telegraph, all of which have a subtle if unsuspected influence upon an impressionable public. People insist on sensation and speed. They crane their necks and look overhead in wonderment while the aeroplane sweeps over the heavens, but when the crash comes and a broken-winged pinion brings human life crashing down to earth, the same crowds that had taunted the aviator to make his flight, hasten to express their sympathy, feeling the gloom of disaster.

Moving pictures have done much to educate the people. Country boys and girls are no longer "rubes;" have they not seen the police parade in New York City, the Convention of the D. A. R. in Washington and the latest fashions from London and Paris? The remotest sections take part in the activities of the world through the vivid pictures on the film. And yet all this rush of reality has not obliterated the old ideals. The beauties of ancient literature and art, and those things that require the painstaking labor of love and devotion remain with us, greater than ever. The glamor of a celebrity and the enchantment supposed to surround wealth are evanescent when it is realized that, after all, we all have our own personal privileges and possessions which would not be exchanged even for a place in the dream world of moving pictures.

Most moving pictures are evolved from a happy combination of unimpressive scenes with theatrical effects. A moving canoe, dashing down the rapids, may be snapped from five feet of open water space, and a roaring Niagara from a miniature waterfall made from a hydrant. In the same way, political moving pictures, painting the country's woes, have often been affected by highly colored rigging and certain contrivances, built upon theatrical illusions by oratorical tricksters. The average political campaign is a composite baseball-game joy-ride aviation-spiral wireless-crash—and best of all a "movie" that attracts and amuses.

Joe Mitchell Chapple

A Perennial Optimist :

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew

WITH the fire and vigor of fifty years ago, former Senator Chauncey Mitchell Depew delivered an address at a birthday dinner tendered him at Brooklyn, New York, that dispelled all associations with advanced age connected with his seventy-ninth birthday, which the dinner celebrated. As he rose to address his friends and admirers, although on the verge of fourscore years, yet his spirit and vigor, his flashing, genial blue eyes, his voice—musical and resonant as of yore—and his keen and alert bearing and expression, caused young men to remark that if they could only be sure of possessing the vigor and the faculties that Chauncey Depew retained at seventy-nine, there would be little left to be desired in winding out a long and notable public career.

For more than fifty years Chauncey M. Depew has been a prominent figure in public life. There is not a man living who had entered the employment of the New York Central Railway when he began. Born at Peekskill, the descendant of Huguenots, of two grandfathers who were officers in the army in the War of the Revolution, and the brother of one of them a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, he was graduated

from Yale in 1856, and in that very year began to take an active interest in public affairs.

His name Chauncey comes by descent from the first President of Harvard College. In 1860 he was in the thick of a congressional campaign. In 1861 he was elected to the New York legislature and re-elected the next year. He became leader of the House and acting speaker, and served later as Secretary of State. He led the ticket with more than thirty thousand majority and made one of the most remarkable campaigns of six weeks ever known in New York politics. He was appointed Minister to Japan, but declined to serve.

His life work has been devoted to the development of the great New York Central Lines, America's greatest railroad, and in spite of the growing prejudice against corporations he has remained a popular public leader. In every Republican National Convention since the birth of the party, Senator Depew has been a conspicuous figure. He was offered the State portfolio by President Harrison and received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Yale. He has been honored with the most dignified office that could be conferred by the people of the Empire State.



HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW WHEN SECRETARY OF STATE OF NEW YORK, 1863

The public addresses of Senator Depew span the most important epochs of American history, and the addresses illumined by the charm of his phraseology and inimitable humor and optimism have a historic value. Never can I forget that great speech in the National Republican Convention Hall in Philadelphia in 1900, when he arose after the storm and strife of the convention had reached its height, and Colonel Roosevelt

away the mask of pretence and shows what syndicalism, socialism and "I. W. W." mean. After thorough reading on both sides of the question, he has presented the situation in a most vivid and graphic manner, without virulence and in his own charming way, with conclusions ripened by years of active experience and the maturity of thought. The friends of Senator Chauncey M. Depew, the nation and the

world over sent him many sincere and affectionate greetings on this occasion. While in foreign capitals of Europe and in his native country Chauncey M. Depew with his closely cropped side whiskers of gray and still calm and benign features has shown how much can be accomplished in one life by actively utilizing all one's faculties and never drifting away from a hopeful vision of the future. Senator Depew has been one of the leading apostles of American optimism. There is a grace and charm in his manner that makes one admire the gallant days of old. Day after day finds him at his offices in the Grand Central Station where as Chairman of the Board he maintains the poise of a philosopher and keeps in close touch with the activities of the times.

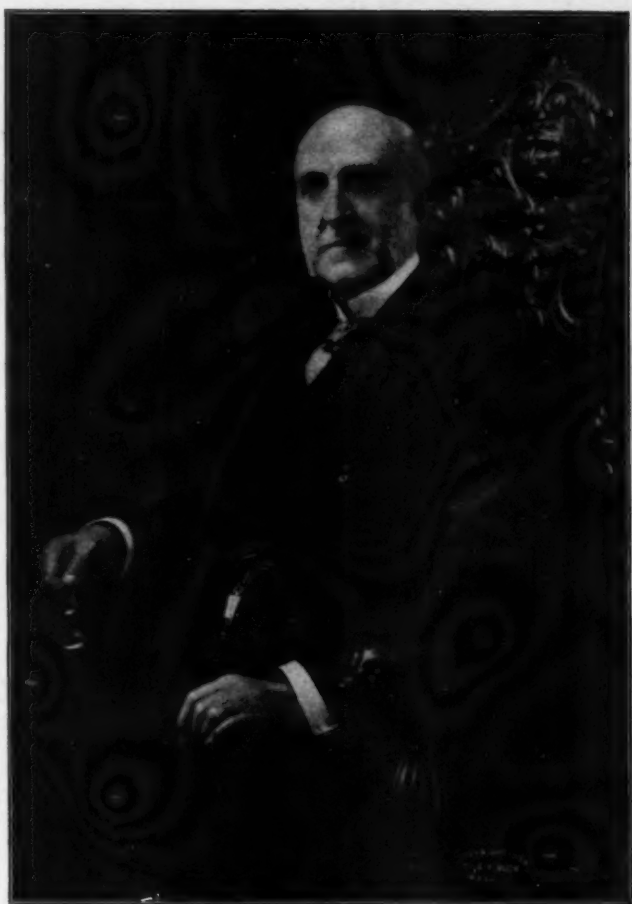
The address was delivered with all the old-time winsomeness, and was an aggressive assault on the so-called New Freedom, showing a still newer New Freedom based on logical premises. It was an impressive scene when Senator Depew shook hands with Mr. May, present secretary of the Empire State of New York after the address and remarked he was secretary of the State just fifty years ago. At the Speaker's table were many celebrities representing many phases of political life, including Judge Jenks, Chief Justice of the Appellate Division of Supreme Court; Judge Stapleton, Associate Justice; Mr. May, Secretary of State of New York; Mr. Barnes, Chairman of the Republican State Com-



SENATOR DEPEW UPON HIS GRADUATION
FROM YALE, 1856

had been nominated, and in a few moments changed the acrid temper of the convention into one of enthusiastic and infectious harmony.

His address on his seventy-ninth birthday demonstrated how he keeps abreast of the times as a thinker and speaker, and his experience in public life as Senator from the Empire State has made him a leader in the causes and events that led up to the present condition of affairs. His thorough analysis of conditions of the present times is remarkable. He has torn



HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

Who recently celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday in New York

mittee; Mr. Smith, Secretary of Tammany Hall; Ex-Comptroller of New York, Mr. Grant; Comptroller Pendergast; and Timothy L. Woodruff, representing the Progressive party. In fact, there was not a phase of political leadership not represented by prominent personages, and it was here that Senator Depew rewarded his keen up-to-dateness in digressing in his usual way to tell a story of those who were not concerned about the outlook of the times. During the flood at Dayton they found a man on top of his house surrounded by rushing water calmly reading a newspaper. They came with a boat to rescue him, but he said, "Never mind. The water is going down and will be all right in a little while." They still urged him to leave. "Don't you realize

the catastrophe that has occurred and the awful results?" "Well," he said as he continued reading the paper, "the windows will all be washed anyway," and he went on reading the paper with the complacent leisure of the Arkansas traveler who was never concerned about the roof and could not fix it when it rained, and when it did not rain did not need it. The peals of laughter that followed the story were the usual Depew response, and amid the circle of old friends he concluded his address with the same majestic eloquence that charmed the home-fellows at Peekskill. The glow of friendly greeting and good cheer of the occasion is reflected in the address that has been counted one of the notable public utterances of the signs of the times.

THE BRIDGES THAT WE BUILD BUT NEVER CROSS

By FLORENCE L. PATTERSON

LOFTY or low, 'neath dark or sunny skies,
Through the long centuries, in every clime,
The Castles of Imagination rise.

And of their airy beauty Poets write,
In flowing lines of roundelay or rhyme,
Painting with glowing words their turrets bright.

But of all structures in our Fancy wrought,
One is most famous for its uselessness,
And for the fret and trouble it has brought.

Into the lives of those who spend their force
In vain anxiety, who forward press
And strain to build the Bridge they never cross.

Deep in the valley of Disheartenment,
Over the stream of Possibility,
Joining the banks of Doubt and Discontent,

There swings the Bridge of Worry, let it teach
A lesson to the harrowed, let them see
How much they waste on what they never reach!



Hance, Photo, Pasadena

"SUNNYCREST"

The beautiful California home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Burdette

Robert Jones Burdette

Genial Humorist, Gentle Philosopher and Eloquent Preacher

by George Wharton James

NO! he was not born in California, and the Golden State has nothing to do with his making as either humorist, philosopher or preacher. It simply took him as he was fashioned by the hand of God and shaped by his years of attrition in Pennsylvania (his birth-state), Illinois, Iowa, and elsewhere in the world, accepted him as a son, speedily won his devotion and now counts him hers by affection as well as adoption. And there is no more enthusiastic Californian in the State than Robert J. Burdette, well-known and beloved the English-speaking world over, familiarly and affectionately owned by everybody as "Our Bob"—whose tender

pathos, kindly humor, genial and warming optimistic philosophy, as well as his eloquent preaching have stimulated the hearts and lives of men and women for three generations to kindlier endeavor, higher aims and purer relationships.

Here is a bit of undoubted biography that explains much of his later life. It appears in his new book, "Old Time and Young Tom":

"When I was a boy, I was much given to entertaining a small audience of my brothers and sisters with narratives of our own lives, which I touched up with flesh tints, dark eyebrows, age-lines and wigs, as the dramatic exigencies and the taste

of the audience demanded. And 'tell about the time the skiff upset in Kickapoo Creek,' the 'house' used to call, as the winter evening wore to a close, and it was about time for the curtain to fall. And they listened eagerly, because a part of the audience had been of the crew of the ill-fated craft, which careened and 'turned turtle' at the very time the captain should have been in school. They listened to the story of how the captain swam ashore, and waded home with his telltale raiment soaking on his shivering frame, and how the blabbing boots 'squish-squashed' on his feet as he walked into the house amid the unrehearsed chorus of, 'He's been to the creek, and you told him not to!' They laughed with uncounterfeited glee as the narrator told with eloquent pantomime, how he had prepared to receive the punishment of the rod with forty stripes or so, plus as many more as the rod would stand, with his jacket on, and how, at the first whack, the soaking jacket had sent a cloud of blinding and chilling spray all over the executioner and the shrieking group of juvenile spectators, insomuch that the well-merited castigation broke up in a tumult of laughter and commiseration, and the culprit was promptly soused into a hot bath and rubbed down and fed on hot things, and coddled, and the story became a page in family history."

And he has been entertaining audiences ever since, and smiles, applause and a fair degree of shekels have rewarded him, together with the admiration and affection of those who have been privileged to be present.

My first introduction to Burdette was some thirty years ago when he came on a lecture trip to California. There we "rubbed shoulders," and he, Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, and myself arranged to go and speak to the girls at Mills Seminary, then under the educational control of Dr. C. C. Stratton. The day before our visit I received a doleful letter from "Bob," saying that he could not possibly go to "Chin the Sem," as he had been up the mountains and in exuberance and ignorance had toyed with the festive poison oak which had "knocked him out on the first round." And he signed his letter "Yours with 'arf an heye." This,

of course, was in sarcastic allusion to my being an "h misplacing" Englishman.

In my reply I addressed him as "Your royal Eyeness" and suggested as a cure for poison oak the taking of two thin slices of bread and butter, putting thereupon one ounce and a half of sugar and three ounces of rough on rats and eating same with great speed. He replied that he had never found any difficulty in eating "rough on rats" on his bread, but that he had such an aversion to butter and sugar at the same time that he even preferred the swellings, irritations, itchings and facial distortions of the poison oak.

How well I recall the effect of his lecture, "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache," at that time, and the way the joke about "hitting a boy's mustache when it was down" hit me. It was at the time when fair songstresses in the Music Halls and Variety Shows were singing pathetic ballads that touched the nerves of the epigastric region, pleading that their fellows do not "hit a man when he was down;" and the joke (when, in due time, it penetrated my English brain) nearly paralyzed me with its unexpected suddenness.

But it was not only that joke and the other humor, and the pathos and tenderness, the bubbling fun, and practical wisdom, and the peculiarly pitched and rather strident voice, the unusual facial expressions and the individualistic way he had of gesturing and now and again twisting up his mouth. It was the man himself that peered at you through those deep brown, luminous, beaming and affectionate eyes—the manly humaneness that exhaled from him at every pore—that arrested, appealed to and won you from the very start. So that from that day to this, though we have not met much or often, I have reposed and reveled in the feeling that Burdette and I were good friends, comrades, brothers—"a friendship," he affirms, "which had grown tenderer and truer with all the testing of the years." "You see, George," he said one day, "some men are born acquaintances, and some are born friends. God made them for that purpose. When He makes a man for an 'acquaintance,' that's all that sort of a man ever grows to



Photo by Hemingway

ROBERT J. BURDETTE

be—a good acquaintance, social, congenial, pleasant. But a ‘friend’ is different. Wherefore I am glad you are a friend.”

Did you never hear him speak? Then you have missed a rare experience. He was not a platform or pulpit “orator,” in any ordinary sense. Small and slight in build he did not “impress” you at once as a genius, a “man of power.” When he arose you were not awed by his appearance, nor did his first remarks send the feeling into your heart that a great man stood before you, who, in his gracious condescension would allow a few pearls of wisdom, genus of oratory, jewels of diction, and flowers of rhetoric, to fall from his lips for your moral, intellectual and spiritual edification. No! No! There was none of this. With a peculiarly ingratiating smile that you felt was real and that had a tender, loving nature behind it, you saw this slightly built man come forward, and in a rather high, piercing voice address you. Words came easily, fluently, yet put together in such order and sequence that they began to grip you. Sentence after sentence followed with a rapidity and urgency that led you at first to feel: “here is a carefully written, studied and memorized address.” And you sat back with a sense of disappointment that you were merely listening to a lot of perroted phrases that were calculatingly put together to excite you to laughter and applause.

Then, suddenly, your ear caught hold of sentences that, from the material woven into them, you knew were not carefully studied and memorized. This was flowing eloquence right from the crucible—a self-feeding, self-stoking furnace that took the crude ore of life and poured it out red hot, liquid, flowing gold. True, there was nothing mellow or high-sounding about the voice, but it was human, humane and genuine, and the thoughts that it uttered were alive in every syllable, sympathetic, uplifting, optimistic, full of faith in God and man and as a sporting man would phrase it, “right off the bat.”

How rapidly your mind readjusted itself when this fact was fully perceived. Now you looked at the little man with a new interest. Here was eloquence, shot

through and through with pathos and humor that was irresistible. He was a creator—not an imitator and memorizer. He was a thinker, an observer, a student of men and affairs, a man of travel, well versed in history and the lore of the eyes, a poet, a philosopher, a deep reader, with a personality, an individuality, a spirit as unique, as rare, as attractive as any you ever met.

As he warmed to his subject his peculiarisms, his mannerisms seemed to increase rather than decrease, but by now they ceased to do other than interest you. With head thrown back, his large, high, broad forehead shining clear and bright under his black hair, you now saw for the first time the divine light and fire in his great luminous eyes. Ah! here was the secret revealed. Whether there is anything in the idea or not that “eyes are the windows of the soul,” Burdette’s eyes, hazel almost to black, when he was “warmed up,” gave you glimpses into his heart and led you to feel and know that here was a much greater man than his body suggested that he was.

Then, suddenly, he began to speak of Custer under whom he served in the Civil War. The words tumbled out of his lips so fast that you wondered they did not trip each other up. His voice gained a new fullness, but was still high and piercing, his whole body vibrating with the passion of love in his soul of admiration for one of his youthful heroes. Quicker, quicker, came the words and then as if to help in his—to him—too tardy expression, his arms began to swing back and forth, almost as if he were trying to make them work rhythmically with his ideas, which came forth in a Walt Whitman kind of verse, each stanza ending with the refrain, “Men followed when Custer led,” “Men dared when Custer led,” “Men cheered when Custer led,” etc. It was thrilling, captivating, inspiring, real, convincing eloquence.

Never after an experience like that would one, could one, question Burdette’s power as an orator.

But I have made little or no reference to his humor. That was as bubbling, spontaneous, free as a lark’s song, and as



Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co.

CLARA BRADLEY BURDETTE (MRS. ROBERT J. BURDETTE)

full of surprises as a mocking-bird's rhapsody. No one could tell where it would turn, how twist, when gurgle, but it did all three and a hundred and one other things in as many minutes, until you were filled with delight and wonder no less at the quickness of his intellect than at the unexpected jolts and shakes and dazzling surprises he dealt you. This quality can be well grasped in his writings, especially those that represent his lectures.

What pleasant fooling, jovial joking, reckless bantering, good-humored heckling, open-hearted, straightforward laughing at one, are here revealed. Then the sly digs, the verbal pitfalls, the sudden corners he turns. You take him seriously and the next moment you feel as if you had stepped on nothing. He asks you a question which you take in all earnestness, such for instance as Lincoln loved to ask, after a scientific talk on the normal height of a man. "How long do you think a man's legs should be?" And after vainly trying to answer, you were staggered to have the reply accompanied by a merry twinkle of the eye. "They should be long enough to reach from the body to the ground." He is talking about an incubator where they hatched chickens by lightning. Then comes this bolt, "I have eaten some I thought had been struck by lightning in order to kill them."

A good illustration of this is found in the preface to his first book, "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache."

"The appearance of a new book is an indication that another man has found a mission, has entered upon the performance of a lofty duty, actuated only by the noblest impulses that can spur the soul of man to action. It is the proudest boast of the profession of literature that no man ever published a book for selfish purposes or with ignoble aim. Books have been published for the consolation of the distressed; for the guidance of the wandering; for the relief of the destitute; for the hope of the penitent; for uplifting the burdened soul above its sorrows and fears; for the general amelioration of the condition of all mankind; for the right against the wrong; for the good against the bad; for the truth. This book is published for two dollars per volume."

But where was he born, and how did he come to write books and lecture and preach. Born in Greensborough, Greene County, Pennsylvania, July 30, 1844, he is now sixty-nine years young. When Robert was two years old his parents moved West to Cincinnati, and six years later to Peoria, Illinois; where at seventeen he graduated in the High School and began his work as a cub on a newspaper.

Of those school days, how feelingly, touchingly and sympathetically he writes and speaks:

"And now, your boy, not entirely ceasing to ask questions, begins to answer them, until you stand amazed at the breadth and depth of his knowledge. He asks questions and gets answers of teachers that you and the school board know not of. Day by day, great unprinted books, upon the broad pages of which the hand of nature has traced characters that only a boy can read, are spread out before him. He knows now where the first snow-drop lifts its tiny head, a pearl on the bosom of the barren earth, in the Spring; he knows where the last Indian pink lingers, a flame in the brown and rustling woods, in the autumn days. His pockets are cabinets, from which he drags curious fossils that he does not know the name of; monstrous and hideous beetles and bugs and things that you never saw before, and for which he has appropriate names of his own. He knows where there are three orioles' nests, and so far back as you can remember, you never saw an oriole's nest in your life. He can tell how to distinguish the good mushrooms from the poisonous ones, and poison grapes from good ones, and how he ever found out, except by eating both kinds, is a mystery to his mother. Every root, bud, leaf, berry or bark, that will make any bitter, horrible, semi-poisonous tea, reputed to have marvelous medicinal virtues, he knows where to find, and in the season he does find, and brings home, and all but sends the entire family to the cemetery by making practical tests of his teas.

"As his knowledge broadens, his human superstition develops itself. He has a formula, repeating which nine times a day, while pointing his finger fixedly towards the sun, will cause warts to disappear from the hand, or, to use his own expression, will

'knock warts.' If the eight day clock at home tells him it is two o'clock, and the flying leaves of the dandelion declares it is half-past five, he will stand or fall with the dandelion. He has a formula, by which anything that has been lost may be found. He has, above all things, a natural, infallible instinct for the woods, and can no more be lost in them than a squirrel. If the cow does not come home—and if she

out of him, either. Carnelian, crystal, bull's eye, china, pottery, boly, blood alley, or commie, whatever he may call it, there is 'luck in it.' When he loses this marble, he sees panic and bankruptcy ahead of him, and retires from business prudently, before the crash comes, failing, in true centennial style, with both pockets and a cigar box full of winnings, and a creditors' meeting in the back room. A boy's world



Hance, Photo, Pasadena

"SUNNYCREST," THROUGH THE MISSION ARCHES

is a town cow, like a town man, she does not come home three nights in the week—you lose half a day of valuable time looking for her. Then you pay a man three dollars to look for her two days longer, or so long as the appropriation holds out. Finally, a quarter sends a boy to the woods; he comes back at milking time, whistling the tune that no man ever imitated, and the cow ambles contentedly along before him. He has one particular marble which he regards with about the same superstitious reverence that a pagan does his idol, and his Sunday-school teacher can't drive it

is open to no one but a boy. You never really revisit the glimpses of your boyhood, much as you may dream of it. After you get into a tail coat, and tight boots, you never again set foot in boy world. You lose this marvelous instinct for the woods, you can't tell a pig-nut tree from a pecan; you can't make friends with strange dogs; you can't make the terrific noises with your mouth; you can't invent the inimitable signals or the characteristic catch-words of boyhood."

And how well he understands boys. He recalls—even at sixty-nine—his own boy-

hood. Do you remember where he speaks of the "souring influence" of the repeated applications of the paternal or maternal slipper? And how he proceeds:

"This repeated application of the slipper not only sours his temper, and gives a bias to his moral ideas, but it sharpens his wits. How many a Christian mother, her soft eyes swimming in tears of real pain that plashed up from the depths of a loving heart, as she bent over her wayward boy until his heartrending wails and piteous shrieks drowned her own choking, sympathetic sobs, has been wasting her strength, and wearing out a good slipper, and pouring out all that priceless flood of mother love and duty and pity and tender sympathy upon a concealed atlas-back, or a Saginaw shingle."

But to return to Burdette's own career. It was while on the *Transcript* in Peoria that he came in close and intimate contact with Colonel Ingersoll, the great iconoclast, and whose religious ideas in those days were looked upon with holy horror by the orthodox of all churches.

Yet one of the most beautiful tributes offered to Robert Ingersoll was given in the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of Pasadena while Dr. Burdette was its pastor. He was very fond of Ingersoll and they were great friends. Every once in a while Ingersoll would send for him, ask him how he was getting along, encourage him, and then give him a piece of news and help him write it up in good style. Acts of kindness like this won the youth's heart and kept him a devoted admirer during the years.

It was on Saturday, after his sermon for the following day had been prepared, that he learned of the death of Ingersoll. Without taking anyone into his confidence, not even his wife, lest she might seek to dissuade him, he went into his pulpit on Sunday morning and, placing his hand upon the Bible, poured forth his heart in affectionate tribute to his old friend. He told of their old-time relationship; of Ingersoll as he knew him; kind, gentle, tender, and with the great loving heart that included all humanity. He declared that he would be unfit to stand as pastor of a Christian Church if he were recreant to the ties of friendship and failed to place

at least one fragrant bud of loving remembrance on the bier of his dead friend.

He awaited with a little trepidation the comments of the rigid Presbyterian Session on what he had done, and it was greatly to his delight that not only did nobody find fault, but everybody commended him for his sweet, faithful and loving tribute.

We were talking about Ingersoll one day and he said, "Do you know I heard Dr. Freeman, the present pastor of the Presbyterian Church, preach a sermon to the boys of Pasadena about six months ago. His subject was, 'What We Know of God.' He was trying to explain to the boys the kind of a friend God was. Among other things he said He was brave and just. And not only was He just in the way most people regard justice, but He was fair, and he illustrated this fairness by saying: 'You boys know that if a lad were to steal an orange and he were arrested and brought before the judge, it would be very unfair if he were sent to prison for ten years for such an insignificant theft. Now, it would be equally unfair for God to condemn a man to hell forever, even if every act of his life during the seventy years that he lived were contrary to His law.' When Mrs. Burdette and I came out of the church, I turned to her and said, 'My dear, I heard Bob Ingersoll preach exactly that same doctrine forty years ago, in his lecture, 'An Honest God is the Noblest Work of Man,' and it was rather surprising to hear exactly the same doctrine preached today from a rigid Presbyterian pulpit.' The fact is, you could not get enough orthodox people today to start a crusade against Ingersoll—his ideas have already become much too orthodox."

Burdette had just got well started in his newspaper career when the Civil War broke out. He immediately enlisted, though he was but eighteen years of age, in the 47th Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, and served in the ranks throughout the war, taking part in the battle of Corinth, in the siege of Vicksburg, and in the Red River Expedition. While detailed to hospital service, the characteristics which were to prove his power in later life were recognized by the sick and the dying, when his cheery, sympathetic words tided them through suffering and kept hopeful the spark of life.

After the war he returned to Peoria and entered the railway post-office service. Some of his chalk sketches on a blackboard soon after attracted the attention of a gentleman interested in art, who persuaded young Robert to go to New York, where he could cultivate the gift with which he was evidently endowed.

In accordance with this invitation he went to that city and entered a studio, but the death of his friend changed his plans, and he abandoned the study. He has retained his fondness for drawing, and

from Illinois and having met during the war, I thought it would be a great thing for me to go on that expedition. I was young and adventurous, 'hard as nails,' and had been used to boating from childhood. Hence when I applied I was immediately accepted and arrangements made that I was to meet the party on a given date.


"In the meantime, I met a girl, and—the Grand Canyon expedition went without me and I never saw that World's Wonder until a few years ago. I proposed, but the girl disposed—of the Canyon trip."

Robert J. Burdette.
Clara M. Burdette.

Monday morning

Sunnycrest,
Pasadena,
California.

Dear John

Temple Baptist Church wants you to preach for us the Best Way—which is your only way—Sunday morning and evening, April 18th and 25th. Can't you let me know, stating terms, by tomorrow night? The Pulpit Committee is waiting anxiously. Say "Yes," or better still, "Yep!" and save us from a mile of  who are trying to get on.

Save us,

SAVE

John Willis—Ok,

Affectionately

Robert

letters to his friends of the inner circle are often profusely illustrated with mirth-provoking sketches. Some of these to whom he writes in the freedom of loving intimacy have talked of printing a collection of such letters, with cuts of the figures which are scattered over the pages. If the design is ever carried out, the owners of the volume will have, in text and illustration, a sunny book.

The above is a reproduction of one of these "illustrated notes," written to his friend, Dr. John Willis Baer, President of Occidental College.

"Soon after the war I saw from the newspapers that Major Powell was going to make his trip of exploration of the Grand Canyons of the Colorado. Both of us being

The girl was Carrie Garrett, to whom he was married March 4, 1870. The touching story of her illness, which kept her bed-ridden for fourteen years, is well known to the world. He always spoke of her as "Her Little Serene Highness," and proudly acknowledged the comfort and inspiration she was to his life. Many are the pen pictures deservedly drawn in glowing expression of his unselfish devotion and love and tender nursing of the invalid wife, and while bearing in his own heart the constant pain of seeing his nearest and dearest a hopeless sufferer, touching as with fairy wand the fountains of mirth and laughter and cheer for others. With a devotion such as few men are capable of, his brave, young strength was freely, sweetly, ten-

derly given to her whom he had promised through life to protect. He remained in Peoria until 1874, when he removed to Iowa, and became one of the editors of the Burlington *Hawkeye*. The paragraphs from his pen, sparkling with wit and genius, soon gave the *Hawkeye* a national circulation; they were widely copied and the name of "Bob Burdette" became familiar to all newspaper readers. That the wife to whom he was so tenderly attached might have the best medical skill the country could furnish, Mr. Burdette removed about the year 1881 to Philadelphia.

In 1884 she died and he drank deep of the cup of sorrow and loneliness, for, with all his fun and humor he is profoundly dependent upon the love of those who surround him. Only a short time ago, in looking over the scrap-book of a friend, I found the following verses which express the sadness of Burdette's life at this period.

SINCE SHE WENT HOME

The twilight shadows linger longer here,
The winter days make gray the circling year,
For even summer winds are chill and drear—
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs repeat a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain—
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence
blessed,
Untouched the pillow that her dear head
pressed;
My mourning heart finds no place for its
rest—

Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts
and fears,
And the dark nights have wept in lonely tears—
Since she went home.
May 24, 1888.

It was soon after his wife's death that he entered fully upon his career as a public lecturer, a career which has made his name a household word. For over thirty years he has been a favorite and in constant demand, and the call for him is as great today as ever. In his own city of Pasadena,

today, the mere announcement that he is going to preach or lecture invariably fills the largest available auditorium.

Yet it must not be thought by those who do not know him personally that it is merely his humor and funny sayings that attract people to hear him. There is often less of these qualities in his work than in that of many a man whose humorous reputation is *nil*. His addresses abound in keen wit, human and humane appeals, philosophy brilliantly expressed and now and again with polished sarcasm. For instance, what can be keener than this, which, although written, is just as he would speak it:

It is entitled, "The Curse of Commercialism," and appeared in the *Los Angeles Times*, for which he used to write a daily column headed "Burdette's Comments."

"It appears in the newspapers, wherefore it is so whether it is or not, that the trustees of the Carnegie Institute have decided to withdraw the financial support of that charitable institution, amounting heretofore to \$10,000 per annum, from Luther Burbank. The reason for this is that the shocking discovery has been made that this distinguished benefactor of the race sells the products of his study, his industry and his genius for money. Gold; silver; louis d'ors; kopecks; shillings, pounds and pence. To say nothing of dollars.

"This harrowing revelation of mercenary depravity on the part of Mr. Burbank is painful even to the ordinary mind. What anguish it has caused the grieving heart of the great iron master, who has devoted his unselfish life to the cause of sweet charity, digging with his own hands crude iron ore from the mountain that he might convert it into steel rails to bestow upon—at a reasonable profit—worthy and non-commercial railroads, one can scarcely imagine. It surely must be a bitter disappointment to discover that the wealth amassed by years of self-denial and the most niggardly economy has been basely turned into commercial channels by a money-loving recipient. Alas, that Luther Burbank, o: all men, the wizard of the garden, father of the daisy of all daisies, creator of the seedlesses, magnifier of the plum, benefactor of all who love tooth-someness in fruits and berries, should

contaminate his fingers with a price list—which other gardeners have been known to do—and 'sell the mighty space of his large honors for so much trash as may be grasped' in a deal in spuds!

"You see, what makes this discovery especially painful to the trustees of the Carnegie Institute is the well-known fact that they have kept themselves spotlessly clean from all commercialism in their administration of this most useful and beneficent fund. That is, they give their labors and thought and ability of administration without remuneration. Or, with it; one is not at the moment certain; it is either with or without; it makes no difference, when the administrators have occasion to rebuke someone else for commercialism. Moreover, the names of the trustees are sufficient guarantees against any possible imputation of commercialism when one recalls their charitable activities and their long lives of unremunerated toil. Comparatively unremunerated. At any rate, strictly 'uncommercial.'

"When a man sells the product of mill or shop or factory, and grows wealthy in his business, he is a 'merchant prince,' a 'wealthy manufacturer,' a 'successful artisan.' But if he be a dreamer, a poet, a prophet, an inventor, who turns his brains into bread, and especially if he adds a little butter, enough to cover one side, he is marked by the merchant prince and the wealthy manufacturer, these men who toil with hands and brains alike, with the brand of 'commercialism.' In an address before a convention in Canada, called to discuss an international copyright law, Mark Twain—may he live forever—said: 'If you steal a barrel of whisky from me a righteous law will avenge me of my goods and you will be sent to the penitentiary, probably for life. But if you steal my book, the fruit of my brains, the law laughs at me and you may grow rich on the proceeds of your theft with impunity. I have no redress.' That in the captain of industry, even though the industry were the manufacture of whisky, is a preserved forest, hedged about with 'no trespassing' prohibitions, which in the poet is a wayside weed, the prey of any hand that will reach out to take it.

"It is true, the world's greatest bene-

factors have not died rich in money. The roll of great singers, teachers, inventors, poets is a volume of 'Who's Who in the Poorhouse.' Intent upon the thing they were doing, the message they were sending forth, the truth they were declaring, they lost thought of the reward. But because they did live the lives of inspired beggars, eating the bread of grudging charity, was and is no reason why they should. And it is a pleasant thing that the world of today, so vastly better than the world of yesterday, is ashamed of the way it slew the prophets and starved their brothers, the poets, and patronized the painters and philosophers, and accords most willingly to the newly fledged brood of thinkers and singers the rewards of their labor in their own day.

"An autograph of Samuel Johnson today will bring more money than all the work of his lifetime brought him. Why should an autograph be worth more than the man who wrote it? That sort of valuation puts an autograph on a level with a piano-player. Isn't Milton's apostrophe to light—'Hail, holy light! Offspring of heaven, first born'—worth as much as the kerosene lamp by which you read it? Is there any good reason why Milton shouldn't have received something while Mr. Rockefeller got so much? We don't begrudge Mr. Rockefeller what he has, but we do think Milton should have had more.

"The 'American merchant prince' and the 'wealthy manufacturer' and the trustees of the Carnegie Institute need not worry overmuch about the degrading commercialism of genius and inspiration. The poets, today as yesterday, will continue to sing and starve, if starvation be a necessity. The prophets will proclaim their message to the world, even though they see the world preparing the cleft log and the crosscut saw, which in olden time, and occasionally in this age, is their exceeding great reward. They are not wholly given to commercialism. True, you can hire a private prophet who will prophesy pleasantly for your pay—prophesy on salary: Many rich men do; many statesmen do. Ahab, King of Israel, found four hundred of that sort in one day. And they lied to him, every last fat, well-fed, hired prophet of them. And just one

man told him the truth. And he went to prison for it and was 'fed with bread of affliction and water of affliction.' And the truth happened just the same; Ahab was slain at Ramoth-Gilead.

"So Luther Burbank will continue to prophesy better things for the garden, greater things for the field, wonderful things for the desert, even when the

with his appointed life work, with or without endowment. And steel mills will continue to sell at a reasonable profit, and trustees will go on instituting, and in every field of human endeavor 'the laborer will be worthy of his hire.' Or, as the laborer sometimes quotes it, 'worthy of his higher wages.'

"And while the Bessemer converter



Hance, Photo, Pasadena

DR. BURDETTE'S STUDY AT "SUNNYCREST"

countenance of the Carnegie Institute is withdrawn from him while the stricken trustees go to a sanitarium to recover from the shock of seeing a 'commercialized' benefactor. He will continue to transform the hard and bitter things of the field and wilderness into sweet and pleasant fruits, just as he did in the struggling days of his poverty when he had not money to buy from the 'non-commercial' manufacturers and sellers of such things the microscopes and other instruments of 'uncommercial science,' which he needed in his studies and research and development, in laboratory and garden. He will go right ahead

brings one man a million or so, let us not begrudge him the millions, and at the same time let us not complain because the profit on 'Innocents Abroad' stands firm at fifteen cents, and let no board of trustees of a magnificently endowed institute swoon with horror because Luther Burbank makes fifty cents on an acre of spineless cactus."

It is not necessary that I should here attempt any analysis of Burdette's platform method, or seek to explain the secret of his long-continued success. If what is already written has not done that, then the aim of this sketch has not been reached.

Yet it will bear repeating that his intense love for his fellows, his real interest in their lives, the sympathy that he unconsciously pours forth, his all-abounding humanity and unquestioned sincerity, all crowned and glorified by the divine fire of genius, give him the key to all hearts.

It should not be overlooked, too, that his memory is phenomenal. His speeches, sermons and writings abound in quotations which roll from his lips and fingers with equal fluency, and they are not all "funny stories" either. He knows his Bible intimately and few Shakespearian scholars are more familiar with the immortal bard than is he. Then he has a fund of information to draw upon, dealing with the history of our own and other countries, that is as remarkable in its variety as it is appropriate and "ready" in its illustrative applicability. His store of anecdotes and funny stories is as an artesian well, bubbling up, pouring over, "gushing forth," in a continuous, irresistible stream.

Then, too, he enjoys being before his audiences and he freely confesses that he has always enjoyed their cordial and hearty appreciation. He thinks very little of the integrity of those who protest that they care nothing for the opinions of their fellows.

We were talking about this once and he said, "If I have an audience of a thousand people and everybody is laughing and happy except one man and he wears a doleful, solemncholy countenance which seems to ask, 'What kind of trash is this you are dealing out to us?' it doesn't matter which way I turn I am bound to see that fellow's face. I do not have the advantage of my friend, James Whitcomb Riley, who is near-sighted and without glasses cannot see to the edge of the platform. He says the moment he sees that kind of a face, he takes off his glasses and goes ahead under the stimulus of the belief that every face is wreathed in smiles and full of cordial happiness."

And how he enjoys his own fun. You can see that he delights to poke fun at his audience, but it is never anything but good-natured and helpful fun. Neither malice, anger, ill-will or ill-nature has any place in his fun, and there you have one of his great open secrets wrenched from

him. Unconsciously, in his tribute to Mark Twain, written for the *Los Angeles Times* while he was traveling in Japan, when the news reached him that the great world-humorist was dead, he gives voice to the popular appreciation of his own work and writes what is equally true of himself as of the man for whom it was written. I will take the liberty and pleasure of quoting it entire, for it is an excellent illustration of his more serious writing. This is a piece of literary workmanship that should not be allowed to die, not only for the recollections of a great man that it enshrines, but because of its fine quality as literature.

"In the paper laid on my table this morning there is just one word of cable news from the Homeland. And it is four words:

"Mark Twain is dead."

"The other columns of special and press dispatches fade into a blur. I can see by the headlines there is a lot of meaningless talk about parliaments and governors, about colonial interests, about an emperor somebody and a king or two here and there, and the unimportant movements of a swarm of little princelings concerning whom few people ever heard, and in whose lives still fewer have any interest. There is a half-column of tedious oratory of a great statesman, drooled out at a banquet of much meat and more drink. I do not know his name, this being the first time I ever heard it. And there appears to be some little excitement in a place called England about an organization known as the House of Lords. And I see that something warlike is happening in a country named Albania, and a diplomat you never heard of has been sent there, while two great generals whose names you could no more remember than I can spell have gone to the front, wherever that is. And this is as meaningless to you and me this morning as the chatter of the blackbirds on the lawn.

"The best known man in the world is dead.

"And the gloomy halls of death are garlanded with the smiles which he sowed in human hearts all round the globe, as the goddess of spring scatters the blossoms that glorify her name on every meridian. There are no sobs, no wailings for the dead.

For he lives in the crystal river of laughter of his own creation which ripples across every zone and makes living music in palaces and cabin, in camp and home, on the mighty Dreadnought and the missionary ship, in frowning fortress and the chapels of peace. His name, even while he lived, grew to be a synonym for laughter.

"Good laughter, true laughter, sweet and sincere. Always it came from the heart of the man.

"He was not irreverent. But with what righteous hatred he hated a sham, whether of politics, philosophy or religion. He had a keen and loving sympathy for ignorance struggling toward enlightenment, for faulty endeavors to reach a higher plane of life, for a blind man groping in the dark crying for light even while he stumbled over things sacred and beautiful.

"But against pretense of any sort, for sham in any kind of sacred garments stolen from the wardrobe of old truths, for any shade of hypocrisy, his wrath blazed like the anger of a god who sees his shrines desecrated by impious hands. And for this some people sometimes called him irreverent. People who had felt the lash of his scorn. And in nothing had he profounder contempt than for sham and hypocrisy in art. He did tear down some of our gods, hurling them from the pedestals before which we had worshipped. But even while we shrieked he shattered the prostrate things, and we saw with opened eyes that they were wooden, as he said they were.

"More than twenty-five years ago I first met him, a happy guest in his home at Hartford for a Christmas week. One of the dinner guests during that time was his neighbor and friend, Charles Dudley Warner. It has been a pleasant memory all these years, the picture of those two rare types of American humor. Warner, gentle even with the faults of men; tender with our little vanities. His humor seldom laughed aloud, but often smiled. And the smile never quite left his lips. In his quietest moments there was always the faint image of it, making you listen for what the lips would next speak, and calling an answering smile to your own face as a replying flag answers a signal of fluttering color from the flagship.

"And Mark? The earnest look, the expression of intense feeling, of positive conviction, never left his face. He was anything in the world but an actor. The very earnestness of his manner and tone often emphasized the laughter evoked by the sudden humorous turn or unexpected phrases. His humorous stories were never the greatest mirth-producers of his conversation. The laughter exploded most unexpectedly when the course of the talk had aroused some earnest discussion on some question of serious import. He was a good wrangler. Ready and keen and consistent. He loved a good debate. And as his earnestness deepened, his weapons of sarcasm, ridicule and wit sharpened their scintillant edges against his adversary's shield, and the discomfited foe went down to defeat and confusion in a storm of merriment, his own the highest and most joyous.

"My last meeting with him was in England, when Mrs. Burdette, the boys and myself sojourned briefly with the family at a time when they were occupying a home just outside of London, living in a house belonging to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Clemens was quite ill and suffering a great deal of pain. But even then he pillowed his head on laughter of his own making. Often as I insisted that he was talking too much and that he would be more comfortable alone, he signaled me back to my place at his bedside with:

" 'There's just one thing more——'

"And he would begin an addenda to the funniest tale of woe to which a man ever listened, as he described his ailment, the remedies, the various experiments in treatment, and the varying degrees and kinds of pain he underwent. Never a cry for sympathy, and never a complaint that he was treated unfairly by Providence. He discussed his own theory of pain and its useful place in the economy of nature, illustrations being drawn from his own case. And then, as almost invariably happened in his long talks, he wound up with a bit of earnestness, telling me the story of a young fellow whom he had once befriended when his life-prospect seemed one of desperate poverty and hopelessness, and who made a success in life, and was grateful and lovingly mindful of the Hum-

orist's assistance which made the stepping-stone to his assured position in life. 'And the funny part of it is,' said Mark, in closing the story, 'I never really did a thing for him beyond telling him what to do and how to do it. But he somehow got it into his head that I capitalized his plans and hopes with my own bank account. I only capitalized his ambition, and you can't do that with money.'

"The family were together at that time, Mr. and Mrs. Clemens and the young daughters, Clara and Susie. It was a happy family. Mrs. Clemens was one of the sweetest women it was ever my fortune to know—gentle and affectionate and brave, lovely and loving—the one woman in all the world for Mark Twain's wife. And they both knew it. His home life was sweet and pure and gracious. Sorrow came to him, again, and again, and again. Thrice death darkened the threshold of his sunny home with its chilling shadow. But he bore misfortune and he met sorrow with a constant soul, brave and manly and strong.

"And now, without a word of where or when or how, the grudging lightnings, flashing along the wired darkness under the seas, tells us simply 'he is dead,' as though they could not bear to dwell upon the story that couples that word of darkness with his name of light.

"How can he be dead, when the world still laughs at the sound of his name? How can he be dead, when all the gloom and shadow that we associate with death has no place in our memories of him who was the high priest of laughter?

"Marble is too cold and bronze is too gloomy to mark his resting place. We will garland the spot where he sleeps with blue-eyed forget-me-nots, with laughing faces of pansies that the children love, with heliotrope that turns to the sun, with primroses that open their petals of golden sunshine only to beautify the shadows of the twilight."

Another exquisite bit of description is this, on the sacred mountain of Japan, Fuji-yama. It reminds me much of Mark Twain's description of the pyramids, in its clean-cut verbal felicity: "The Shasta of Japan. A theme for the poets as everlasting as is the tariff in the United States

for the politicians. Which is impossible. The eternal postcard. The photograph which takes itself. The pivot of Japan. The handle of the island. The lode star of the wandering Japanese. We unbared our heads to it when we first beheld it, as we sailed into the bay of Tokyo which, after an old Japanese custom, has changed its name since I studied geography, and I would have been whipped had I called it anything but the bay—maybe it was the gulf—of Yeddo. As it was, I got whipped anyhow, for some other reason, so what did it profit me? * * * We made a pilgrimage across other mountains, just for one special view of Fuji, the Beautiful. It was worth the pilgrimage. And when we beheld it from Hakone, shadowed in the clear lake, untouched by any cloud, its group of acolyte mountains kneeling at its feet, we too offered our incense of admiration and reverence. All that has been said and sung in his praise by Japanese orators and Japanese poets, all that Japanese art has done to make its glory familiar to eyes that might never behold this 'peerless one' on his throne, have been but just adoration and rightful homage. He has the symmetry of youth, for he is but a young volcano. Two hundred years ago he lighted the skies with the farewell fires of youthful ebullition, arrayed himself in winter garments of white, which he changed for green in the summer time, and in these colors of faith and purity, he has reigned over the landscape like an imperial priest. Just now, from sandals to crown, he is clad in snowy spotlessness. His majestic calm and the perfect grace of his figure give no hint of any memory of stormy years of fire and smoke and roaring terror. He is a king that you do not fear. An emperor that you love. The seal of Japan. A homely but most apt Japanese description of the mountain is 'an inverted fan.' The people who dwell at his feet call him 'O Yama.' This does not prove, as John McGroarty probably thinks, that it was imported from Ireland, and named for an early king, but merely means 'Honorable Mountain.' Sometimes the name is written with the Chinese characters that mean 'not two,' which is to say that he is the only one in all the earth. So gracefully sloping are the regular sides that it looks

as easy to slide down as it is to climb up. And so it is. The Japanese have a proverb to the effect that if 'a man does not climb Fuji once, he is a fool; and he is a bigger fool if he climbs him twice.' "

Here is his description of "The Hottest Place on Earth."

"Hawaii Territory is much indebted to volcanic action for all its joys and sorrows. The islands, for all their wondrously soft, soothing atmosphere, a veritable balm for tired nerves and fretted feelings, were born in stormy times of boisterous parents. At one time there were fifteen first-class six-cylinder volcanoes playing an all-star combination in this group, the whole company, with the full strength of the entire ballet, being on the stage at the same time, and even the understudies and supes doing brilliant work. There would have been numerous recalls only the audience didn't arrive until a hundred thousand years after the grand ballet was over, a habit of coming late which was transmitted to subsequent generations and is a characteristic of civilized audiences unto this day. As it was, the play had a run of somewhere less than several thousand years, without a change in the cast, the curtain being up continuously. The first intermission occurred when the property man, who was working overtime down in the stoke hole, ran out of sulphurous acid, hydrogen, chlorine, carbonic acid, hydrochloric acid and hydrous sodium sulphate (a Hawaiian specialty). These things being essential for the 'make-up' of the artists in the first row, the islands climbed up to the proscenium arch to red fire and slow curtain. The Fumaroles and Solfataras, which play in smoke-hole and sulphur spring parts, came on for the supper hour, which has lasted until this time. The scoriaceous and vesicular lava came along with its justly celebrated imitation of furnace slag, and the Pahoe-hoe, another Hawaiian specialty, began laying the satin-finish, wrinkled stage carpet, so particularly noticeable in the great crater of Kilauea, and the play was over.

"Dear old Mother Nature, the good Lord's wardrobe woman, sighed a little as she looked at the rent and tattered costumes, and the property man groaned in sympathy with her, as he gazed upon the

awful condition of the battered stage and wrecked scenery. But they were used to this sort of destruction. They called in the scene painter and stage carpenter and got together to do the Creator's work, which is that of creation, restoration, renovation and general repair work. And all the fiery forces of destruction and devastation can never permanently injure the good work which His servants do in His name, whether or not they use the religious formula of the established church. The formula is nothing. The work is everything. I've seen men far worse 'broken up' than ever was the worst volcanic island in any ocean, transformed by God's grace and human love into His own children. There was a man named Saul—however, that was before my time. But I did know Jerry McCauley, whose conversion was quite as remarkable as Saul's.

"You can see at Kilauea now what these islands were when the property man and the wardrobe woman, the scene painter and the stage carpenter took hold of them. Lava, black as the pit and red as glowing cinders, tossed here and there in all the chaotic confusion of the cooling-off time—that's when you feel the 'rockiest,' man, when the fires and the steam, 'the tumult and the shouting dies,' the songs have frazzled and fizzled off into silence, the lights have gone out, the stars have paled, and the ghost-gray of the early 'morning after' is testing the fast qualities of an honest complexion under a scoria of a beard twenty-four hours old.

"Well, it looked like an army contract after the war. A practical rain spray for a thousand years disintegrated the lava, the very soul of life burned out of it, into soil. Millions of tiny ferns thrust into crack and crevice found enough life in the air to transfuse life into the lifeless volcanic rocks; climbing vines found enough foothold here and there to garland and festoon the black walls of old craters and to cover the horrid raggedness and bleak nakedness of the mountains. The winds ran a line of grain ships, laden with seeds, a million years before the first balloonist claimed to be the original inventor. The waves brought cargoes of material from over seas for cocoanut groves, by and by the birds established an express line for the safe and

speedy carriage of seed supplies, forests of koa, mango and sandal wood crowned the hills and mountains with regal magnificence, and when Mark Twain came to see what had been wrought, he was inspired to declare this dimple of beauty in mid-Pacific, 'The loveliest fleet of islands anchored in any sea.' And there is no other description that so beautifully and truthfully pictures Hawaii Territory."

I must, however, give to my readers a few specimens of some of Burdette's earlier literary work. The title is as good now as it was then thirty years ago.

THE ARTLESS PRATTLE OF CHILDHOOD

We always did pity a man who does not love children. There is something morally wrong with such a man. If his tenderest sympathies are not awakened by their innocent prattle, if his heart does not echo their merry laughter, if his whole nature does not reach out in ardent longings after their pure thoughts and unselfish impulses, he is a sour, crusty, crabbed old stick, and the world full of children has no use for him. In every age and clime, the best and noblest men loved children. The great men of the earth love them. Dogs love them. Kamehamekemokimodahroah, the King of the Cannibal Islands, loves them. Rare, and no gravy. Ah yes, we all love children.

And what a pleasure it is to talk with them. Who can chatter with a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, quick-witted little darling, anywhere from three to five years, and not appreciate the pride which swells a mother's breast, when she sees her little ones admired. Ah, yes, to be sure.

One day, ah, can we ever cease to remember that dreamy, idle, summer afternoon—a lady friend, who was down in the city on a shopping excursion, came into the sanctum with her little son, a dear little tid-toddler of five bright summers, and begged us to amuse him while she pursued the duties which called her down town. Such a bright boy; so delightful it was to talk to him. We can never forget the blissful half hour we spent booking that prodigy up in his centennial history.

"Now listen, Clary," we said—his name is Clarence Fitzherbert Alencon de Marche-

mont Caruthers—"and learn about George Washington."

"Who's he?" inquired Clarence, etc.

"Listen," we said, "he was the father of his country."

"Whose country?"

"Ours; yours and mine; the confederated union of the American people, cemented with the life blood of the men of '76, poured out upon the altars of our country as the dearest libation to liberty that her votaries can offer."

"Who did?" asked Clarence.

Smilingly, we ignored the question and went on, "Well, one day George's father—"

"George who?" asked Clarence.

"George Washington. He was a little boy then, just like you. One day his father—"

"Whose father?" demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington's, this great man we were telling you of. One day George Washington's father gave him a little hatchet for a—"

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear child interrupted with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn't. We know how to talk to children. So we went on:

"George Washington. His—"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father—"

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him—"

"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh, yes, George."

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We said:

"And he told him that—"

"Who told him what?" Clarence broke in.

"Why, George's father told George."

"What did he tell him?"

"Why, that's just what I am going to tell you. He told him—"

"Who told him?"

"George's father. He—"

"What for?"

"Why, so he wouldn't do what he told him not to do. He told him—"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.
 "No, his father told George—"
 "Oh!"
 "Yes; told him that he must be careful with the hatchet—"
 "Who must be careful?"
 "George must."
 "Oh!"
 "Yes; must be careful with the hatchet."
 "What hatchet?"
 "Why, George's."
 "Oh!"
 "Yes; with the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went around cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down, and—"
 "Who cut it down?"
 "George did."
 "Oh!"
 "—but his father came home and saw it the first thing, and—"
 "Saw the hatchet?"
 "No; saw the apple tree. And he said, 'Who has cut down my favorite apple tree?'"
 "What apple tree?"
 "George's father's. And everybody said they didn't know anything about it, and—"
 "Anything about what?"
 "The apple tree."
 "Oh!"
 "—and George came up and heard them talking about it—"
 "Heard who talking about it?"
 "Heard his father and the men."
 "What was they talking about?"
 "About this apple tree."
 "What apple tree?"
 "The favorite apple tree that George cut down."
 "George who?"
 "George Washington."
 "Oh!"
 "So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he—"
 "What did he cut it down for?"
 "Just to try his little hatchet."
 "Whose little hatchet?"
 "Why, his own, the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"
 "Why, George Washington."
 "Who gave it to him?"
 "His father did."
 "Oh!"
 "So George came up and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I—'"
 "Who couldn't tell a lie?"
 "Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was—'"
 "His father couldn't?"
 "Why, no, George couldn't."
 "Oh, George? Oh, yes."
 "—It was I cut down your apple tree; I did—"
 "His father did?"
 "No, no; it was George said this."
 "Said he cut his father?"
 "No, no, no; said he cut down his apple tree."
 "George's apple tree?"
 "No, no; his father's."
 "Oh!"
 "He said—"
 "His father said?"
 "No, no, no; George said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said, 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"
 "George did?"
 "No, his father said that."
 "Said he'd rather have a thousand apple trees?"
 "No, no, no; said he'd rather lost a thousand apple trees than—"
 "Said he'd rather George would?"
 "No, said he'd rather he would than have him lie."
 "Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient, and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers, of Arch Street, hadn't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of that snarl. And as Clarence Fitzherbert Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs, we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple tree.

[In the October "National" Doctor James will conclude the Robert J. Burdette reminiscences, making the only complete and authoritative article that has ever been written on this great American humorist.]

Padre Bernardo's NEW CASSOCK

by
Harold De Polo

Author of "Padre Bernardo's Birthday Cake," "A Deal in Rubber," etc.

THE patient Padre Bernardo almost lost his genial smile and calm serenity as his cassock, for the second time that day, caught its folds upon a sharp cactus thorn as he walked slowly over the undulating prairie land which stretched out for miles and miles to the north of La Cruz Blanca. As it was, even, he frowned blackly and shook his head annoyedly as he very carefully disentangled his robe from the thorn which held it captive, scanning the cloth with as much minuteness as his none too young eyes allowed him. For the cassock which he wore today, it must be known, was a new one,—a brand, brand new one!

It was not every day, indeed, that one acquired a new cassock; eh, not by any means, not by any means! Why, the dear *Dios* above help him, but he really quite forgot for how long a time he had worn his old one,—indeed, indeed he did! It—it must have been a matter of— . . . Why, just how many years he hated to think!

. . . . But how hard it had been for him to give it up,—how very hard, when the time had come! Why, it had seemed like cruelly discarding an old friend who had been through many trials, and tribulations, many joys and good times, with him. But surely it had been time to do so,—surely! Even he admitted that, although a trifle grudgingly! How many times his Pancho had patched it; how many times his Pancho had cleaned it; how many times his Pancho had sewed buttons on it! . . . Ah, yes, and now the old friend, threadbare and turning green from age, was hanging up

safely in the little closet at the back of his room! Ah, well, he could not help it! Such things must be; the new for the old, the new for the old! It was one of the inevitable laws of life! Therefore, the philosophy of the thing was to be contented and happier with the new, certainly, certainly! . . . And—the new one, to be frank, *did* look much better than the old, vastly better, if the truth must be told. It gave him more of an air of dignity; it made him seem more fitting for his honored position! Ah, yes; and he had certainly needed it, beyond doubt, beyond doubt! And—and it was certainly nice to have it, it was, it was! . . .

Eh, but what a vain creature he was! Here, while he had been sauntering along thinking of his new cassock, he had once more caught the bottom of it on another cactus thorn! Eh, eh, eh, but how careless he was—how atrociously so! And, should he tear his new cassock, it would truly be a most deplorable matter; for, outside of the fact of his having so sadly needed it, he had purchased it chiefly with a very, very important matter in mind! Padre Ignacio, the well-known and well-loved priest from one of the large churches in the City of Mexico was passing through the State this month, visiting each little church, and was to honor the good Padre Bernardo with a visit of several days very early in the approaching week! It would never have done, of course, to greet and house this important personage while garbed in his former threadbare garment—never, never!

He should, indeed, have had many new cassocks since the last time he had had one; but he had always found it possible to make some excuse to himself and to spend the money on his many, many dear children of La Cruz Blanca who were so sadly in need of the necessities of life! Ah, yes, and it was so much more pleasant to do so, so much more pleasant! But—but now he had his new cassock, and—and he was really satisfied, even—even glad! . . . He would, he was happy to know, make a very presentable showing before his more important brother, the benevolent Padre Ignacio! How he would enjoy, also, the little pleasant chats they would have together of that great and glorious and wonderful place, the City of Mexico! . . . Ah, yes, he was looking forward to a most agreeable time, *most agreeable!* . . .

So thoroughly engrossed did the gentle Padre Bernardo become as he thought of the pleasure of the other's visit, that he walked much more leisurely than he should have, considering the distance he still had to travel and the time of day that it was. It was not, in fact, until the great ball of blood-red sun was sinking behind the horizon that he at last came to the realization that it was growing decidedly late! It— . . . Heavens; he awoke with a start! Here the gorgeous sun was entirely gone from view, and the soothing blue sky was steadily turning darker, while he was still, still— . . . Yes, there could be no doubt of it; he was almost two leagues from home—*two leagues!* . . . By the good *Dios* above him, but he would surely have to hasten!

Ah, well, what matter if he did arrive home after dark, except that his loyal Pancho might be wondering nervously about his absence—good, patient, thoughtful Pancho! Eh, if he had not stayed so very long at poor Pedro Salazar's, the poverty-stricken *peon* who was on his back with a severe illness, he might have been home by now. He was glad, though, that he had been able to cheer the poor fellow up with a basket of good, wholesome food from his own none too munificent table! Ay, yes, the poor fellow had enjoyed it so, and had been so

grateful—so grateful that he had thanked him with tears streaming down his sallow cheeks! . . .

The thoughtful Padre, indeed, brushed the moisture from his own eyes as he thought of it. So were all of his beloved children dear creatures; they were so very, very grateful whenever he did the slightest thing for them; so much so, in fact, that it was one of the greatest pleasures in the world to do them some little service, whether it was large or small! And—and how he wished now, as he many, many times had, that he were able to do even more for them. Ah, it pained him so to see anyone suffer. And there were several of his dear children, lately, who had been very, very badly in need of assistance! Eh, there was that dear old Maria Peluta, whose poor little hut was literally falling to pieces; and now, in the cool of the January nights, it was most dangerous to one of her fragile constitution. Also, there was Sofia, the widow of the unfortunate Paolo Sanchez, who had been left with a month old baby and without even a round silver *peso* with which to sustain either of them! Ah, what good a little money would do there! And then, again, there was poor young Guillermo Riera, who was working day and night, week in and week out, in order to amass a few more *pesos* so that he might satisfy the demands of the father of the girl whom he wished to marry—poor fellow, poor fellow! And then there was that— . . .

Eh, stop, stop, stop! Heavens, if he continued this way, thinking of all his dear children who were in need, he would never end! Ah, no; truly it was too bad, too bad! Ah, yes—again he told himself so—what a great deal of good a few *pesos* would do, say sixty or seventy of them! Why did he not have them—why? . . . Eh, by the *Dios* above him, but here it was quite dark, and he was still, he knew, more than four miles from his dear little village of La Cruz Blanca! *Dios mio*, but he must go faster, faster! For—for outside of its getting late, it was getting, indeed, most unpleasantly cold! And so the stout, silver-haired, weather-beaten Padre Bernardo threw his shoulders far back and made his way forward at a pace

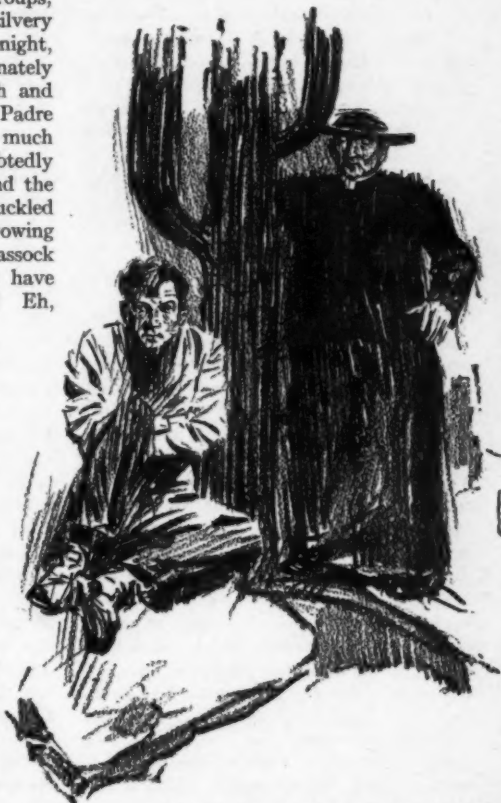
that was so brisk as to be most unusual for one of his ripe years!

Overhead, now, the sky had formed into a deep, dark blue canopy, in which the stars, one by one, then in little groups, were beginning to twinkle their silvery appearance! But they were, tonight, twinkling coldly and dispassionately instead of with their usual warmth and softness, all of which made the Padre feel that the air, chill as it was, was much more so! Ah, yes, it was undoubtedly a most unnaturally cold night! And the good Padre Bernardo, indeed, chuckled to himself as he breasted the wind, vowing that had he still had on his old cassock the change in temperature would have been very uncomfortable for him! Eh, but his old bones, he feared, could not stand the weather as when he had been younger, it was quite true; but, Heaven be praised, this fine, thick, warm new robe of his was an excellent protection! Eh, but the air bit, it surely did, and the dear *Dios* above pity the poor souls who were ragged and homeless on a night like this—pity them, pity them! . . . And the kind Padre muttered a long, fervent prayer for the wanderers of the world! . . . Ah, but it made him think, once more, of poor old Maria Peluta, in her dilapidated, leaky hut with the cold winds whistling through it! Poor thing, poor thing; how he wished that he had the money with which to patch the old place up! . . .

But suddenly, from behind a cactus bush on his left, the thoughtful Padre Bernardo heard a sound which caused him to forget about Maria Peluta and to think about someone who was undoubtedly suffering very close at hand. He paused and listened, placing his fingers behind his right ear so as to hear more clearly. A long, heavy, dolorous sigh came to him on the chill air, causing his heart to beat more quickly.

Instantly the dear Padre was all sympathy for the invisible sufferer, and he quickly made his way over to the plant from which the noise had come. There,

lying under it, he saw the thin, drawn, tattered body of a man—a young man who was huddled up, barely clad, clasping his body with his arms as he strove to



A young man was huddled up, barely clad, clasping his body with his arms as he strove to fight off the cold

fight off the cold! His teeth, too, were chattering most pitifully—so pitifully that it would have made the hardest heart feel a qualm of sympathy!

"*Hombre, hombre,*" said the Padre, his voice low and kind and soothing, as tender, in fact, as a crooning mother's. "*Pobre hombre!* And why art thou alone and tattered on such a surprisingly cold evening?"

The young man raised a face that was far from ill-looking; only, stamped all over it, was a look of hopeless and terrible

despair. He shrugged his shoulders in the same hopeless manner. "Ah, *Senor Padre*, I am cold; I am ill; I am penniless!"

His voice, weak and desolate, tore cruelly at the *Padre's* heartstrings. Then he bowed his head and sighed deeply. Ah, but it pained him so to see the suffering of others. "My—my poor fellow," he asked, his voice choky, "and where art thou going tonight, poorly clothed as thou art?"

The other smiled in his bitter way. "Ah, *Senor Padre*. I was going over to *Montana Verde*, where I have a brother who—" He broke off, suddenly, and coughed a deep, hacking cough that sounded most dangerous.

"My—my poor fellow," continued the *Padre*; but he, too, stopped, for his heart was in his throat and halted his speech, so badly did he feel to see anyone in such a plight.

"Yes, *Padre*," the young man again said, "I—I am going over to *Montana Verde* to my brother, who has promised me work if I arrive tomorrow, and I still have some nine or ten miles to go! Ah, me, but it is hard to travel on such a night when one had just recovered from a dangerous illness and when one is so badly clo—" Again, though, he could not finish his sentence, for he this time went into a paroxysm of coughing.

The good *Padre's* face, instead of growing sad, suddenly beamed happily. "*Hombre, hombre*," he cried, his voice light, "I have it! Come home with me, now, and rest for the night; then, in the morning, I shall procure some more substantial covering for thee so that thou may go the rest of thy journey in comfort! Come, come!" And the benevolent *Padre Bernardo* bent his stout frame and stretched forth his arms in order to assist the wanderer to arise!

The young man, though, hung his head and did not answer for a moment. Then, very quickly, he raised his lean, drawn face and shook his head slowly, again smiling his bitter smile. "Ah, kind *Padre*, I thank you, I thank you; but—but I have to arrive at my brother's in the morning, you see, for he is to take me over to *Pachuca*, where we are both

promised work in the mines. So you see, kind *Senor Padre*, that I must make my way onward—onward! I—I was but resting a moment, trying to keep warm, when you came upon me!" And again, when he finished, he shivered and coughed so that it seemed as if his body would be shaken to pieces!

Then it was that the dear *Padre Bernardo's* hair-trigger conscience, as it had many times before in his life, troubled him exceedingly. Here he was, stout, healthy, his stomach full, and wearing a thick, warm, comfortable robe, while one of his children—to him all unfortunates were such—was suffering, after a severe illness, by being out in the raw, cold air with nothing but a pair of torn pantaloons and tunic of cheap cotton material! Yes, and he—he, a servant of his patient Master above, who was supposed to care for and help the weaker on earth—was warmly and comfortably clad! . . . Ah, ah, but truly he felt terribly about it, so much so that he really hated himself for being so properly clad! . . . Poor young fellow; poor, poor young fellow! Dear *Dios* above him, but surely it was quite the most distressing thing in the world to see anyone suffer so! How horrible—how horrible! . . . And he—he, the servant of the Lord, was well-clad, well-clad, well-clad! . . . He could think, indeed, of nothing else! . . . *He* was warmly garbed! . . . *Dios* forgive him—*Dios* forgive him! . . .

The young man on the ground rose to his feet with an effort, screwing his face into a painful twist that told of the stiffness on his limbs from exposure to the cold air. He brushed his hand wearily across his forehead and spoke in a despondent voice. "Eh, dear me, I suppose that I will have to be going along, kind *Senor Padre*, I—"

Again his teeth chattered, to be followed by his hacking cough. "Ah, me," he sighed, eyeing the *Padre's* warmly-garbed form with a whimsical, envious sort of smile, "what—what would I not give for some warm covering like that; what would—" Again his coughing made him pause for a moment; but he went on in a weak voice: "I—I—*Dios mio*, but

how cold it is—how terribly, fearfully cold! Br-r-r-r-r-r!”

Padre Bernardo, during the last moment or so, had been doing some very, very quick thinking. The sight of this poor unfortunate had almost torn his heart to shreds, he felt; also, the sight of those ragged clothes which left the skin bare to the winds pained him more than would have the hardest and cruelest blow! It—it quite unnerved him, in fact—it truly did! . . . And—and he,—he, the servant of the ever-patient *Dios*—was warmly clad! . . . He could think of nothing else—nothing else! . . . Should—should he do what he had thought of doing—should he? . . .

He—he felt quite sure that the good *Dios* above would have done what he contemplated doing were He placed in the same position—he was sure of it! It was wrong—very wrong—to see a poor unfortunate go off into the night in the conition of the man before him when one might render aid; yes, the kind *Dios* would never wish it—never! It—it might mean the poor fellow's death—his death! . . . And—and it surely was dark enough for him to travel, the few remaining miles, without the use of his heavy robe! Heavens, was he not a strong, healthy, weather-beaten person who had been through many vicissitudes? . . . Certainly, certainly! . . . And—and about one in his exalted position travelling without—without his robe? . . . Why—why— . . . No one would see him, it was so dark, and he could take the back path which, although longer, passed not a single little hut on the way to his church on the top of the hill! Also, he felt positive that the dear *Dios* would surely not mind his doing so when it was for the benefit of one of his most unfortunate children! . . . Yes, yes, yes! He—he would do it, that was all! *He would do it!* . . . And so, very hastily, he slipped his warm garment from him and held it out to the shivering young man.

“Here, here,” he said quickly, “take this warm robe, my poor fellow, until thou arrive at thy brother's and procure fitting raiment. Then, if thou please, thou may send it back to me—to Padre Bernardo, of La Cruz Blanca! Yes, please

send it back, I—I need it later! . . . But hurry and don it, my poor young child, for I fear that I must proceed very quickly so as to keep my blood in circulation so that I may not contract a cold!”

The young man, for a long, long moment, eyed the Padre with wide, incredulous eyes and gaping mouth, as if he could scarcely believe that what he heard was true. Then, as if suddenly realizing that it was so, he thrust out his hand, grasped the robe, and threw it quickly over his shoulders! He did not even pause an instant to think whether or not the kind Padre might himself be exposed to the chilly air. His voice, when he spoke, was low—very low, and still dazed.

“I—I— . . . *Gracias—muchas gracias!*”

The kind Padre's eyes became dim as he saw the changed look of comfort and happiness on the other's face! Ah, how nice it was to make people joyous—how very, very nice! . . . Then, remembering that he must travel rapidly in order to keep warm, he raised his hands and blessed the man before him.

“May the good *Dios* watch over thee, my poor fellow, and bring thee comfort! But *adios, adios*, I must be going!”

“*Adios*, Padre Bernardo,” answered the young man. “I—*gracias, gracias!*” And his voice showed that he was still dazed and wondering at the kindness which had been shown him.

It was not until Padre Bernardo was almost nearing home, walking along at a surprisingly quick pace, that he remembered the visit which Padre Ignacio proposed paying him within a short week! . . . Heavens! What would he do if the robe, for some reason, were not returned to him? *What would he do?* . . . Ah, me, how many things one must think of in this world—how very, very many! . . . But—but what would he do if he did not receive his robe within the week? . . . But then, with a toss of his head, he put the matter from him, telling himself that now, indeed, he must think of nothing but getting home to his little white church on the pretty hill overlooking the peaceful village of La Cruz Blanca!

* * *

It was, to be exact, just six days later that the good Padre Bernardo was again

sauntering along the road which lays north of the village of La Cruz Blanca. He walked along, in fact, with no other object in view but to try, as best he could, to ease his mind regarding the burden which was resting so heavily upon it! Tomorrow, be it known, was the day on which Padre Ignacio was to make his appearance; and Padre Bernardo, as yet, had not received his new cassock back! He had, also, given up all hope of ever doing so! . . .

Ah, yes, and truly it would be hard to meet the important personage in the faded, patched and threadbare cassock which he now wore—the old friend who, although well-loved, was scarcely presentable! This he frankly admitted, especially after having once worn the new one! . . . Also, it was very hard to have one's faith in human nature so cruelly destroyed, for he had been quite positive that the suffering young man would return his garment! How sad to be disappointed in human beings—how very, very sad, one of the saddest things in the world, he really believed! . . . But what would he do—what would he do? . . . And so down-hearted was the gentle Padre Bernardo, that he walked with a lagging step and a hanging head, his eyes minus their usual twinkle and his lips minus their usual smile!

Suddenly, though, he raised his head as he heard the sound of a horse's hoofbeats; and he saw approaching him, in all his glory, a young man dressed in the gorgeous raiment of a wealthy *ranchero*, mounted upon a superb and equally gaily caparisoned buckskin animal.

The Padre, as he scanned the slim, serious face of the young man, noticed something about him which was exceedingly familiar, although he found it quite impossible to correctly place him. He could not remember ever having seen that same face and form dressed up in the wonderful soft leather costume, with solid gold heads of bulls dangling from each outer trouser seam, and costly, intricate embroidery of golden thread worked out in delicate patterns upon the jacket, as well as more gold heads merrily tinkling all around the rim of his wide, maroon felt *sombrero*—the gala costume

of the wealthy Mexican *ranchero*! . . . No, he could not, try as he would quite recollect where he had seen the face!

As the rider came close to Padre Bernardo, he halted his lively steed, smiled most pleasantly, and bowed himself down to the pommel of his saddle as he respectfully doffed his *sombrero*. Then, after his courteous salute, he dismounted from his horse and stood bareheaded before the Padre, a whimsical, peculiar smile upon his face.

"You do not appear to remember me, kind Padre Bernardo," he said, his voice low and pleasant.

The Padre blinked! Heavens! That voice—that voice! It—it— . . . No! It was quite impossible—quite!

The young *caballero*, still smiling, quickly reached into his saddle-bag and brought forth a dark piece of cloth, handing it out to the Padre. "Perhaps this will help you remember, Padre Bernardo," he said, watching the other's face closely.

The good Padre Bernardo looked at it in open-mouthed wonder—looked at the black, shining folds of the new cassock which he had lent to the apparently poverty-stricken young man but six days ago—the cassock which he had given up all hope of ever regaining. "I—I—I—" he spluttered, and then stopped, utterly astounded! . . . Heavens! Was *this* the young man who had been cold and shivering under the cactus plant—this gorgeously-clad young aristocrat? . . . He—he could not understand it, that was all!

The young *caballero*, seeing the Padre's confusion, did his best to set him at his ease immediately. "Yes, Padre," he said, speaking quickly. "I am the same person to whom you lent your new cassock when I was lying under the cactus bush. I—I shall explain quickly, kind Padre. First, though, I must ask you to pardon me for having spoken untruly about myself on that night. I—I did it to find out something, something which—but you will see! Padre Bernardo, I am not, as you see, the poor *peon* whom I posed as being; I am Don Francisco Ramirez, the son of Rafael Ramirez, one of the wealthiest *rancheros* in the whole State! Padre, I had been unfortunate, very

unfortunate, I . . . But I shall speak of this quickly! I was to—to marry a very charming girl! Ah, so charming, so—But enough! Anyway, just three days before the wedding, Padre, she ran off! Ran off with the man who professed to be my very best friend. A man who had practically been brought up with me; a man who was more than a brother; a man whom I loved; a man who had said he loved me! We were inseparable; we had been the best friends in all the world; we . . . And then the hound . . . ”

The young *caballero* controlled his steadily rising voice and bowed his head, his face changing from its hardened, bitter look to one of whimsical sadness. “Ah, Padre, you must excuse my anger! I—I—I feel it deeply, I—”

“Surely, my son—surely,” soothed the Padre, all sympathy.

The young man continued. “Ah, dear Padre, when it happened I thought the world was over. The—the girl, I did not blame her so much; but the—the man! *Dios*, we had been lifelong friends; he— . . . Anyway, I gave up all interest in life. I became sad, and bitter, and morose! I vowed that there was not a good man in the world—not a man whom one could trust, not a man who would sacrifice himself for others! . . . A friend told me, Padre, that I was wrong! He told me that if I wanted to meet with a heart of gold, that I must see Padre Bernardo, of the little village of La Cruz Blanca! He told me that there was a man who would give his very life, if needs be, to a stranger in trouble! He told me that you were a man who would restore my faith in the world! . . . I told him—if you will pardon me for saying so—that he must be wrong, that there could not be such a man in the whole universe, in the church or out of it! And—and so, although possibly it was wrong to fool you, I did what I did the other night in order to see whether or not you would sacrifice yourself to the extent which you did! I—I—I—” He paused and looked at the Padre with wide, grateful eyes.

Padre Bernardo's heart was deeply pained as he listened to the young man's sorrow! Poor young fellow; so handsome,

so rich, so courteous, so agreeable—and to have such a thing happen to him! Truly—truly it was most deplorable! And he seemed so sad and bitter and aged for one of his years! . . . Ah, no, the poor alone were not the only ones who suffered—ah, no! He was sure, indeed, that this young *caballero* suffered as much as poor old Maria Peluta, or Sofia Sanchez, or Guillermo Riera, or many other of his dear children! Ah, yes; ah, yes!



Padre Bernardo's heart was deeply pained as he listened to the young man's sorrows

“My son,” he said, his voice very soft and kind and tender, “I feel for you, I feel for you very deeply! But—but try and make the best of it, I pray you, and the good *Dios* above will surely regard you, sometime, for your fortitude and bravery in meeting your sorrows in such an heroic manner! But—but I understand your pain, my son, and I feel for you—I do!” And the gentle Padre walked forward and placed his hand on the young man's shoulder, looking him straight in the eyes with a firm, brave, kind look which went right into the young *ranchero's* heart!

The young man impetuously clasped the hand in his own. “Padre Bernardo,” he said, his voice full. “You—you do not know what good you have done me! I was, a short week ago, a man who

thought there was no good at all left in the world! Since I have seen you, dear Padre, my faith in mankind and goodness and the *Dios* above me is once more restored! I shall meet my trouble bravely and keep a smiling face and a confident heart within me! Yes, Padre Bernardo, you have made me, once more, believe that the world, after all, is good, and that only a few are really bad! Ah, you have done me good—so much good! I feel like a different man!" And he warmly wrung the Padre's hand.

The tears welled up in the gentle Padre's eyes—welled up unheeded and even dropped down onto his cheeks! One of the greatest things in the world, without exception, was to restore man's faith in the world and its people and He who ruled over all! And he had, thank the kind *Dios* above him, done so with a man who had admitted that he was almost hopeless! Ah, dear me, how fortunate he was, how very, very fortunate! And how happy he was—how vastly happy!

* * *

The young *ranchero* dropped his hand and reached down into his pocket. "Padre Bernardo," he said, "will you allow me to have the honour of presenting you with this little purse? There must, indeed, be several poor in your village who are in need of some little things! With this, if you will be so kind, I wish you would please see to their little wants—you best know how! I—I— . . . Ah, Padre Bernardo, I wish to do some little service for the very, very great one you have done me! And this—as I have plenty of it—is the best which I can do!" And the wealthy young *caballero* handed the Padre a purse which, from the weight of it, must surely have held a great, great deal of gold!

It was several seconds, indeed, before the dear Padre could speak. When he did, too, his voice was very choky and far

down in his throat. "My—my son! I—I thank you! I thank you! . . . I—Ah, you do not know the good *you* have done—you do not know, you do not know! . . . There are so many in need—so many! Ah, *gracias, gracias!*"


The young man, at this hearty thanks, turned a trifle red. "Ah, dear Padre, it is nothing—nothing," he said sheepishly. Then, doing his best to change the subject. "And may I have the honour, Senor Padre, of walking back to your little church with you? I—I feel as if a longer talk, Padre Bernardo, would do me good—much good!"

"Surely, my son—surely," answered the Padre, his eyes twinkling and his face beaming with a joy which had been almost absent from them for the last six days! Ah, me, but by the dear, kind *Dios* above him, how happy he was—how very, very happy! Here, all within a short week, he had changed a bitter, hopeless man into a good and hopeful one; and, in doing so, he had been rewarded with a fat purse which would fill the wants of so many of his struggling children—of Maria Peluta, of Sofia Sanchez, of Guillermo Riera, of . . . Oh, of many, *many* others! . . . And then, too, think of how pleased the good *Dios* would be at the change he had made in the young *caballero*! . . . Ah, yes, he was certainly, without the slightest doubt, about the happiest and luckiest man in the whole of this great and glorious world! He told himself this, time and time again, as he walked slowly along toward his little church, pleasantly conversing with his new-found and charming young friend!

And it was not until he arrived at his little church, strange to say, that he also remembered that he had, in addition to all else, once more regained control of that warm, gorgeous new cassock in which he would, as he had planned, surely be able to fittingly greet Padre Ignacio in the morning!



A Novelist of Tomorrow


Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer

IN his article on the "Contemporary Novel," Mr. H. G. Wells claims that in "the tremendous work of human reconciliation and elucidation," the novel is to "attempt most and achieve most," as compared with any other form of literature; that it is far and away better fitted for this work than biography, with its regard for "continuing interests and sensitive survivors," or autobiography, with its intense self-consciousness. (As to the latter, someone has lately remarked that Queen Victoria and Marie Bashkirtseff are the only persons on record who have succeeded in being absolutely frank in their diaries—although the Russian was surely not lacking in self-consciousness). Only, as Mr. Wells wisely says, the novel has to convince you that "*the thing was so.*" Also, one may add, the novel must not be wearisome. Not that one can absorb it at a sitting. The better it is, the more unhurried should be the reading. But it must invite or compel one to come back to it. Mr. Wells, in trying what he would call the exhaustive method in "The New Machiavelli," does sometimes exhaust the reader. Certainly, one would never deny the cleverness of the book, but that solemn, sensual young man who is its hero does not attract and sometimes fail to interest us, and we wonder at times whether we are really reading a novel after all, so long are the dissertations.

To this extent Mr. Wells is right, that however little a novelist may desire to be a teacher or a preacher, it is inev-

itable that he should concern himself with the great questions of the day, since he seeks to represent life, and the life of today is shot through and through with vital problems and experiments in their solution. Most of our prominent novelists have made their little experiments with Socialism—some of them, indeed, falling upon it as if it were quite a new matter—and among their countless books we find here and there one which is worthy to live, both as a human document and as literature. On the whole, however, it is extraordinary with how small an outfit of solid knowledge a person will light-heartedly set out to write a book of this class. It is not difficult to see why, for instance, the question of capital and labor commends itself to the writer of fiction. It is, first of all, so full of dramatic situations, so appealing to the sympathies, so real. It can be dealt with more or less effectively without a great deal of expert knowledge—that is, effectively for the moment, for the purposes of a magazine story or a book to buy on a railway train and forget as soon as the journey is over. But emerging from the mass of mediocrities are some few writers who know their subject and who strike a note which responds in the hearts of their generation; and it may be observed that many of these are women. More than half a century ago Mrs. Gaskell, in "Mary Barton," opened the eyes of England to the appalling miseries of the factory workers—a service to humanity no less needed, though bringing less renown, than that of Mrs.

Stowe when, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she roused the world on the question of negro slavery.

* * *

In our own day there have been many workers in this field, although not all from exactly the same point of view. Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Galsworthy, have had their attacks, more or less mild, of Socialism; Mrs. Wharton has tried her hand at a story of factory life; Mrs. Deland, in that marvellous book, "The Iron Woman," has given us, not the conflict, but the very incarnation of Work; while Octave Thanet, in "The Man of the Hour," presents us with a more complete picture of the workingman and his point of view than any of the others, for she writes with expert knowledge of her subject. Added to this, she has a profound knowledge of human nature, and a warm sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men and women, coupled with a saving sense of humor; and to these qualities she adds the charm of a vivid, picturesque style. "The Man of the Hour" is a book whose vitality should ensure its survival when the mass of smaller fry are swept into oblivion. Its human quality any of us can recognize; to its expert knowledge many have borne testimony, from manufacturer to labor leader, and it possesses that prime requisite of a novel—it is a capital story, worth reading just for the sake of the story.

To the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE the name and personality of Octave Thanet will not be unknown. The present writer had the pleasure of reviewing in its pages her remarkable book, "By Inheritance," and at the same time giving a little sketch of its author, who in her own person is Miss Alice French. As a special qualification for such a book as "The Man of the Hour," Miss French has had that lifelong knowledge of both workingman and employer which can scarcely come so thoroughly or so naturally to any outsider as to a member of a family who, for two generations, have been manufacturers and employers of labor on a large scale. Founding thier business under the more personal relations of a former generation, they have never

lost their earlier traditions of sympathy and justice.

In addition to the comprehension which came to her as naturally as breathing, Miss French has devoted much time to the study of labor questions. In the summer of 1894 she was at Pullman during the closing weeks of the great strike, where, as she said, it was her good fortune to know people on both sides, and be "sorry for them all, although I cannot do much, except give a little help in individual cases and try to give a few hypodermics of common sense." She attended meetings in which the mere fact of her not being a sympathizer might have cost her some hustling; and indeed, on one occasion when she asked a few innocent questions, a rabble of sullen men and noisy boys made a moblike atmosphere for a few minutes. "But," she said, "I knew the poor things well enough not to mind, and it ended by the boys running off with some candy and one of the men asking me into his house—an honest, good fellow." She was helped in her researches by her young brother, a youth of splendid promise, who supplemented a Harvard education by a thorough training in the mills of which he was part owner, beginning at the bottom, going off every morning in his workman's dress, with his dinner-pail, and working his way up, grade by grade, until he knew the business, and, what was more, knew and loved the men and was loved by them. Nowadays that is not such an unusual thing to do, but Robert French was a pioneer. His early death was an irreparable loss, not only to those who loved him, but to many who had never heard his name, for such a man as he had already become must be a factor of importance in this "tremendous work of human reconciliation and elucidation." At Pullman, as Miss French said, they "together surely did see all sides."

* * *

It is not only the factory worker whom Octave Thanet knows so well. On the Arkansas plantation where for many years she spent her winters, she became intimately acquainted with other types of laborers, and the poor tenant farmer could, equally with the factory worker, turn to her with assurance of practical



MISS ALICE FRENCH ("OCTAVE THANET")

sympathy; as, for instance, on the night when she was awakened at two o'clock by the ringing of the doorbell, and went down, "armed to the teeth," to see two men and a lantern outside. The seventeen-year-old-daughter of one of the farmers had died suddenly of pneumonia, and one of the men was her brother, the bearer of a hastily written, pathetic note, telling of her death, and asking if the ladies wouldn't please "send one or two of your

girls to lay her out," for they "had never had any of the family die before." It is a service which one cannot ask of one's maids, so Miss French and her friend and partner, Mrs. Crawford, hurriedly dressed themselves and set out in the darkness, the brother walking ahead, carrying the lantern. "Fortunately," as Miss French said, "she had once attended a lecture on that subject," and they did what was necessary, and came back "in a chill,

unearthly dawn, with red streaks on the water of the river and on the black pools standing over the cypress trees of the slashes, and the red sun rising in the east."

The poor father said that the girl had "always loved pretty things," and he had always tried to get them for her; and "if we could only get a few flowers—or something, so it wouldn't be so bare." So three of the four ladies who lived in "the big house" of the plantation spent all day making a white lining for the coffin, while Miss French assisted her colored factotum, Stephen, to make the coffin itself and cover it with black cloth. To make a pillow, a large pink handkerchief-case was turned inside out, so that only its white satin lining was visible; and on the day of the funeral the houseplants were stripped and some February violets and forsythia were found out of doors. They were laid on the coffin and the school children sang their hymns and Mrs. Crawford read the service. The little funeral was not bare.

Letters from Clover Bend were unfailingly interesting. There were always the elemental tragedies; there were hoodoes to be cured, any number of burns and "snags" to be doctored, and sometimes even a black man running amuck, carving knife in hand, trying to kill the cook. It is evident that for the writing of her books, Octave Thanet was well equipped with experience as well as sympathy. This Arkansas life is depicted with equal truth and felicity in several volumes of short stories as well as in the novel "By Inheritance."

* * *

"The Man of the Hour" was published in 1905; and it depicts the earlier phases of the movements which today are hailed with feverish delight, or feared as the most sinister danger to real democracy, according to the prejudices and the temperament of the critic. Yet it is a novel (barring a few newly-born phrases) which might have been written yesterday; and the prophecy may be ventured that it will be as interesting tomorrow. Perhaps this is why its sale has kept up quietly and steadily through all these years. It is not a partisan novel, there is no hectic sympathy with any class, but it paints all

classes with the same calm and clear and fair vision. The writer once said, "I should like to give every character of mine the fair play of his own point of view."

That is what you feel with them all. Each one tells his own story, high-born Russian nihilist, hard-headed but imaginative business man, unselfish Socialist, shrewd, humorous, far-seeing American *grande dame*, wholesome, practical, righteous American woman, honest labor leader and dishonest labor thug, and the youth of the century, eager for service, full of horrified compassion at the hideous vistas (to their eyes newly discovered) of suffering among the toilers who bear the burden of civilization—they all struggle and fall and pick themselves up again before you, exactly as you and your neighbors do the same things.

The hero of the book is a young man who from childhood has been torn by a divided allegiance; divided by inherited instincts, by early instruction, and later by conscious loyalty to the ideals of a dreamer. His mother, a Russian of noble family, a typical feminist, with all the ideals of the New Day seething in her heart, with her nation's charm and her nation's futility in solidifying ideals into action, had so far identified herself with conspiracy that her family were glad to marry her to an American who would take her out of Russia, while for her part she went willingly, because she fancied that she was to realize her dreams; that in America all men were brothers, "all alike free and equal and kind to each other." When she found herself in Fairport, a "good, honest Western town," her bubbles were rudely shattered.

Nowhere, perhaps, is Octave Thanet happier than in her humorous, loving description of her Middle-Western town, which, in the early eighties, whatever may have been its legal classification, was not a city, but "an overgrown, delightful town sprawling among the low hills of the Mississippi valley. . . . A kindly town, where everyone went to the High School before his lot in life gave him college or work for his daily bread, and old acquaintance was not forgot." The rest of the passage gives very truly the spirit of the place, at the same time that it shows the

writer's loyalty. "Like most Middle-Western towns also, obscure though they may be, it was touched by all the great issues of the world. This, indeed, is the significant trait of Western life; to feel vividly things which concern not the petty affairs of the individual, but the welfare of the commonwealth or the race. This breadth of sympathy and of vision is the poetry of the Westerner's material and laborious life, redeeming his crudity, his vanity and his often brutal energy."

All the description of Fairport is delightful, from that institution of the town, the office of Luke Darrell's livery stable—where of a Sunday morning men of various callings foregathered and "on comfortably tilted chairs, in an easy masculine undress of shirtsleeves," discussed the highest themes with a display of epigrammatic wisdom worthy to set beside David Harum's famous utterances—to the Fairport Art Museum, instituted when, after the war, "the Middle West addressed itself to Culture. . . . Then it was that the Woman's Club lifted a modest finger at the passing car of progress and unobtrusively boarded it." Then it was that, after the first great World's Fair in America, the West "turned to art with a joyous ardor, the excited happiness of a child that finds a new beauty in the world. Why had we not thought of the artistic regeneration of our sordid life before? Never mind, we would make amends for the lost time by spending more money.

. . . Passionate pilgrims ransacked Europe and the Orient; a prodigal horde of their captives, objects of luxury and of art, surged into galleries and museums and households. No cold critical taste weeded out these adorable aliens. The

worst and the best conquered together. Our architecture, our furniture, our household surroundings were metamorphosed as by enchantment. And the feature of mark in it all was the unparalleled diffu-



MISS FRENCH AND HER FRIEND, MRS. CRAWFORD, ON THE VERANDA AT THE FRENCH HOME IN DAVENPORT, IOWA

sion of the new faith. Not the great cities only; the towns, the villages, the hamlets, caught fire."

There are many of us who remember those days of china painting and crewel embroidery, when "decorative art" was

spoken of with bated breath and when the deep artistic significance of common, everyday things was preached so insistently that a harried master of the house, untouched by the furore, has been known to hide his clothes brush in the woodshed, lest, as he explained to a guest, his wife and daughter find it and make it part of a "Group" to be worshipped as High Art. From the World's Fair was evolved the Art Museum of Fairport (and of many another town) and the loan collection which "would give its admirers shivers today, but which excited only happy complacency then."

* * *

■ It was to Fairport that Josiah Winslow brought his beautiful Russian princess. He was a self-made man of good New England ancestry, the owner of the Old Colony Plow Works, a rich man for those days, and steadily becoming richer. He brought his wife to a house which, for Fairport, was a mansion, and there she proceeded to make herself and him unhappy, and to bring up the boy who came to them in her own form of Socialist beliefs. Between the man, reticent, patient, deeply disappointed, stern in manner, but tender of heart, and the woman, charming, impulsive, with a heart overflowing with sympathy for all the world excepting her own class and her own husband, the boy—called Ivan by his mother and John by his father—became "the prize of combat." For the first years of his life the victory was to the mother, none the less that after the childish years they were separated, first by her absence and then by her death. Meantime, the little boy's life was not altogether the healthy life of the simple western town. To be sure, he had his dear, hot-tempered playmate Peggy, with entrancing games and quarrels and reconciliations in abundance, but he had also strange and exciting talks with his mother and her Russian henchman, Michael; talks of which he swore—"on a sword stuck in the ground," the sword of his father's Tory ancestor—never to repeat any word. Socialism was ladled out to him with his daily bread and milk. For his father he had respect and a somewhat constrained liking, for his mother

a passionate love and loyalty. As he grew up two natures fought within him, and for the first years of his young manhood it was the Slav that won. The four years at Harvard made for health, mental and physical, but at the end of that time his father died. The young man had long been sore over the second marriage which had brought some normal comfort into the life of that sorely harried man, his father, and now, angry with the terms of a will which made it impossible for him to wreck a whole fortune and destroy the work of a lifetime, he took the hundred thousand dollars which the will gave him and cast in his lot with the laboring class. His adventures among them, his enthusiastic self-sacrifice, his disenchantments, his mistakes and his remorse over them, and finally his brave and sane efforts to retrieve his errors, make up the important part of the book.

It is no impossible hero who is presented to us—just a fine young chap who, under normal conditions would work and play, laugh and joke and make love like other young fellows; an athlete, too, rejoicing in his strength. But because the imaginative, idealistic side of his nature was early subjected to a forcing process, and because he was bound by a promise to "try to help all who suffer," he started out, quite cheerfully, to reform the world; and every time he realized the temptation of luxury or power he flung away a few thousands more, to make sure of not yielding. He threw the last of his patrimony into the Pullman strike.

"I'll admit I hesitated," he said. "I wanted to be sure my little stake, which was all the stake I had, wouldn't be swallowed up; but it's now or never with the boys; so it's now with me. I've burned my bridges. There's another thing; I never could quite win my mates' confidence! They always have felt I was outside; I had this money to fall back on. I was only a kind of curiosity workman; I'm the real stuff now."

But even then he was not one of them. Later, after many hard knocks, he mused sadly, "How little I can help them. I barely hold them; I've given them my fortune, my future, my chances of happiness, my peace of mind even; yet I'm an

alien still. They'd like me better, they'd believe in me more if I'd stayed where I belong."

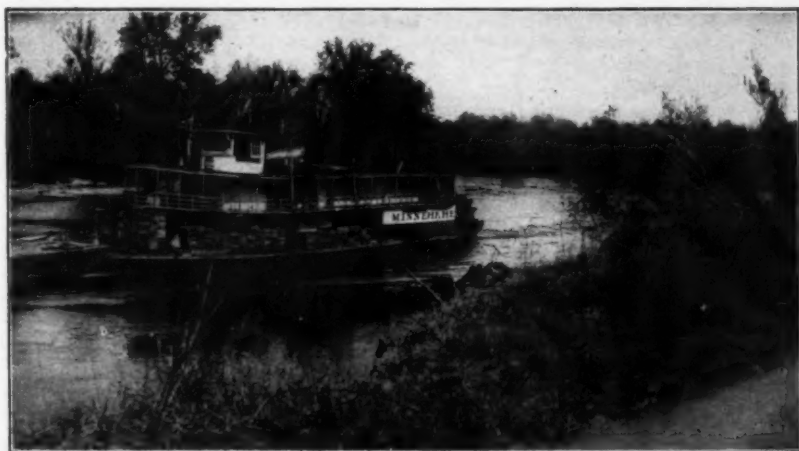
* * *

In point of fact, his course did not commend itself to their common sense. For would any of those stalwart laborers have given away a fortune? For the most part they were just plain men earning their bread and butter (such of them as were not labor agitators), and not of the rarer type of Socialist who gives away all he has and lives a life of saintly self-sacrifice while planning the reformation of society. It was one of these latter who came to

"The redemption of humanity is not an alms; it is a religion."

It was only when Johnny began at the foot of the ladder with the frank avowal that he meant to work his way up that he gained the confidence of his comrades. They understood him then.

"Perhaps an undefined resentment against the compassion under Johnny's impulsive generosity may have worked with the men whose friendship he coveted most, and the taint of it may have affected his fellow workmen. . . . Whatever the reason, he never quite lost his sense of their unexpressed, unconquerable distrust. But



A RIVER SCENE NEAR THE ARKANSAS HOME OF MISS FRENCH ("OCTAVE THANET.")

visit our young man in the hospital where he was recovering from one of those hand-to-hand fights with his enemy which the author describes with so much spirit. It was in the hospital that he thought things out and "let the Anglo-Saxon in him have its word at last."

"The Socialist looked sadly at Johnny when he bade him farewell. 'You will never come back,' he said. 'You will go to your own class. You didn't know it, but you never really left it. You were never a Socialist; you were only an adventurer in benevolence.'"

"And my adventure has failed," said Johnny, attempting no useless denial.

"It ought to fail," replied his friend.

now, as a workingman who meant to strain every nerve to rise out of his class, he met with the friendliest sympathy. His lovable qualities were loved without question. He found himself nearer his mates than ever before, and at the same time he felt a keener interest and more brotherly compassion for them than when interest and compassion were his imperious duty." About this time he wrote to a friend: "I believe Amiel was right: 'What is normal is, at once, most convenient, most honest, and most wholesome.'"

But before arriving at these sane conclusions Johnny had many adventures. He found a friend in Billy Bates, who described himself as "what you folks call

one of those damned walking delegates," but who was "down on monkeying with contracts." Said Billy: "I'm not altogether particular about keeping the commandments, but I'll keep my word if it busts me." And, on another occasion, "I'm a good dickerer. I follow where I must. If I didn't, I couldn't keep my job. There isn't a labor leader going who doesn't have to swap some of his opinions for his place. He'd lose it if he didn't. Not only that, he'd have a successor who wouldn't restrain the men at all, while *he* can a little. And if he waits and dickers, his time will come." But he adds: "There is a limit. Mr. Winslow has taught me that. . . . Some things are expedient, and some things are right: you can give in on questions of prudence, but you can't on questions of honor."

Billy was the most admiring and loyal of friends. He yearned to protect Johnny from himself and wanted him to have "a show for his white alley." Johnny also made an enemy. A labor agitator was his foe, "the most corrupt and mischievous labor-politician in Chicago," the kind of man who sold out strikes and set assassins on those who thwarted him. There are several very spirited encounters between Johnny and the agitator before we come to the culminating, dramatic battle. Johnny also made a wonderful speech on the occasion when he threw overboard the last of his capital in the effort to save the Pullman strike from failure. He was praised and hugged and clapped on the back for it. Also he stiffened the backbone of a certain man who had been intending to give in and advise others to give in. In the ensuing destitution the man's wife died, his daughter committed suicide and he himself was killed before Johnny's eyes, stoned to death as a "scab."

"I led him to do it," said Johnny. "But for me he would have given in and gone to work. . . . Three lives thrown away because I made a fine speech! It's a good deal for a man, who tried to be decent, to carry on his conscience all the rest of his life."

Johnny had a sweetheart, of course, the playmate of his childhood, but his principles kept him separated from her during

the three years or so of his experiments. Peggy is what our young people would call "a perfectly good heroine," beautiful (as all heroines really ought to be), spirited, quick-witted and full of resource, with a mind and temper of her own, and a warm, womanly heart. Peggy is an important figure in the book. So is Amelia Ann, the child of the slums, who did not take to the country. "She was an urban child. For her the multitudinous din, surging all day and far into the night about their tenement, which reared its eight wooden stories against the brick walls of the great brewery, was soothing as the hum of the waterwheel to a miller. The sickly sweetness of stale beer which was wafted from the gutters, the ether-like odor of banana and the pungent savor of the restaurant onion stung her nostrils pleasantly in remembrance, and she sniffed contemptuously at the pastures smelling of new-mown hay. 'Ain't it nasty?' said Amelia Ann."

She and her adventures are a joy to the reader, whether she practices horsemanship on the neighbor's calf, sings and dances for a street audience, or converses with the rural motorman, whom she secretly despises, when he admits that he has never run over anybody and never means to.

The author has been very happy with all the women of the book, from Peggy and her kinswoman, the aristocratic, imperious and warm-hearted Mrs. Winter and the good, reliable, calm and clever Emma Hopkins, down to the elderly Miller twins and the ladies of the bridge club. The latter are touched off in one inimitable scene.

* * *

There is plenty of humor in this novel, serious as is the note it strikes. As a contribution to the literature of capital and labor it is a document of value. I think it is not too much to say that no other writer has given so fair and accurate a portrait of the real captain of industry, little and great; while there is, perhaps, no better summing up of the character and attitude of the American workingman than Johnny's—and we may be sure that he knows what he is talking about; his author has taken care of that.

"On all hands you hear the same story," says Johnny, "how materialistic we Americans are. We are *not*. We are sentimental idealists. I know the workmen are.

... There's a notion nowadays that most of them are forced into the union. Undoubtedly some are, but a good many more pretend to be, to stand in with the employers and carry water on both shoulders. Do you think it is the material benefits of a union that attract the men most? My dear Auntie Winter, a skilled workman doesn't need the union; he can get his price, even a bad year like this, without paying dues and risking having to stop work to help somebody else. Yet he joins. Why? Because he is an idealist. Because he is willing to sacrifice himself to help the others. He is the fellow who goes into a strike last—and gives it up last! Well, there is another reason why he believes in the unions; it isn't such a high reason, but it is purely sentimental, too. You don't know how lonely a poor man is. He is so unfriended and so bewildered. He is always being shoved aside. Sometimes he is crushed by his loneliness; sometimes he turns sullen. In either case, put him in a union. He feels that he is part of a great organization of brothers. Send him on a committee to anybody, no matter how unimportant; he is no longer insignificant; he has a power behind him and he can give back talk freely. ... Poor people have a hard time, you see; and they don't always hit the right quarter guessing where their misfortune comes from. ... Part of the bitterness comes from the fact that the men and their employers have so little personal intercourse. You can't feel so bitter toward a man that calls you by your name, and perhaps has advised you in difficulty, or lent you a little money in trouble, as you can to an unknown corporation. ... Another reason is not sentimental at first sight, yet it has its ideal side. Unhappily the old notion that any saving, self-denying, industrious workman might rise to be something better and employ men on his own account is about gone. Most wage-earners expect to live and die wage-earners, and it makes an awful difference. Their whole effort now is, not to get on, which involves mak-

ing their employers' interest their own; not at all; they don't *expect* to get on; what they strain every nerve for is to get as much money for as little work as possible, so they will be able to work as long as possible and lay up as much. ... Whatever their faults, the unions have done a great big lot, apart, quite apart, from raising wages; they have educated the men to work together. The leaders can organize. ... And if they have learned to work together in a bad cause (mind, I don't admit that), why shouldn't they work together for something better? ... We've learned to respect our word, that's a lot. We've learned to obey—a lot more. We're getting acquainted with our employers—fighting them. But it is better to get acquainted fighting than not to get acquainted at all! We're not dumb, driven cattle any more, even if we're not heroes in the strife. Our discontent has ceased to be inarticulate despair. Now all these things will not be lost even though the high tide of unionism recedes. The wrecking party will find them."

Between the workingman of today, whatever may be his hardships, and those down-trodden factory hands of nearly a century ago, whom Mrs. Gaskell depicts in "Mary Barton," there is a gulf almost as wide as that which separates the negroes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from those of Octave Thanet's "By Inheritance." Both the negro and the so-called free white workingman had to come up from slavery. There, of course, the resemblance ceases, but the problems of the one race are no less difficult of solution than those of the other. Whatever makes for understanding makes for solution, and for understanding there must be imagination—else how can one put oneself in another person's place? It is surely true that in the measure in which a novel is a vivid picture of life, and by as much as the writer is able to see all sides of a subject and to view it with detachment, yet with sympathy—to just that extent may the novel be incomparably the most convincing form of literature. And in just that measure will it live, not on a bookshelf, to have its title read respectfully, as one reads the inscription on a tombstone, but in the hearts and lives of generations of readers.



"Especially . . . the crown of violets"

The Gods THAT FALL

by
Lucile Byerly Miller

ENTERING the room where her two classmates and chums were busy with the last of their packing, Rose Thornton soberly watched them a moment and then burst into tears. Muriel Evans tugged impatiently at the strap of the suitcase she had just finished packing.

"You make me tired, Rose," she said, relinquishing the strap and allowing herself to slip languidly to the floor. "You ought to be shouting for joy at the very thought of getting away from this dull old place. I love my school and all that sort of thing, of course, but I am glad I have finished and that the grind is over. Now for the world and real life." She reached for Rose, pulled her by the foot off the trunk to the floor and rolled and tumbled her until she laughed and begged for mercy.

"It is all very well for you to talk, Muriel," she said, when she had recovered her breath. "You will go home in a special car, then spend your summer at some fashionable resort. All your life you will have everything you want, but it will be very different for Virginia and me. I shall have to spend the summer in New York earning my own living, and Virginia has to go back to that little western town and help her mother keep house for a large family. College life has been rather a big thing to us, hasn't it, Virginia?" she concluded, appealing to the girl who had kept quiet during the discussion, apparently absorbed in her task of packing the articles from her dresser.

Turning now, to answer Rose's question her eyes rested lovingly on these two who had meant so much to her during her college year. She was not beautiful like Rose, nor so aristocratic in appearance as Muriel, but her daintiness, blondness and earnest blue eyes had an attraction of their own.

"I know Muriel is going to have everything perfectly lovely," she said quietly, "but I think you and I can be just as happy, Rose. I am sure you will succeed with your voice and be a wonder ten years from now, and I am very glad to go home to mother and the children—"

"And Jack Ainsworth," teased Muriel.

"Yes, and Jack," Virginia went on undisturbed. "I am sure when I have so many to love and to love me, I can ask for nothing more," and she turned to her packing.

Rose stood before the mirror and eyed herself thoughtfully. "Ten years seems such a long time, and yet I feel I could work hard every minute of it if fame would come to me at the end. Fame!" her dark eyes grew wonderfully soft and dreamy, "I want it more than I want anything in the world. I can almost see myself now, triumphant after my first appearance, surrounded by roses and enthusiastic admirers. Roses! Someway roses have always been to me a symbol of success. When I can have all the roses I want, I shall be content, because everything else worth while to me will come with them."

Muriel adjusted her shining hair with a

slender languid hand. "Roses for Rose," she laughed, "they fit you perfectly even to name. To me orchids represent what I like best in life, luxury in its highest sense. Now that I shall be allowed to manage my own income, my room shall always be full of them, and when I have an establishment of my own, they shall form the chief decoration at all my affairs. Virginia, what flower suggests the most to you?" She arose and placed her arm around her room-mate. "Something dainty and sweet, I know; nothing so flamboyant as roses (here she grimaced at Rose) nor so extravagant as orchids."

Virginia smiled thoughtfully. "While you girls were talking, I was thinking of a day last spring, when I was home on account of mother's illness. Jack and I had been walking by the little creek and I sat down to rest, while he gathered violets for me. He sat down by me and wove them together while we talked. When he finished I saw that he had made rather a clumsy bracelet, and when he slipped it over my hand he said, 'Some day, Virginia, I will make you a crown of them.' Of course I teased him to tell me when, but he wouldn't. I often wonder what he meant."

"On your wedding day, perhaps," suggested Rose.

"Perhaps," assented Virginia. "Anyway, since then I have always felt that the happiest day of my life will be the day that Jack makes me that crown of violets."

II

Muriel Evans Craighill awoke, yawned a little, sighed a great deal and rang languidly for her breakfast. When it arrived, her mail, as was customary, was on the tray. She ran through the pile of letters rapidly, glancing indifferently at most of it, until she came upon an envelope marked Wausa, Nebraska.

"From Virginia Mordaunt!" she exclaimed in glad surprise. "What a long, long time it seems since she said good-bye to me that last day at school. To think, after all our good resolutions I haven't seen nor heard from her since. Of course she married her Jack, years ago. I wonder if she knows that Rose Thornton made her first bow to the public months past

and succeeded beyond even her wildest hopes. Of course she knows, though; people read the papers even in Nebraska, I suppose. It could only have been through the papers that she found my name and where to write me." Muriel was rather vain of the fact that everything she did was exploited in the papers. The letter read:

DEAR MURIEL:—How the last ten years have flown! I have thought of you so many times, but my life has been so taken up by my dear ones at home, I have had to take it all out in thoughts, as Jack says.

Mother became seriously ill very soon after I came home from school and required constant care for many months, until she died. She had sacrificed so much for my education, I cannot yet even write of that terrible time, but you will understand, of course, dear old Muriel. It was many years before I had the family in shape to take care of themselves, and Jack and I were not married until two years ago. But, oh, Muriel, I am so very happy now. Do you remember the talk we three, Rose, you and I had that last day of school, and I told you about Jack saying that some day he would make me a crown of violets? He made it, dear, early this spring and, as I predicted, it was the happiest day in my life. It was the day our son was born, and, Muriel, I felt repaid a thousand-fold for all I had suffered before, the hard struggle at home, the long wait for Jack, and the final agony.

Dear little Muriel, how I hope you are as happy as I am! I know, of course, from the papers, how greatly the promise of your orchids has been fulfilled, but I want to know if that promise meant as much to you as you thought.

I want to write to Rose today, too, and as my time is limited, I must wait until another time to tell you all about my wonderful boy, the dear little "viney" cottage we live in, and more about Jack. Some way today I felt that I must tell you of my "crown." It is just ten years ago today we talked of it.

Lots of love, little Muriel. Please write me soon.

Always the same,

VIRGINIA AINSWORTH.

Muriel laid the letter down and looked thoughtfully at the pink silk bow in the center of the lace bed-spread.

"The promise of my orchids," she mused. "Yes, I cannot say that it has not been fulfilled, in more than greedy I expected, and yet—Poor Raymond! I believe he loved me when we were married; I believe he would love me now if I would let him. I wonder if all men aren't alike

after all, like Jack Ainsworth, and if all don't really want, above everything else, a real home, a real wife and children."

She picked up the letter again and tapped it lightly against her lips. "Yes, Virginia," she murmured, "you sweet happy thing, the promise of the orchids has been fulfilled, but I would exchange all of them I have had for the past ten years, for one violet from your crown."

Raymond Craighill reached home a little more tired than usual that same evening. Flaying on Wall Street is a wearying if not a fascinating game, and years of it had left its mark on Craighill's strong

face. Usually on reaching home, he was instantly reminded of some engagement for dinner or opera, or that his own house was full of guests, but tonight the owl-faced servant at the door met him with a different message.

"Mrs. Craighill is in the library, sir, and wished you to join her as soon as you came in." Raymond hurried at once to the library.

Muriel rose as he entered. "What is it, Muriel," he asked pleasantly, "bridge accounts need straightening again?"

"No, Raymond, not this time. I have a letter I want you to read."



"Now for the World and Real Life"

He looked at her curiously. Her face was flushed, and the hand which held the letter toward him trembled. "Has anyone been annoying you, Muriel?" he asked anxiously.

"No, oh, no, dear! Please read this."

While he read Virginia's letter, Muriel stood watching him, wondering how it had happened that this man, who should have meant so much to her, had meant so little, and that the only thing which ever brought them together was her bridge accounts. "Ah, well, if it were not too late"—she thought.

He finished the letter and looked up smiling. "A very sweet, domestic little letter," he said. "Well?"

Muriel turned her bracelet nervously, keeping her eyes down. "Raymond," she faltered, "I want to be like her."

"Like this Virginia friend of yours?" He stopped smiling and looked at her with wondering eyes. "You mean—"

"I mean," Muriel spoke in so low a tone he could barely hear the words, "I mean, I want what she has, the 'viney' cottage, the love and everything, especially!"

"Especially?" Raymond took his wife in his arms and held her as though he meant never to let her go again. "Especially?"

"Especially," whispered Muriel bravely, her face hidden on his shoulder, "the crown of violets."

III

Rose Thornton had been for an hour trying to convince herself that her "career" meant more to her than anything in the world. She seated herself at her desk and wrote a note in which she positively and finally refused to marry the man she loved. She folded the letter, sealed and addressed the envelope with little decided movements, then rang the bell for her maid and directed her to see that the note was sent at once.

"Now, I will begin on my mail; it has waited too long as it is," she said to herself, trying hard not to feel that she had thrown away her happiness with both hands, for the sake of a "career" which

could bring her only fame, money and more roses than she and a charity hospital could make use of.

The first letter she opened was from Virginia, and as Rose read it she fancied she could almost hear Virginia's gentle voice and see again the patient, waiting look in her blue eyes.

With the imagination of the great artist, Rose could see the cool, "viney" cottage, the happy handsome Jack with his infant son, and pale, sweet Virginia, glorified by her crown of purple blossoms.

The room seemed suddenly to become very close. Rose rang the bell.

"Take all these roses out," she commanded, when the maid appeared. "All of them," she repeated, ignoring the girl's astonished expression, "and hurry."

When the last vase was emptied Rose turned to the telephone and called a number, which a few minutes ago she would have thought she would never call again.

"Hello, is Mr. Peyton in?" she asked. "I should like to speak to him at once, please."

When the well-known "Hello" came over the wire, Rose felt almost faint. To think that so short a time before she was willing to place herself in a position where she might never hear that voice again.

"Oh, Robert, is that you? Did you get my note?"

"Not yet. You have answered then, at last, Rose; what—"

"Listen, Robert," she interrupted, "it may come at any minute, and I want you to promise to destroy it at once without reading it, will you? I wrote things I didn't mean, and I want you to come up. I have changed my mind about everything."

"Rose, do you mean you—"

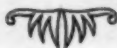
"Yes, dear, yes. I will tell you when you come; and Robert."

"Yes, my dearest?"

"Don't bring me any roses tonight."

"No roses! Of course not, if you do not want them, but why, dear?"

"Oh, I am tired of them, that's all. Bring me a bunch of violets instead."



Concerning CYRUS CURTIS

Publisher

by

The Editor

DURING the later days of the Civil War a tiny newsboy on the streets of Portland, Maine, appeared early in the morning with his papers and was down at the fort among the soldiers before the other boys. He was a black-eyed fellow, full of vim and vigor. He believed he had something people wanted, and was up in the early dawn to sell his paper. This boy is now known to the world as Mr. Cyrus Hermann Kotschmar Curtis, founder of the Curtis Publishing Company, one of the world's greatest publishers. He is the man who has made the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Saturday Evening Post* and *Country Gentleman*, a trio of world-famous publications. The Portland newsboy in those days did not dream of preparing plans for the great publishing house that now flanks historic Independence Square in Philadelphia. His absorbing ambition at that time was to become a dry goods clerk and some day to own a big dry goods store on the site where the Preble House now stands, not far from the birthplace of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The career of Cyrus H. K. Curtis is one succession of exhilarating experiences that makes a choice bundle of biography. He talks little, thinks much, and when his dark eyes snap and twinkle, you have an indication of the quiet determination and dynamic power in personality that predominates with the force of a big idea. At Boston he launched his career as a publisher, but later went to Philadelphia and there the *Tribune and Farmer* was the germ or acorn from which the

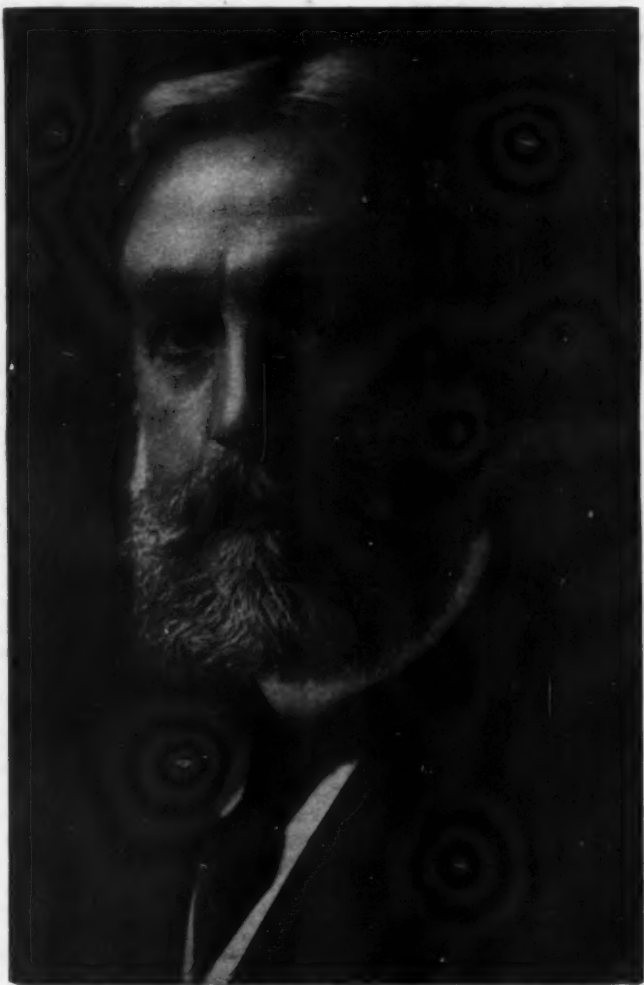
towering twin-oaks, the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Saturday Evening Post* have sprung.

The story of the Curtis Publishing Company is the panorama of an ambition and definite purpose that kept moving every hour. Step by step great projects were planned and carried out and another followed quickly. With the courage and daring characteristic of a military general who plans and executes strategic campaigns, every project simply meant a stepping-stone to something larger in the plan of Cyrus Curtis. With a genius for getting the right man for the right place, and keeping his organization adjusted, Mr. Curtis has proven himself a publication general who ranks with the merchant prince and captains of industry. With simple old-fashioned New England ideals constantly before him, permeating his publications from cover to cover, with a knowledge of human nature that was national in its scope, Mr. Curtis started things in the most simple way and his success is not essentially miraculous, stupendous as have been the results. It was rather natural results from natural causes—and furnishes the inspiring suggestion of what can be done when the doors of opportunity are swung open by the American youth of today as well as yesterday.

From the modest beginning of the *Tribune and Farmer*, giving special attention to the farmer's wife was evolved the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which soon became recognized as an institution. Under the editorship of Mr. Edward Bok, who was

engaged by Mr. Curtis from *Scribner's* in one of his quiet scouts about the country, the periodical struck a new note

each other, and at times Ruth Ashmore reigned supreme in her Heart to Heart Talks. It was Home matters, and thus



THE MOST AGGRESSIVE AND ORIGINAL PERSONALITY IN THE PUBLISHING WORLD, CYRUS H. K. CURTIS

in periodicaldom. It was the forerunner or vanguard, as it were, of woman's place in the new era. Through the colloquial chat of its departments, the subscribers from the remotest part of the country came in personal contact with

things that had been before thought too trivial for earnest and dignified discussion in public print were made a part of the literature of the times. The *Ladies' Home Journal* was one of the first women's papers to perfect the use of half tones

and brought a realism to the realm of womankind.

* * *

It was the popular interest arrested and held that created the phenomenal success of the Curtis Publishing Company. There was always the impress of leadership in whatever was undertaken, and the imitation that followed always helped push on the original and virile force of the Curtis idea. The ideas, as well as ideals, set forth in the different departments of the *Ladies' Home Journal* were reflected in

circulation multiplied in geometrical progression.

Within hailing distance of the old Arch Street publication building was the tomb of Benjamin Franklin. In the atmosphere of quaint Quakerdom, the publications continued to thrive until mechanical equipment was taxed, but the spirit of Franklin stalked forth, and Mr. Curtis saw a vision of continuing the work, as well as the idea, of the Revolutionary philosopher in the periodical edited by the man who experimented with electricity.



THE MUNICIPAL ORGAN OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

The gift of Mr. Cyrus Curtis in memory of his friend, Herman Kotaschmar

the publishing home where there was always taste and gentility. In early days when you visited the office, one would feel that here and there were actual personages read and talked about week after week. These were the days of strong individualities in contributors. Articles were published of past events just at the right time for the elder to tell the youth "I was there." No subject in the realm of woman's duties and activities was too daring to invoke the interest of Mr. Bok, the young Hollander who had already become an American of Americans, and the country just talked and talked, and

There were trying times in reviving the *Saturday Evening Post*, but the little general with snapping black eyes pushed on with undaunted determination. The purpose and features were widely advertised in all the newspapers, and the typography and make-up were distinctive. The *Journal* was plunging forward, but Mr. Curtis conceived that a man's paper must complement this success, and the *Saturday Evening Post* had the strong hand of Mr. Curtis at the helm. The boys of the country were enlisted under the direction of the man who when a boy himself knew how to sell

newspapers during the exciting days of the Civil War, until over 30,000 boys now represent the army selling the *Post*.

Although a business man to his finger-tips, Mr. Curtis is a man of artistic temperament and an accomplished musician. The close friend of early youth was Mr. Hermann Kotschmar, the famous organist of Portland, Maine, for whom he was named. All during his busy life Mr. Curtis was never weaned away from the friend of youth and a love of music. In his home is a pipe organ where he spends many a happy hour with his friends. Seated at the organ he recalled with almost filial devotion the god-father music master. This all led to an event memorable for the city of his birth when Cyrus H. K. Curtis presented one of the finest pipe organs in the world to his native city to be called the Herman Kotschmar organ, a memorial to his friend. The new Municipal Building, costing nearly a million dollars, was built to include a spacious auditorium, seating thirty-five hundred people. It is, in fact, a symphony hall. The organ presented by Mr. Curtis and dedicated in August, 1912, marks an epoch in municipal musical development. During the winter and summer municipal organ recitals are given in the city hall. The donor's purpose was that the Austin Organ Company of Hartford, Connecticut, should furnish an organ as complete as possible, sparing no expense, and it has been realized.

Already this splendid instrument has taken its rank among the world's greatest organs, having a tone reminding one of the organ in Westminster Abbey—a quality that grasps the very soul of music. The organ has a larger number of pipes than any in the country, but it is the tone, scope, position, space, acoustics, scale and material of the pipes that are the factors determining the superlative qualities of this organ. The architects and



THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING, PORTLAND, MAINE
Which includes a spacious auditorium containing the famous pipe organ presented to Portland by Mr. Curtis

organ builders and the citizens of Portland joined with Mr. Curtis in making this a fitting memorial to Mr. Herman Kotschmar, whose bronze bust occupies the center of the organ, and in the reflection one could almost fancy a smile of happiness on the face contemplating this monument to his memory, furnished by the young lad for whom he was named. A rich foundation of tone is peculiar to this organ, but the marvelous effect of strings, flutes, reeds and brass makes it as complete in its range as a modern symphony orchestra. There are virtually six separate organs, a massive artillery of harmony or forest singing birds, with even the remote echo organ under the finger or foot touch of a single performer. When you contemplate five thousand pipes of wood or metal varying in length from one-half inch to thirty-two feet in length and from a quarter inch to twenty-two inches in diameter, with wooden pipes large enough to admit a man's body, it furnishes some idea of this

masterpiece of organ builder's art. Behind the row of gilded pipes, which stand in stately array, is the organ proper, in the rear of the stage. The echo organ is located in the ceiling above the rear panel, directly over the center door.

Inside, the organ is brilliantly lighted by electricity and overhead is a veritable constellation of electromagnets. Visitors enter the organ itself, while it is being played, and wander among large air chests, one of which is fifty-three feet long. The mysteries of the mechanism while the organ is playing—the air pressure being distinctly felt on the ear drums—seem like penetrating the very witchery of Pan. Switches, pneumatic engines, all this mass of machinery responding to the lightest touch of the far distant keys seems like some supernatural marvel. The stop-keys and couplers number one hundred and fifteen, but this does not awe the performer, who seems as much at home as if he were playing the single keyboard of an old cabinet organ of the country church. When the harp and echo organ are used, the pipes speak at the instant touch. Electric wires are here, there and everywhere; one hundred miles of wires are used in this superb instrument. This wonder in organ building is fittingly made the expression of love for the memory of the organist who inspired the Portland newsboy in his life work.

At the console on this day sits Will C. Macfarlane, one of the renowned organists of the country. Mr. Macfarlane was formerly organist of St. Thomas' Church, New York, and is now permanent municipal organist of the city of Portland. Concerts are given at frequent intervals under the direction of the Musical Commission, with free organ services every Sunday afternoon, and twenty subscription evening organ concerts during the winter.

What a delight it was to the wayfaring stranger, one afternoon recently, to drop in at the Municipal Building where the mayor, council and city officers are busy with routine of official affairs, and hear from below the entrancing music of the great organ. From three to four, every afternoon during the summer, these concerts are given and the public for all time will share in the generosity of Cyrus H. K.

Curtis, whose affectionate remembrance of Hermann Kotschmar was given fitting expression in a most effective and enduring form of memorial in his well-beloved native city.

Whether on the bridge commanding his yacht, at his summer home in Camden, Maine, or on the golf links in Wyncote, Pennsylvania, Mr. Curtis remains the same gentle but dynamic soul whose life career spans an achievement that might be a credit to several instead of a single generation. He is the same man whether at his desk or the home hearth, music-loving, home-loving, as when he left his native city to make his fortune, carrying with him an affectionate remembrance of the old home town.

The municipal organ of the city of Portland is the initiation of a movement that will become widespread throughout the country. American municipalities are beginning to realize and appreciate what music means to the people. It is not so long ago that the singing school and the weird minor hymns of the early Pilgrims and Puritan days were chanted in the churches of old New England as music. These were times that the pipe organ was deemed a battery of Satan himself and the strains of a violin, the voice of a tempting saint, but today a descendant of New England forbears has given something to his home city that affords rest, and the notes of that great organ, swelling forth, inspires a worship quite as reverential to the Creator as in the old days. Pipe organ music is indissolubly associated with religious praise and gratitude, and one cannot hear the masterpieces on the organ without a feeling that he has heard the language of Heaven.

* * *

The municipal organ at Portland is a result. Let us go back to Philadelphia and look in upon that great establishment which emphasizes the force of American genius. In that building are again impressed that exquisite taste and thought which have been characteristic of Cyrus Curtis. In the entrance is a panel for a mural masterpiece. A description of the building of the Curtis Publishing Company would make an article in itself, so I hasten right up to the fourth floor and find myself

in a room in the corner and Cyrus H. K. Curtis sitting at his desk—a man just passed the sixty-third mark, with iron gray beard and iron gray hair and eyes flashing and twinkling the same as ever, supremely sure of himself as he advances plan after plan to push forward to a realization of the things he had visualized, which later crystalized into results.

The Public Ledger, the standard newspaper of America, published by the late George W. Childs, one of America's foremost philanthropists, is now under the direction of Mr. Curtis and has already felt the same magic impulse towards perfection which he has given to the other enterprises undertaken. Mr. Curtis still has the activity and energy of thirty years ago. He smokes a big, long cigar contemplatively, plays golf religiously, loves the sea, but never for a moment relaxes the intrepid spirit of progress that has been the habit of his life from early boyhood. He may now look complacently on the Preble House at Portland, Maine, and regret that the dry goods store he had hopes of owning did not materialize; but he finds his life dreams crystalized in a larger way. He has become an important factor in national progress, for who could think of chronicling the activities of the past decade and the marvelous achievements of the age without an allusion to the publications which first passed the two million mark, and exert a more direct and powerful influence on the people than that of any periodicals ever previously published in the world? The papyrus of ancient Greece was for the selected few, but these publications go everywhere and the scroll, which was retained for the Wise Men of old, goes now to all the people. This is a significant phase of the onward march of civilization towards making the dreams of a real democracy possible.

Mere details concerning the life of Cyrus H. K. Curtis would be superfluous, for he was never a master of details. He thinks in universals and carries with him a subtle power of directing activities that is suggestive of his old friend, Hermann Kotzschmar, who sitting at the console, before the banks of keys, was able with a single touch to run the entire gamut of sound, making the thunderous bass harmonize

with the tremulous tinkle of the bell, or the strum of the harp. Harmony, as the fundamental in music and harmony, has been the keynote of Cyrus H. K. Curtis' career, in blending together not only the wants and desires of the patrons he has served in publications, but those who have enlisted with him in his great life work. The State of Maine may well be proud of her son; but the nation at large honors, by its substantial patronage, Mr. Curtis and his co-workers, in a manner that transcends an elective ballot; for with an endorsement that reaches deep in the pockets, as well as touching the heart interests at large, Mr. Curtis has proven a composite of the good merchant, soldier, inventor and leader in the broadest sense, not only in public matters but in those other phases of life that are more vital and subtle in their influence than that which marks exclusively legislative or public official functions. Millions of periodicals, transported from this one spot, falling like snowflakes all over the world where the English language is read, have been a potential influence in creating impressions concerning the country in which they are published. Little do we realize how, in the far-off Orient, in South America or South Africa, the perusal of an American publication creates then and there an impression of the nation itself that no diplomacy can ever dissolve.

One acquaintance reminds you of another, not alone because of physical resemblance, but little mannerisms and that subtle something called personality. When I first visited the late Sir Arthur Sullivan at his home, and saw him later at the organ in old St. Mary's at Walton, England, at a harvest festival, I thought of Cyrus Curtis. There were the same black eyes, hair parted in the center,—about the same height, with those ways and mannerisms peculiar to the organist and musician. The great composer of "The Lost Chord" and "Pinafore," sitting with his finger "wandering idly" on the keys, suggested again to me the publisher friend at home, and I was not aware at that time of the organ and music-loving phases in the character of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, then recognized, as he is today, as the most aggressive and original personality in the publishing world.

A RACE of MOONS by

Will Levington Comfort

Author of

"Fate Knocks at the Door," "She Buildeth Her House," "Routledge Rides Alone"

THE race of American writers is mad to be clever instead of true—a race of editorialists, whose cry is "What-shall-I-write-about-today?" Its mind is filled with undigested matter; its product has to do with the surface and the obvious; its viewpoint is that of its publication; it has the counterfeit sense of authority which comes from constantly being printed. Here is a race of reflectors, not generators—a race of moons, not suns; shining with another's light, when it might be incandescent.

A man's brain comprehends; his mind realizes. The mind is infinitely wiser than its instrument, the brain. All great work comes from the mind. . . . When a truth is realized, it is ours—just as if we had spent years of bruising experience, as boys do, to learn the difference between good and bad. If a man merely comprehends a thing with the brain—something that another has said or written—and then ventures to utter it, though the words be distorted, the other's hall-mark is upon it still. If a thought is realized, it is home to stay in its larger relation. Its utterance becomes a mind-product. Though it has been said a thousand times, the sanction of a fresh individuality is upon it—and those who listen comprehend the latest utterance.

America today does not wait for its deeper mind to prompt its utterances,

but hastens to give forth any foreign thing that falls upon the brain-surface. The consequence is moonshine, not sunlight.

America plucks everything green, opinionates on the wing, makes personal capital out of another's offering, refusing to wait for the fineness of impersonal judgment. Everywhere is the incapacity to say, "I don't know." Everywhere is the flatulence of fishes, that, knowing water, disclaim the possibility of air. There is no fresh, rested surface, untainted by pre-conception—no impersonality. There is no waiting for fullness, but everywhere brains are worn thin bandying about what drops upon them. . . . No man has the right to settle the conduct of various human affairs day after day. One who attempts this becomes a mere monotonous voice. How rarely does a man grow long

enough to realize that if he waited until he was full and finished, he would have to give forth—and not drive himself to the task.

The popular magazine editor is at the

center of this evil condition. This tremendous toiler is flat against the horizon of insincerity. He is pointed out to you in New York, probably with a flourish—"one of our ten-thousand a year periodical-makers." . . . "What makes him worth that?" you ask. . . . "He knows what the people want," is the reply.

The first element of a great writer's culture is a marvelously developed sense of self-criticism.

His periodical sells to the great number. He is a brilliant man, and his art lies in knowing what the great number wants. Being wiser and of finer discernment than those who buy his product he debases his taste to make his organs relish the coarser article. That's the first evil—prostituting himself. . . . Now a people glutted with what it wants is a stagnant people. Its only hope is for the wiser minds to lead on to higher ways. In refusing, the editor wrongs the public—the second evil. Again, in blunting his own sensibilities and catering to the common, the editor stands between the public and real creative energy. He and the public are one. A prostituted taste and stagnant popular mind are alike repelled by reality. Rousing creative caliber glances from each. So the editor's third

evil is the busheling and harrying of genius. There he stands, forcing genius to be common to appear. Genius writhes a bit, starves a bit, but the terrible needs of this complicated life have him by the throat until he cries "Enough" and presently is common, indeed.

The real writer must wait, and through roundabout ways of incredible length and suffering, must circumvent this system, by bringing his own public with his wares—a public great enough to have heard his voice crying in the wilderness.

This is not the achievement of the clerk nor the caterer. It is not the stuff that goes into the writing game for the money there is in it. It is the achievement of a man who has kept his ideals in an age which desecrates, lashes and flings itself

against every purity. Here is a man who does not belong to a profession, but who is servant of the privilege of expressing himself. He has learned that the literary art is founded upon large flexible ideals of service into which every dimension of life falls according to the reader's vision.

The first element of a great writer's culture is a marvelously developed sense of self-criticism. He hears first the discord in his great range of tone. This culture comes from a life of lifting ideals. It needs no editor, and makes no adjustment to market. It has never descended to routine

commonness nor given quarter of an instant to the devil of facility. . . . When you read such a writer—any page of his—you know that he is not a player, but a striver; that his effort does not consider money nor

There is nothing worth reading or regarding or listening to in the world of finer expression that has not the visioning quality of the spirit.

literary laurels, but his sense first is of service. He has the spirit of work.

There is a higher gospel than the gospel of beauty—the gospel of service. Keats is read by the unformed, and loved by makers of poetry, but mature discernment has placed him back among the poets of adolescence, not great enough to overcome his sensuousness, and has risen to profit by Browning's sense and lifting spirit.

There is nothing worth reading or regarding or listening to in the world of finer expression that has not the visioning quality of the spirit. The artist must be evolving through spirit before his book or painting or symphony can live. All the rest of his work is a mere squabbling over the letter of past prophecy—as did the Jews with the living Christ in their streets.

Genius, sheds its light in the world and lives in poverty all its days; and virtue sacrifices itself in silence to the general good.—*Balzac*.

His SENTIMENTAL HIGHNESS *by* Horace Hazeltine

Author of "The Sable Lorch," etc., etc.

[SYNOPSIS: Young Thomas Carter, self-made and favorite of Dame Fortune, who has risen from telegraph operator and society reporter to what he calls the "press and publicity game," goes to Europe to secure for a new ten-million-dollar New York cafe—the Cafe des Boulevards—an Hungarian orchestra, led by a nobleman in whom he shall have excited the whole country's interest by means of cable despatches. Meeting on the steamer *Miss Isabelle* Guest, daughter of a Detroit millionaire, and in search of a title, he conceives the idea of getting her engaged to the nobleman when he shall have found him. By accident he discovers his man in the *Kursaal* band in Lucerne. It is Prince Csiraky, poor, proud and sentimental. The prince has fallen in love at sight with a young American girl who threw him a rose at the *Kursaal*, and whom he subsequently saw leave Lucerne in a touring car. Carter reveals his plan, engages "His Sentimental Highness" at a liberal figure, and takes him to Venice, whither Miss Guest and her friends have already gone. There he sets the stage for a romantic meeting. Unfortunately, however, the prince and Isabelle are uncongenial, and despite Carter's clever engineering of the match, Isabelle discovers the prince's infatuation for the Rose girl. Isabelle tells Carter that she does not love the prince, but she has set her heart on the title and will not be humiliated. Carter discovers that he himself is in love with Isabelle, but his project must be carried through. At the close of the last installment he has escorted Isabelle to her hotel when two men demand if he is the Prince Csiraky. Carter, affecting a dialect, replies that he is.

VIII

DISMISSED by a gesture the gondolier bent against his oar, and the two men, at Carter's suggestion found seats on the dusky terrace.

"It is late," said the newcomer, "and I do not wish to detain you, but I desire to verify certain reports."

"Shpeeg oud," Carter returned nonchalantly, as he crossed his legs and opened his cigarette case. "Ven I schleep is no medder. You schmoke? Yes?"

The tall man, with a "Thank you," helped himself.

"It is reported that you have proposed for the hand of Miss Isabelle Guest, of Detroit, and that you have been accepted. Is that true?"

Carter's match flamed. He shielded it with his hands and held it up to the stranger.

"Id is der report, vot you say?"

"It is in the newspapers."

"Ach, dose newsbabers! Dose pizzypodies!" He held the match to his own cigarette and inhaled deeply.

"Their statements are not without foundation, I suppose?"

"Foundations!" repeated Carter. "I know not dose fountations."

"Is it true, or isn't it?" The stranger's tone indicated impatience.

"Dot is my-pee-ziness."

The stranger's fist fell with a crash on the frail table between them.

"I'll show you whose business it is," he shouted, and the quiet night echoed his words. "I'll show you, you penniless comedy Dutchman. First, last and all the time it is my business—mine, do you hear? Mine—Amos J. Guest's, of Detroit, U. S. A."

Carter's cigarette dropped to the stone pavement of the terrace. For a heartbeat he sat inert. Not for an instant had he

suspected the truth. But with the second throb of his pulses, he captained his soul afresh, and broke into laughter. Whereat Mr. Guest took his turn with surprise.

"Why, I knew you at once," the youth declared brazenly. "Everybody knows Amos J. Guest, of Guest motor car fame. But to have you mistake me for the real thing in princes was one too many. I just had to play the role for a bit. My name's Carter. I sent you a telegram to Moscow two days ago. It was I who tipped you off to this business."

"You're an American?" said the millionaire, struggling for conviction.

"Hair and hide," affirmed Carter.

"You're a friend of my daughter's?"

"She hasn't a better."

"I understood from your telegram that you were a newspaper man."

"Special commissioner for a few little home papers."

"What papers?"

Carter named half a dozen.

"And the *Detroit Republic*?"

"Yes."

"You have been sending it that rot about my daughter and this titled pauper?"

Carter counted quickly. It was impossible that this man could have received in Moscow a copy of the *Republic* containing even the earliest of his cables.

"You can have seen nothing that I sent," he declared.

"My Detroit office cabled me a condensation of your despatches. It came on the same day that your telegram reached me. I started for Venice at once. I have been traveling ever since. I have but one desire, sir. I wish the joy of kicking that despicable fortune hunter. You shall be a witness and send a graphic description to the *Republic*. I demand that as compensation from you."

The younger man was silent for a moment.

"Haden't you better see your daughter first?" he asked at length. "She's not nearly as democratic as you are."

"She's a fool," her father pronounced irritably.

"Oh, I shouldn't say that," Carter objected. "She's young, but she'll get over it. As for Prince Cziraky, he's not wholly to blame. Give him his due. Your daughter

is very attractive, Mr. Guest. If I had the wind to make the distance, I'd get in the running myself." And he laughed grimly.

"If I may judge from what I have just seen," observed the maker of automobiles, "you seem to be going pretty well. Where is the adoring Prince tonight?"

"There's been a lover's quarrel," improvised Carter. "The Prince is huffed and your daughter is piqued."

"Then my arrival is opportune."

"You're up to the minute. Hustle Miss Guest away by the morning train. You can catch a boat at Cherbourg. Take her back to America. Hide her."

It was all working out beautifully, just as he had planned it. The contingencies were shrinking again into the cosmos from which they had so threateningly emerged.

"I think you are—" began the millionaire approvingly, but the sentence trailed unfinished.

Behind him sounded a patter of daintily shod feet and the soft rustle of silken skirts; a pair of plump bare arms encircled his neck; a warm, perfumed breath touched his cheek. "Papa, dear, you old darling!" sounded sweetly, familiarly, in his left ear.

The meeting between father and daughter was both affectionate and affecting, and Carter, for once in his life, felt strangely out of place. Rising, he stood a little apart, while they chattered. Twice he attempted to break in long enough to say "good-night." But each time they silenced and detained him with a word.

"No, no, it is all nonsense," he heard Isabelle assuring her father. "I wouldn't marry him if he were the only man in all the world. He has never made love to me, even, much less asked me to be his wife. He has only been most formally polite. Tonight he is off, serenading a red-headed girl on a balcony. I don't care if I never see him again. And I don't expect to."

"I thought it was strange," he heard her father tell her, "that my daughter should think so little of herself as to consider a violin player in a Tsigany band."

"A what?" she cried, amazed.

"A violinist in the gypsy orchestra at the Lucerne Kursaal."

Carter saw her eyes flash in the dusk.

"He's not a real prince at all?" she questioned.

"A prince of poverty. Oh, yes, he has a title, but he earns a living with his fiddle. I have his record. I wired from Moscow to our ambassador at Vienna, and he dug it up for me. His telegram was here this evening when I arrived."

"Oh, papa, dear!" she exclaimed.

For a while they talked quietly—so low-voiced that Carter caught only a word here and there. At length, however, he saw Isabelle fling her arms about her fond parent and embrace him rapturously.

"Egypt!" she cried all enthusiasm. "A winter in Egypt! Oh, how perfectly lovely!"

"Yes," Mr. Guest assured her. "I've arranged to be away until February. Had I found matters with you, my dear, as serious as I feared, I should have taken you back to Detroit at once and left you there with your aunt. But I see that you are a good, sensible girl—your father's own daughter, in fact, and so we shall travel leisurely together, taking in the Riviera, Monte Carlo, Nice; in fact, whatever you care most to see; and then—"

A cloud blotted out the high-sailing moon. Gloom settled upon the waters. A chill breeze swept across the marble terrace. The snowy dome of the Salute turned black and menacing. And Carter's hopes staggered, swooning. The bubble he had blown so big, pricked by a word, collapsed. Failure, hideously real, dropped its dead weight upon him.

With a murmured "Good-night" he would have slunk away under cover of the darkness, but the strong, deep, resonant voice of the Detroit millionaire checked him.

"A bundle of lies; chapter after chapter of gross fabrications. That is what you have been guilty of, young man. And I shall make it my business to contradict every one of them. It will be no general denial, rest assured of that. It is time this outrageous sensationalism in the American newspapers was treated as it deserves to be. I'll have a retraction, or I'll make every one of those papers sweat. You can take my word for it."

Carter attempted no defence. Misery held him speechless. For Isabelle, turning

her back upon him, had seemed to him indeed Dame Fortune's final signal of complete desertion.

IX

Tommy Carter, having slept badly, rose early with a vague memory of strange dreams, in which a conventional dimpled Cupid, with large, anxious eyes, plucked insistently at his sleeve and pointed to a tiny hole in the wall, labeled: "Way out."

As a "way out" was precisely what he was looking for, and during wakeful hours had been unable to discover, the dream recollection was more exasperating than encouraging. He had gone over the entire situation a thousand times or so, it seemed to him, and the game was blocked at every point. Whichever way he moved, he must lose.

He went over it once more while he was dressing, and again, while in utter desperation, he traversed one narrow street after another of that network of byways which lay between the rear of his hotel and the Rialto Bridge. How could he possibly sustain public interest in so fickle a prince? How could he draw crowds to the Cafe des Boulevards to see and hear a titled musician who had allowed the fairest of American millionairesses to trip off to the Riviera and Egypt without making an attempt to follow her? How could he combat Papa Guest's particularized denial of his so carefully fabricated romance? He couldn't. That was the answer. It was a sheer impossibility. His expenditure of time and money was absolutely wasted. He had failed, and failed so ignominiously that he doubted he should ever be able to rehabilitate himself.

And then he decided to go home at once. Back in New York some new scheme of exploitation might suggest itself. Yet there were so few weeks left. And going back would mean severing his last chance of reconciliation with Isabelle Guest. Until now he had not fully realized how dear she had become to him. Last night when he held her hand in the gondola had been the moment of his awakening. Last night, when she turned her back upon him on the hotel terrace, he had felt the ache of rejection. But the thought



"I want to do something to square things, Miss Guest," he said, apology in his tone.
"I—I haven't been altogether straight goods with you"

of putting the Atlantic between her and himself was torment.

On reaching the Rialto Bridge he turned into the Merceria, the principal business street of Venice, which leads directly to the Piazza of St. Mark. He would breakfast at the Cafe Florian, and then he would call at the Europa and send up his card to her with the message of his departure, and a request that she see him for a moment—just for "Good-bye."

The morning was dull and damp, and Carter wore an air of dejection in keeping with the day. He plodded drooping, with lowered gaze, unobservant, and so negative of carriage as to be almost unobserved; a shadow among passing shadows. But all at once, at a point where the narrow street grew narrowest, he found his progress halted, his way barred, by a feminine figure in a gray raincoat, stooping to get a closer view of some interesting object in a shop window.

The interruption aroused him; his eyes opened; his gaze focussed. In the figure he recognized Isabelle Guest, and his heart pounded. When she turned and smiled, his heart stopped. For the first time in his young and active life he was genuinely moved. For the first time he tasted real embarrassment.

"Look!" she said simply. "Isn't it lovely?" And she pointed to the object which had interested her: a great, globular pearl, glowing with soft iridescent tints. It was set in a ring with a small white diamond on either side.

"Let me buy it for you," he said impulsively. "May I? Will you wear it?"

The girl's cheeks flamed.

"Why, Mr. Carter!" she exclaimed. He thought at first that she was indignant, but almost instantly he changed his opinion. She was only surprised—pleasantly surprised, he hoped.

"I want to do something to square things, Miss Guest," he said, apology in his tone. "I—I haven't been altogether straight goods with you. I admit it, and yet I really didn't mean to do anything that would hurt—anything, in fact, that you wouldn't like."

She evaded a direct reply.

"I shouldn't like you to buy the ring,"

she told him, and then before he could insist she went on, "What on earth got you up so early? On the Mauretania you were never about before noon."

"Wasn't I?" he queried. "Well, there's more to do in Venice. And besides, this is my last morning. I'm off for little old New York today."

For a second she stared at him, without speech, and her lips lost a shade of their color.

"I—I hope it is not because of what papa said," she suggested at length.

"It's because of a good many things," he replied. "I was on my way to breakfast, and then I was going to ask if I might say 'good-bye' to you."

"Don't let me keep you from your breakfast," she hastened. "I had my chocolate and roll before I came out."

"Isn't it early for you, too?" he inquired.

"Rather. I had some presents to buy. We, too, are leaving, you know, tomorrow."

"So soon?"

"Yes. We sail from Cherbourg on Tuesday."

Carter's eyes widened suddenly, and there was a new light in them.

"But I thought—" he began.

"We were going to the Riviera and Egypt, and all that? So did I, last night, but there's a different program today. To be quite honest, Mr. Carter, I think papa, down in his heart, is really afraid of Prince Cziraky. He says it's a cable he got this morning, which spells business, but—" And, with a smile, she raised her plump shoulders under the gray raincoat.

"I won't let Princie annoy you," bluffed Carter. "I'll see him at once and tell him that his attentions must cease. He shan't spoil your trip for you. Why, you've been over here less than three weeks."

"No, no, please don't," she begged, "I'd rather you wouldn't. I saw the telegram from the American embassy at Vienna, and it confirms everything you said about his rank. That he had to play the violin in a Tsigany band is really most romantic, I think. Oh, I wish he had the nerve to come to the hotel and ask papa for me! That would be simply lovely."

"Come," said Carter with a sudden emotional revulsion, "are you going my

way? I could eat one of Napoleon's bronze horses."

As they passed through the archway beneath the Torre del Orologio, he turned to her with:

"Can you guarantee that your father won't give you for the asking?"

"To the Prince?"

"Yes."

"He won't while there's a drop of water in the Adriatic."

"Then the Prince shall ask for you," he assured her.

They crossed the Piazza and emerged on the Via 22 Marzo. At the corner of the Church of San Moise, whence a thread of pavement leads into the Hotel Europa, they paused preparatory to parting.

"Kiddo," said Carter, pressing the hand he held, "would I fare better with your father than Prince?"

"I'm afraid not, today," she returned.

"You're afraid," he cried in delight.

"Are you really? Say it again, Kiddo, say it again!"

But Isabelle with crimson cheeks had torn her hand away and was lost down the dim thread of passageway.

The sudden elevation from abject despair to buoyant hope gave to Carter the exuberant mien of over-stimulation. His freckled cheeks were aflush, his pale blue eyes glittered, he walked with winged feet, and he whistled the "*Cubanola Glide*," which, significantly enough, was Isabelle Guest's favorite air. In this fashion he entered the *Salon de lecture* of the Grand Hotel. In this mood he peered into the *Salle a Manger*, to discover, as he had fancied possible, his romantic young charge bent dreamily over his morning coffee.

The head waiter, having dexterously caught the hat which Carter flung at him, started to lead the way to the Prince's table, but Carter left him at the post.

When Cziraky raised his gaze from his cup it was to meet that of the American in the opposite chair.

"Today," announced Carter bluntly, without preamble, his wide, shining eyes fixed upon the languid orbs of the titled violinist, "is the day you propose for your lady's hand."

"So?" drawled the Prince, struggling

to adjust himself to the abrupt interruption. And then he repeated it. "So?"

"You've sized it up about right," Carter returned, "though at that I think you're a trifle optimistic. To be absolutely accurate, your chances are not even so-so."

The Prince wore a look of utter bewilderment—a look which had of late become almost habitual when Carter spoke to him. He never quite caught the full meaning of the American's euphemisms.

"But you must propose, just the same," his mentor continued. "Her father arrived last night, and the proper thing, seeing that you have been tied to her apron string, so to speak, ever since you've been in Venice, is to ask Father for his blessing."

"I should ask! I should ask!" exclaimed His Highness, suddenly comprehending. "What for I should ask? I do not want his daughter. I would not have his daughter. She has never heard of Mascagni. She has never heard of Schumann. She has never heard of anyone. She knows no music, that is music. None. Nothing. You say to me: 'Be polite one week.' You say, 'Make the compliment.' That is all. I have been polite. I have made the compliment. But I will not speak to her father. No; I will not. I tell you now, I will not."

"Her father could buy and sell your Emperor and the whole blooming court circle of Austro-Hungary," howled Carter, "and you won't ask for her and a slice of his gelt. You're an ass, Princie, fooled, befuddled, bewitched by a shock of red hair and a white arm that pushes a bow over fiddle strings. Serene Highness! You're nothing of the sort. His Sentimental Highness, Prince Ernest, of Cziraky, that's you. And I'm done with you. Go to your lady of the flame-colored hair. Tell her you haven't a *lira* to bless yourself with, and see how long she'll stand on a balcony playing Schumann or anyone else to you."

He saw the look of surprise in the Prince's dark eyes and seized upon it.

"You thought I didn't know," he said, with a smile. "Well, you can't do me, my boy. I come from a place, not where they get up early, but where they stay up early."

There was another clause in our agreement beside the 'being polite' and the 'pay the compliment' clauses. You were to wait a week for the Rose lady. You didn't wait. So I make a new condition now—a new contract. You go to Papa Guest and propose for his Isabelle and I give you a thousand dollars cash in addition to all the other things I've promised—the band leadership and the American trip included. A thousand dollars—do you understand that?—five thousand *lira*, five thousand marks, five thousand francs."

But Prince Cziraky stubbornly shook his head.

"How can I ask for Miss Guest," he posed, "when I am in love—Ach Gott! How I am in love!—with one other?"

"But you don't even know that other?" persisted Carter. "You don't know her name. You've never been introduced."

His Sentimental Highness smiled a contented, superior smile.

"You say you stay up early?" he queried. "And yet you don't know? Yesterday I meet her. Yesterday I meet her mother. I know all about her. For three year she live at Prague. She take lesson on the violin. Here in Venice she take one month more lessons from Signor Solmoni. Then it is finish and she go back to America for the concert. Her friends who in Lucerne were with her, in whose car I see her ride, have the money and the influence in America. And she has the talent. With her, I go to America, too. Madame, her mother, she say to me: 'What! A prince! In America! He play like you play! All America at his feet will be.'"

Carter made no rejoinder. He beckoned a waiter and ordered a sumptuous breakfast. In silence Cziraky poured a second cup of coffee, and the American leaning back in his chair, fixed his gaze on the glistening head of a pin in a woman's hat across the room. Meanwhile his thoughts were very busy.

When his breakfast was brought he attacked it with appetite. And, presently, the Prince having finished his coffee, pushed back his chair.

"If you will excuse me!" he said, with chill politeness.

Carter looked up in feigned surprise.

"Why, I'd forgotten you, Prince," he chirruped, smiling. "I really had. Go and spend the morning with Mrs. Leonard and her Titian-tinted genius of a daughter, the charming Beatrice. Spend the day, if you like. I shall not require you before tomorrow afternoon. Then, we'll talk about engaging our orchestra. And you won't think I'm annoyed, will you, Prince? I'm not, really I'm not. I know just how you feel. I have something of the same thing myself. So—there now, be off with you! I'm still your little fairy godfather, and don't you forget it."

X

The Cafe des Boulevardes opened its doors to the public on October first. Three weeks in advance of that date every one of the hundred tables in the Gold Room on the main floor had been engaged. On the opening night thousands of clamorous dinner-seekers were turned away. In all the varied history of hotel and restaurant openings in New York there had never been such an instantaneous and stupendous success. Croaking prophets who foresaw ruin in the chosen date, who declared it suicidal to bid for patronage when the world and his wife were still out of town, munched their prophecies with their dinners at older and less thronged establishments, having with the courage of their convictions delayed securing tables at the new.

Newport was deserted over night that Society might gratify its curiosity. From country houses on Long Island and along the Hudson, dinner parties came in touring cars. Visitors from the south and west who usually flock to New York in July and flock home again in mid-September, stopped over a fortnight longer to be present.

All summer the newspapers had been telling of lavish expenditures to make this new temple of gastronomy a marvel of barbaric splendor. Occidental and Oriental palaces had been ravaged for rarities of adornment. Paintings and statuary for which the governments of France and Italy bid in vain had been imported at enormous cost by the projectors of the new Cafe. A hundred novelties in furnishing, in lighting, in table

service had been specially designed. The wine cellars of monasteries had been sacked for rare old cob-webbed vintages. Chefs had been lured from the kitchens of kings.

But blasé New York, reading unmoved, or, sneering that the days when it could be humbugged had passed with Phineas T. Barnum, had skipped to the next column, where there was a long and interesting cable about an Hungarian prince following an American millionaire's daughter over Europe.

One morning, near the end of August, it read of how the American millionaire had landed in Hoboken with his beautiful daughter safe under his wing; and of how, in an interview with the reporters, he had told of the enamoured Prince coming to him in Venice with an offer of marriage, which, being a self-made American citizen with a hearty detestation of title-selling Europeans, he had proudly spurned.

Early in September it read of this same prince's arrival, and devoured with keenest interest the snapshot portraits of His Highness, taken on the dock, which showed him to be a very handsome young prince indeed. It liked the Prince's interview, too, in which he said that he had met the millionaire's daughter and that she was a charming young lady. No, he declared, he was not going to marry her. He had come to New York, under contract, to head a Tsigane band, which would give concerts.

New York read between the lines and made up its mind that the Prince was diplomatic. He was not hanging his heart on his sleeve for all the world to see; but nevertheless he must surely have come in pursuit of the Detroit girl.

And the next day, the newspapers announced that Prince Cziraky—"His Sentimental Highness," they called him—would make his first appearance with his Hungarian orchestra at the new and magnificent Cafe des Boulevards on the evening of October first. And immediately the rush to secure tables began.

Later in September, as if the abounding interest in the titled maestro required additional whetting, the element of mystery was added. A newspaper man, quite by accident, detected the Prince amongst

those who awaited on the dock of one of the more leisurely of the transatlantic lines, the arrival of a steamer direct from Genoa; and by keeping him constantly in view saw him welcome, with unmistakable ardor, two ladies: one middle-aged, the other young and notable for an abundance of exquisitely beautiful red hair.

On the morning of the day fixed for the Cafe's inauguration, a sensational journal which had been left badly behind in the earlier news from abroad, came out with an article purporting to give the only true story. The Prince, it said, was indeed "His Sentimental Highness." Unlike the usual impecunious nobleman who visits our shores, he was not in search of a rich wife. His break with Miss Guest, of Detroit, was not, as had been stated, because of Mr. Guest's refusal to make a liberal marriage settlement. He and Miss Guest had really been little more than traveling acquaintances. In spite of Mr. Guest's assertion, the Prince had never asked for Miss Guest's hand in marriage. It was not Miss Guest who, as foreign despatches had stated, had thrown him a rose while he was playing at the Lucerne Kursaal. It was another American girl, poor but talented, Miss Beatrice Leonard, of Washington, daughter of the late Colonel Aubrey Leonard, the well-known hero of the Spanish-American War. Miss Leonard had been studying the violin for two years with the best masters in Europe. Three days ago she had arrived in New York with her mother, and Prince Cziraky had met them at the pier.

The management of the Cafe des Boulevards, the writer added, was now in negotiation with Miss Leonard for a three months' engagement.

Tommy Carter read the article in his room at the Knickerbocker before he was out of bed. It had gone in as he had written it, without the change of a word. When he finished reading he let loose a whoop that must have echoed to Columbus Circle, and sprang out onto the floor. Two steps and he stood before his bureau, gazing into the mirror.

"Tommy, lad," he cried, addressing his reflection, "you have a large and irregular freckle on the end of your nose, but no-

where, from your pumpkin-colored hair to your little footsy-tootsies, is there a fly in sight!"

A feature of the Cafe des Boulevards is its private supper rooms. In one of these—an exact reproduction of a corner in Venice's Cafe Florian—at one o'clock on the night of the establishment's *premiere*, covers were laid for seven. Only six persons sat down, however, and the seventh place remained vacant until the supper was nearly, if not quite at an end.

The host, effervescent as his liberally supplied champagne, was Mr. Thomas Carter. Prince Ernest of Cziraky, flushed and radiant, sat two places removed on his left. The third gentleman, in no less agreeable mood, was the millionaire manufacturer of automobiles, Mr. Amos J. Guest of Detroit, who had beside him the widow of the Spanish-American war hero, Colonel Leonard. Miss Leonard sat on the right of the Prince, and Miss Guest, wearing on the third finger of her left hand a great globular pearl guarded by two smaller diamonds, occupied the chair between Carter and the place reserved.

The supper was the apotheosis of happiness, peace and good will. Everyone understood one another and approved. Only, at first, Mr. Guest was perplexed, as he had been earlier in the evening in the Gold Room, down stairs, when the Prince first appeared to conduct his band.

"There's something here I can't comprehend, Carter," he said, turning to Tommy, while he still held His Sentimental Highness's hand. "This gentleman and I never met before. And yet, someone calling himself by his name, certainly called on me in Venice.

"It was a call by proxy," Carter laughed. "It is not unusual in court circles, Mr. Guest. It was necessary. Since the Prince felt some hesitation in going in person, his secretary took his place."

The diners were sipping liquors when the seventh guest came in. He was a short, rubicund, bald-headed person of generous girth. He beamed through a pair of nose glasses with tortoise shell rims.

"I want to present to you all," said Carter, rising, "the Aladdin of this Fairy Palace—Mr. Morris Schultz."

Mr. Schultz waved a fat hand toward Carter.

"And there," he said "is Aladdin's lamp. Where would Aladdin have been without it?"

Everyone cheered, and Mr. Guest left his place and circling the table, began wringing Mr. Schultz's two hands.

"Morrie!" he shouted. "Morrie! Think of it! And you and I used to go to school together in East Saginaw!"

Later Morrie, in a neat speech, presented Tommy Carter with a Swiss chronometer, engraved with the compliments and appreciation of the Cafe des Boulevards promoters, and slipped him quietly a cheque for forty thousand dollars—fifty thousand, less the ten thousand letter of credit.

"You've earned every penny of it," he commented, *sotto voce*. And then he took his old friend "Amy" Guest into a corner and informed him what a living wonder this young fellow Carter really was.

Carter, meanwhile, had led Isabelle to an open window. The night was perfect, but the lights of the great city below them dimmed the stars.

"Look!" he said exultantly. "Little old New York with all her jewels on, and I own it. I've made her dance tonight to my fiddling. Why, Princie couldn't have drawn three men and a yellow dog in here to this but for me. Aren't you proud of your catch, Kiddo?"

"But the Prince made Papa rush me home from Europe," she bantered. "He wouldn't have done that because of you."

"Don't you believe it," he contradicted. "I'm on, little girl. I'm on. If you can keep a secret, I'll tell you something. Your father came home on business, just as he told you. He's got something new up his sleeve. He's going in for flying machines—safety combined with speed—you know. He's going to make a hundred millions—he and I together."

"You!" she gasped.

"Uh-uh," he answered. "I'm to exploit the invention. Inside of six months I'll have every crowned head in Europe sky-sailing in one of 'em."

She drew the curtains behind him.

"Kiss me, my Aladdin's Lamp!" she said proudly.

The DUTY of WOMEN · and · *A Talk on Weapons*

WHAT is the duty of women? Some of the answers are indirect:

"Women's literal obedience to the antiquated cry 'Woman's sphere is the home,' meaning the brick and mortar enclosure which simultaneously sheltered and imprisoned them, has surely but slowly been pauperizing the very strength of the nation."

"I consider it my duty to do cheerfully whatever is put before me. I believe I can help the world most at present by laying a good foundation in my children. It is my duty to be their comrade and my husband's partner. It is my duty to vote, and to know what I am voting for. Woman's first duty, however, is to her home, for there she can and does make the future of the country."

"After centuries of spiritual and physical injustices, it looks as though woman's first duty was to re-educate her oppressor. The work of the women of today is grim, uncompromising fighting. She must meet the paleolithic male (polite name for stone-age woman-beater) with brave insistence upon moral and municipal reform. From her home outward, her duty is inexorably interwoven with every great movement of the world."

"The great woman question is in reality only a mother question, and if we succeed in making out of every girl a mother in mind and body, we shall soon occupy the position which God and creation ordained for us."

"The sin of the age is to make man more selfish and woman more self-sacrificing. Our highest duty is to guard well our mess of pottage. Woman's emancipation means man's redemption."

These are the ideas of five women in answer to the editor's request for views on the "Duty of Women" as to equal suffrage. The editor himself is ardently in favor of "Votes for Women." He has said time and again that he considers it not woman's right but woman's duty to have the ballot. After having given his own masculine opinion on the subject, he put to the women

themselves the question, "What is the duty of women?" They replied in letters which can neither be grouped nor classified. It seemed as if every woman had her own individual idea as to her duty. As the excerpts quoted at the beginning of this sketch prove, there was no way of reducing the views to a common denominator.

Nearly all the women believed that they should vote, but how to go about securing this privilege—and their views on the all-important matter of "duty"—these were as different as the condition and environment of the writers; and this, after all, has a great deal to do with the matter.

How much can be read between the lines of these "Duty" letters! Here is a woman in the home, blessed with a happy marriage, who but vaguely feels a call to this duty. On the other hand, here is a woman in the business world, who has become embittered by long struggle against heavy odds—the woman who calls man an "oppressor" and the ballot "woman's redemption." We have learned in history that women are subtle in their letters; but views in reference to suffrage somehow seem suffused with candor, and unconsciously reveal circumstances of the writer's own life. For instance, in the paragraphs quoted above, suppose one was written by a young mother, whose nest is on a California ranch; another by a city woman, who has been handicapped in her battles with men in the business world; a third by a home woman of the Middle West, unmarried, but a "mother" woman, if ever one lived; yet another by an "adopted" American of German ancestry, also unmarried, who reflects the conditions of Europe in her descriptions of "woman's sphere;" and last of all by a widow, who

has been a farmer's wife, and views the matter from the standpoint of justice. It is not very hard to work out this little puzzle of "which is which" and tag the writers with their contributions. When George Calderon said, "It is only by reference to his environment that man's nature, his doings and his sufferings, can rightly be interpreted," he surely meant woman's nature first!

So many letters! Such different views! And each came from a woman who in some way felt that her duty was to embrace the privileges of the ballot. The arguments were usually forceful and convincing. In fact they were so forceful and so convincing that if they had not been different, every one, I might have evolved a platform on "woman's duty" which would make me forever famous. As it was, I consulted Miss Helen Lowell, who is already famous, and bids fair to remain so forever. Miss Lowell owes her prestige, of course, to her success on the stage as a comedienne, but she is first a woman and then an actress, and she is actively and heartily interested in everything that pertains to women's welfare. I might incidentally remark that Helen Lowell is the delight of interviewers wherever she plays. She can talk on any subject. No question ever wrinkles her brow, and her answers come in the twinkling of an eye. Last spring she was in Boston starring in "The Red Petticoat," and one evening between the acts, I interviewed her on "Personality." This fall, she is opening in her new play, "Kiss Me Quick," and I begged for a few moments of conversation on the subject now nearest my heart—the duty of women.

At first, when I went around to her dressing room, we talked of the new play, in which Miss Lowell has done the most difficult work of her career in creating "Aunt Gladiola," the emotional lady novelist who goes into the country to "live her books." I have often thought that there is nothing more inspiring than to hear a role discussed by the actor who made it. Breathing the breath of life into the temperamental "Aunt Gladiola" is an effort to be proud of. It called for thought, study and keen observation, as well as for the natural, spontaneous humor of Helen Lowell.

We were on our way from the dressing-room to the stage door when I confessed my mission to Miss Lowell. I explained that the NATIONAL wanted to do something to help the women's campaign, that the editor wanted a story prepared from the letters received, and that I wanted her views on the subject of "Women's Duty." "I think, of course, that women should vote," Miss Lowell said at once. "I don't think they should be classed with imbeciles and other non-voters. I think they should be educated for the ballot, and I believe that many of them are educated for it now. Politics isn't entirely new to women. Nearly every man in public life owes a good deal of his success, even politically, to his wife or some of the women of his family. Ever since the earliest days, women have been consulted in political matters. They have made legislation and worked out reforms—but always through men. They have won all their battles quietly, in a woman's way, and that is why I do not believe that by beginning now to fight with a man's weapons, they can succeed—not for a long time yet, at least."

She spoke of the conditions which the militants in England were facing, and shook her head. "They began the fight with men's weapons instead of women's," said Miss Lowell. "They can't expect, in a few months, to change tactics that have been employed for centuries, and hope to win. The change will have to be gradual."

"Women have always *wheedled* men," Miss Lowell said, smiling, "of course, without their knowing it, and men are accustomed to being wheedled when women want things." That was a little different view than any put forth in the letters. "Wheedling" is the fine art of womankind. Most of us, as Miss Lowell said, have been wheedling from the cradle. First it was our fathers and brothers; then we wheedled lovers, then husbands;—even our young sons had to be wheedled. The word may not be pleasant, but the method usually brings results.

"I've been self-supporting for twenty-eight years," announced Miss Lowell, "and much of that time have been at the head of a family,"—yet she could not remember many instances of "managing"

the men of her household through cold logic or defiance.

"No," she declared, "women have always wheedled—or if one doesn't like that term—let us say they have used women's weapons to secure what they wanted." And she feared that the same weapons would need to be employed in the fight for suffrage.

This little argument of Miss Lowell's, which was given as we hurried from the theater to her hotel, has a great deal of sanity in it. Her views are naturally broad. Her own career has been full of event and adventure. She is the type of womanly woman toward whom one looks

for the best thoughts, the finest ideals. Her own splendid idealism is combined with a practical mind—probably the result of her conflict with business in a difficult calling.

But paying tribute to Miss Lowell is not following our subject, "The Duty of Women." Furthermore, one who knows Miss Lowell could never "condense" her into a brief magazine article. What she said of women's duty is our greatest concern at present. She takes no definite "platform" on the matter, only giving her views as frankly and conscientiously as all the other women contributors have done. What do you think of using women's weapons?

LEOPOLD

By WARREN JUDSON BRIER

I

A MIGHTY army on a tented plain!
The young blood stirred by valiant word,
By flaunting banners, bright; by bugles' wild refrain.

Then Raphael came in guise of well-loved King.
"A thousand men must go where priceless blood will flow."
Ten thousand back this loyal answer fling—"I serve!"
But Leopold—for the people, Bold—refused to go.

II

Apse, ornate choir and columned nave!
A mitred throng God's praise prolong,
Seeking new ways undying souls to save.

Then Raphael came in Pontiff's holy guise.
"A hundred priestly men, in wilderness and fen
Should preach our creed!" A chorus vast replies—"I serve!"
But Leopold—for the people, Bold—refused to go.

III

Beneath wide-spreading boughs in forest glade,
A concourse heard the pleading word,
The call for help—they heard and were afraid.

For Raphael urged, in guise of saintly Seer—
"We need ten men—they'll come not home again,
To work in leprous isles." One voice speaks clear—"I serve!"
Leopold—for the people, Bold—feared not to go.

Olive Wyndham:

HER ART AND HERSELF



Ann Randolph

TWICE I had visited her dressing-room for an interview with Miss Olive

Wyndham, and twice we had talked of friends we knew, plays we liked and players we admired. Then a letter bearing the NATIONAL MAGAZINE insignia was despatched to the Majestic Theater, suggesting that Miss Wyndham put some of her views in writing, so that they might be incorporated in the sketch to be prepared. For the sketch could not treat only of the friends we knew, plays we liked—and the rest of it. It was to be, in the mind's eye of the interviewer, a very pretentious glimpse of a young actress who has just twinkled into stardom, and who promises to shine very lustrously indeed with a brilliance all her own.

Let Miss Wyndham's reply serve to bring us back to earth. "I'm afraid I'm a poor subject to be interviewed," she wrote, "but suppose we try it again." This time the baneful influence of the Majestic dressing-room (itself recalling a thousand memories) was to be avoided, and a luncheon was planned at Hotel Lenox. Over fruit and broiled chicken (it was a combination breakfast-luncheon for Miss Wyndham rises late)—over fruit and broiled chicken (the chicken will stand repetition, for it was a delicious morsel)—I learned something of the career and purposes of Olive Wyndham.

In "What Happened to Mary," Miss Wyndham is making her first starring tour. The play was dramatized from the "Mary" stories which won the hearts of literally millions of readers when they appeared in print. As everyone knows who read

"What Happened to Mary," all the action centers about Mary herself. While the reader follows the adventures that befall the little heroine from Moses Island, visions of an ideal Mary take shape. Miss Wyndham's Mary on the stage is all our dreams come true.

Something in the earnest, girlish personality of Olive Wyndham calls up memories of heroines laughed over and cried over in boarding-school days—the days of "The Five Little Peppers," "Little Women," and "An Old-Fashioned Girl." Miss Wyndham is a girl's ideal of a girl; a woman's ideal of a woman. She is eminently fitted to play Mary, for she imparts to the role the charm of her own genuine girlishness. She makes Mary so appealing, so bewitching, so true, that for the moment audiences forget the hurry and worry of a prosaic world, and lose themselves in the unfolding of Mary's romance. It is like the fragrant breath of youth in the juvenescence of Eden.

Miss Wyndham's Mary is more than that. Children adore her performance, and what can gratify an actor more than to please the little people? Mlle. Laura Guerite told me once that she always played to the children in her audiences; their criticism was the most valuable that she received. Such letters Miss Wyndham has from the young folks! "Dear Mary," wrote one little Boston maid, "I luv you so mutch. I saw you last nite & I wish I cood see you again. Cannt you cum to see me?" If the young admirer had not in her haste neglected to affix an address, Miss Wyndham would no doubt

have decided that "so mutch luv" should not be unrequited and complied with the request. There is inspiration in the letters that came to Miss Wyndham. Something very deep and true in Mary's personality reaches so many hearts that correspondents



Something in the earnest, girlish personality of Olive Wyndham calls up memories of heroines laughed over and cried over in boarding-school days

unburden their souls to her. Shortly after her opening, a young man wrote Miss Wyndham an especially touching letter. He was a clerk stationed in New York, he explained, and while "on the road" for his firm, had met in a town that might have been the Moses Island of "What Happened to Mary," a girl who might have been Mary herself. He did not bring her back with him to the city, for he was barely able to support himself. But as letters came and went he found that the little country girl was not to be forgotten. Desperately the lover evolved a plan. He would lure the girl to New York—as she thought to be married—knowing himself that marriage was a financial impossibility. "It must have been fate," declared Miss

Wyndham, "that led him to the theater where 'What Happened to Mary' was playing." The play seemed to fit his own life; Mary recalled the girl he loved. "I have given up the plan," he announced at the close of his letter. "I took heart after I read that letter," Miss Wyndham said earnestly. "Think how wonderful it seemed really to have helped someone—even one person!"

* * *

This little incident led to a few words on marriage in general. I have said that Olive Wyndham is like the heroine of a sweet, old-time novel. Her views on marriage might be taken bodily from the pages of such a book. The sacredness, the seriousness, the finality of this step are deeply impressed upon her mind. "I think we should say 'Is this man or woman vital to my life?' before considering marriage," she remarked thoughtfully. "If a person can be forgotten, or someone or something else can replace him, then this person is not vital to our life. And marriage is so vital!" Miss Wyndham's philosophy on marriage is as stern as Strindberg's. That a couple should first of all be mental companions is her firm belief. "Think how terrible it would be," she shuddered, "to find after marriage that a husband and wife were speaking different languages—because they could not understand each other, like Nora and her husband in 'A Doll's House.'" Yes, Miss Wyndham can appreciate Ibsen without becoming too depressed by his theories. She reads a great deal, of course. That morning she had finished "Man-alive"—"begun when it was first published, but I have so little time it's hard to catch up on the new books." Gilbert Chesterton's sturdy philosophy delighted her. "Never shall I forget the situation in that book," she declared, "where the man who hates life and wants to die is confronted with a pistol." Of course he begs to be spared; and Miss Wyndham said she would always think of him when the world looked most gloomy. For it must not be supposed that Olive Wyndham's life has been all sunshine. Tenderly nurtured,

she was thrown out on the world before her school days were over. "It was commonplace enough," she smilingly said in speaking of it, "I was suddenly obliged to earn a living, and had little choice as to how I should earn it. That is, I took the first opportunity that offered."

The opportunity happened to be a small part in the play "Mice and Men." Miss Wyndham was cast as one of the orphans, and no doubt she felt at home in the role, for "everything was hard, terribly hard. When we went to be tried for the part, we were ordered to stand in line and to walk across the stage. I was the last in the line." Thus all the other applicants had crossed before her, and were left to watch the timid little girl whose misfortune it was to be on the end. "I was very nervous, but in some way I made my way over the boards. I could have fallen. Then a lady—she was connected with the management, and knew mother, so she really didn't mean to be unkind—called out to me, 'Is *that* the way you're going to walk?' and taking the center of the stage, imitated me before all the others. Of course everyone laughed, while I—I should have given the world if the floor had opened and let me crash through." The effect of that initiation is with Miss Wyndham to this day. She has the keenest sympathy for sensitive, self-conscious young people just launching on a stage career. Brusqueness, rudeness, unkindness, thoughtlessness—that is a quartette of "nesses" foreign to the personality of Olive Wyndham.

Despite a hapless beginning, Miss Wyndham did very well with her little part in "Mice and Men." It was not long before her name was brought into its first real prominence as leading woman with Mr. William Hodge in "The Man from Home." Then she played two seasons in the New Theater Company, whose members were serious players devoted to the fine art of acting. The all-star revival of "Oliver Twist" found Miss Wyndham's sweetness giving life to Rose Maylie; later she prepared for a play that was destined to be

unsuccessful; and last spring brought "What Happened to Mary" and a chance for the hard-working little player to star for the first time. "You see, there hasn't been a single meteor in my career," she smiled. "Everything has been step by step. I've worked hard, but I've enjoyed it—for, after all, our only happiness comes from work."

People say that Olive Wyndham "doesn't look a bit like an actress." If an actress's



The dog is a very intelligent toy terrier, who has the honor of being mascot of "What Happened to Mary"

personality is popularly associated with stage effects, then she surely does not conduct herself like the actress of popular conception. Off stage her life is freer from "shop" than the average policeman's—and they say that officers forget the world



She was on the stage, already launched upon her inspired interpretation of the pathetic girl waif in "What Happened to Mary"

of crime the moment their uniforms are discarded. She likes baseball, likes tennis, likes almost any healthy sport; loves children, loves pets of all kinds, particularly dogs. She can sing "Oh, only a little, you know"—and looks forward to cultivating her voice. Her mother is her constant companion, though this delightful lady has to employ master-planning to see that both her talented daughters have Mother "evenly divided between them." Miss Janet Beecher is Miss Wyndham's sister; she, too, will star in New York this season and "Mother" has a thousand new duties to perform.

Conversation had turned to the newspaper and magazine world, for Miss Wyndham is interested in every sort of work and makes an ideal listener, when it was discovered that time was flying as usual—and there was a matinee to be played at the Majestic Theater. "If you'll wait just one minute," suggested Miss Wyndham, "while I run upstairs and get my dog, we'll walk down town to the theater together." The dog, be it said, is a very intelligent toy terrier, who has the honor of being mascot of "What Happened to Mary." Her name in fact is "Mary"—"rather a queer name for a dog," Miss

Wyndham laughed, "but you see she's the mascot of the play; my brother-in-law presented her as a little puppy when we opened in New York." "Mary" was unleashed when we reached the street and very obediently skipped along ahead as we walked down the broad, quiet brick walks of Newbury Street, over Boston Common. The stage door was reached, and Miss Wyndham leading, we mounted the narrow iron stairway leading to her dressing-room. Now the afternoon's action began. "Mary" amused herself with a powder-tin and sundry newspapers which contained notices in praise of her mistress. Cheery, efficient Olga, Miss Wyndham's attendant, laid out shoes, stockings, frock and hat for the first act. "Half hour" was called from down stairs and "fifteen minutes," while with almost moving-picture swiftness, Olive Wyndham became Mary Hampton, the waif of Moses Island. The cue for the curtain came suddenly; Miss Wyndham waved a hurried good-bye and ran down the stairs.

From the wings on the way out I caught a last fleeting glimpse of Olive Wyndham. She was on the stage, face to face with her audience, already launched upon her inspired interpretation of the pathetic girl waif in "What Happened to Mary."

The Prosperity Revolution

by Charles Rufton Wright

Here are glad tidings of good things going on about us. Many people feel a sort of antagonism toward banks; nevertheless, some of the ablest and fairest men in the country say that our banks are really our greatest benefactors—at least the basis of our industrial and commercial growth and prosperity; and all economists say they are that. This article gives a concrete instance of a direct and distinctly great public service performed by the banks of the United States. The beneficial character of this service is unmistakable, and its soundly beneficial results promise to be more far-reaching than all of the work of almost all of our philanthropies, combined. "The Prosperity Revolution" is one of the most significant and interesting articles on the banking question published in many months.

PRESIDENT WILSON says that what we need is fewer laws and more freedom for our people to work out their own destiny.

If fewer laws will give this freedom, by all means let us have them; for all that this country needs to make it an even greater example of progress and prosperity before the world than it has ever been, is to loosen the reins on the tremendous forces of creation and production that lie latent among our people.

Under such conditions, individual initiative, stimulated by competition, will amply take care of our future, and keep us always well in the vanguard of the most forward nations of the earth.

I have recently been studying a convincing and surprising exemplification of this fact, in the form of a movement, developed first by invention and then by competition—the invention itself being the result of competition—which certainly will prove to be one of the most significant and far-reaching in our recent history—a movement that has been going on quietly for several years, not encouraged by fostering law of any kind or any kind of privilege, but which is making more for sound prosperity and sound citizenship, in the United States, than almost any other single agency.

I call it a Revolution; which it is and means—a veritable revolution of prosperity—sound, permanent prosperity, based upon the stability, industry and intelligence of a steadily improving and solidifying citizenship.

* * *

Something over a year ago, I visited the manufacturing district of Pittsburgh. As I sat waiting in the office of one of the

great steel plants for an interview with its manager, an old friend, my attention was directed to the operations of a young solicitor, in an outer office, who approached one clerk after another, with apparently uniform success.

He carried a small leather case, square in shape, containing a number of small red pasteboard boxes, in each of which rested an article of attractive appearance. It was of metal, highly polished and nickel plated. All of the clerks seemed to be attracted by it, as singly and in groups they signed a card submitted by the solicitor, each giving him some money and each receiving one of the boxes and its shining contents—the nature of which I could not discern—together with a receipt, presumably for the money paid.

Shortly, the steel expert for whom I was waiting came in from a trip through his plant and seeing me invited me into his private office. As we turned to go in, his eye caught the solicitor. He went over to him at once, and rather sharply demanded his business. The solicitor responded by exhibiting the article he was carrying. My friend started to brush it aside; then, glancing at it, turned to get a better view. The solicitor handed the object to him. He took it, examined it carefully, and began asking questions about it. Directly, he turned and called to me:

"Here is something new; maybe you would like to see it!"

I found the shining article to be an ingenious little savings bank, oval in form and with its sides perforated and marked in such a way as to expose and record its contents. It bore the name of the Union

Savings Bank, which is the savings branch or department of the great Mellon-McEldowney banks, of Pittsburgh, representing the largest aggregate of banking capital and resources west of New York.

"You know McEldowney," said my friend. "Leave it to him to pick out the right thing to use. He is distributing these little banks all over the city, giving them out to clerks, merchants, workmen and others to interest them in saving money and in opening a savings account at his bank. The bank I am in did the same thing about five years ago; but we used a plain iron box, which the people soon tired of and sent back to the bank. I think we have some of them yet. This is a different device; there is something to it. It separates the coins and keeps them clean; and it counts them and holds them in sight of the depositor."

"To let him see his money grow," interpolated the solicitor.

"Exactly. McEldowney knows his business. It all lends interest to the little bank and to the subject of saving."

"You have it," said the solicitor. "This little safe is a high-grade article. It is made to interest, to please and to give real service; it will last a lifetime. Have you any children at home?" he added.

"I have three."

"Well, then," suggested the young man, "take one of the safes home with you tonight and do like this Philadelphia manufacturer did."

* * *

The solicitor took a miniature booklet out of one of the red boxes, opened it and handed it to my friend. The open double page contained the following:

Philadelphia, Nov. 2, 1910

GENTLEMEN: I have your letter requesting that we permit your representatives to call upon the men in our factory to interest them in opening savings accounts in your bank, and in reply will say that we gladly grant this permission and suggest that you have your representative come, on Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock, when the men are paid. Your effort to interest workmen in saving their money is praiseworthy and has our fullest support . . .

It may interest you to know that I have one of the little savings banks you give out to your depositors in my own home, left there by one of your representatives, several years ago. It is, in fact, one of the prized

possessions of our household, as about it we have built up a complete banking institution, with myself and my wife and children as the officers and depositors. I am the president, my oldest daughter is the vice-president, Mrs. Bowden is cashier and my oldest boy is bookkeeper. The little bank, itself, acts as receiving teller, each of us having certain of the self-registering coin compartments for the deposit of our savings. We each, also, have a little pass book, made by my wife from memorandum books, in which the total of our savings is entered each time they are taken for deposit in your bank. When interest is declared on our total account at your bank it is entered in proper proportion on each of our individual books. The figuring of interest is quite an absorbing procedure; and that, together with keeping account of the total accumulated savings and credits of each, gives us all much entertainment and diversion, in addition to providing a night school of banking and general commercial practice in our own home; the effect of which upon the general development of the children is noticeable. . . .

Very truly,

J. V. BOWDEN,
Vice-President and Manager.

"See how nicely you can do it," said the solicitor, holding up one of the little safes. "There are five in your family; take the halves compartment in the safe yourself; give your wife the quarter compartment, assign the dime compartment to your oldest child, the nickels to the next and the cents to the baby. Then begin operations."

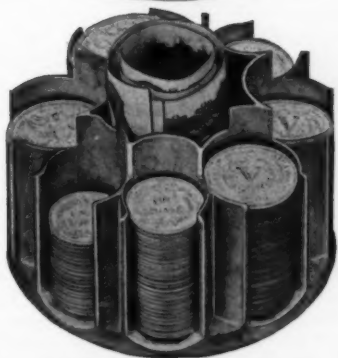
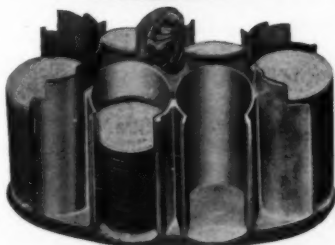
The steel man smiled. "All right," he said, "fix me up. It's aiding the enemy, but his enterprise deserves it. You are really filling a public want. How many of these banks are you giving out? Do you know?"

"We are now in the twenty-first thousand; and the city has not been fully covered yet. We placed most of them in the downtown district," said the solicitor.

He presented the steel man a regular signature card of the bank for his signature (which is what I saw the clerks signing), gave him a bank and a receipt for his first deposit of five dollars, and passed on to further operations among the clerks in the office.

* * *

I report the incident as nearly as possible exactly as it occurred. The great number of savings banks that had been given out impressed me; *it meant that*



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THE INSTRUMENTS OF THE REVOLUTION

With them the banks of the country are conducting an actual prosperity revolution, described in the accompanying article, the extent of which is remarkable and the results of which are having a direct bearing upon the welfare of our whole population

over twenty thousand people had been started to systematically save money in Pittsburg by one bank. This fact was significant, indeed.

I had forgotten the occurrence and the brusque efficiency of the solicitor, when some months later, in Cleveland, I ran onto another solicitor doing the same kind of work and using the same kind of savings bank, for the Citizens Savings & Trust Company of that city; which, next to Mr. Herrick's mutual bank, is the largest banking institution there.

Shortly afterward, in Chicago, I found exactly the same work being carried on by the Harris Trust & Savings Bank, the great institution founded by N. W. Harris, pioneer financier of the west—also by other prominent Chicago banks, all using the unique and attractive little coin safes.

Last spring I made a tour of the west. I ran upon these little banks being put out among new depositors by solicitors for leading banks, everywhere. In Kansas City, the Title Savings and Trust Company, which is the representative in its class of business of a group of the main banks of the city, was engaged in the work. In Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, Portland, Seattle, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, leading institutions were doing likewise—from 5,000 to 10,000 *new* accounts for each bank being the result.

On my return East, passing through the South, I found similar conditions. In large and small cities, banks were employing the little safes to extend their business and influence. The conservative Commercial-Germania Trust & Savings Bank, of New Orleans, had just secured six thousand new accounts with them. In Nashville, the American National Bank had recently completed its second campaign of the last two years, totalling about eight thousand new accounts gained. The American Trust Company, of St. Louis, had obtained 10,000 in a campaign of three months. In Birmingham, the First National Bank, one of the banking bulwarks of the South, had about 7,000 of the little safes out with new depositors. In Dallas, Memphis, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Sayanna, Richmond, Norfolk, Baltimore—these shining messengers of Thrift were at work, as useful, apparently, and as bright as a

newly minted coin. In Washington, D. C., the Home Savings Bank, which had obtained five thousand new accounts in a previous campaign, was preparing for another, in the hope of adding five thousand more.

I figured up, from the totals given me by the banks of which I made inquiry, that during the past year close to half a million of the little banks that I first saw in Pittsburgh had been placed in the homes of *new* depositors, with that many families, the great majority of which had never had a savings account in a bank before.

In Oakland, a city of 150,000 population, the bank of which ex-Secretary of the Navy Metcalfe is president, placed eleven thousand of the little banks with new depositors in the last two months of 1911.

* * *

A number of these accounts were secured on the Christmas present basis; that is, they were savings accounts opened by fathers and mothers for sons and daughters, by aunts and uncles for nephews and nieces, by employers for employees, etc.—accounts which were intended to start the recipients—mostly young people—in the way of saving money.

Inquiry revealed this practice of encouraging the opening of new accounts, as Christmas presents from relatives, friends, employers, etc., to be general, where the little savings banks were used. The plan followed was very simple, yet attractive and effective. In each case, the bank placed the suggestion before parents, employers and others, offering as a special inducement one of the handsome little safes, enclosed in a holly box, and pointing out what an attractive as well as beneficial present such a savings account would make, represented by the shining safe with bank pass book displayed in their pretty holly setting—distinctive among the other presents, on Christmas morning. In the pass book would be recorded the first deposit, ranging from one to five dollars or more, and, in the safe, additional coins, to start the second deposit, which would represent accumulated savings.

This enterprise upon the part of many progressive bankers who saw in the holiday season an opportunity to boom their own business, along with the merchants who

reap such a harvest at that time, often proved productive of extraordinary results. A number of bankers reported that the little safe and the holly box and pass book produced such a happy result on Christmas morning, in the homes of merchants, manufacturers and others, that large commercial accounts from the heads of these homes were the result—the reward of their timely thought and action.

In this and in other effective ways—all reaching out for new business—I found the banks in every city I visited realizing upon the possibilities of the little safes—steadily adding accounts to their books and new converts to the faith of Thrift.

When I saw the same thing going on in the East, in New York, in New England and elsewhere, I realized that I had stumbled upon phenomena of importance. Something was going on, seemingly under cover from the general public—at least from the press—something big and wide and noiseless, that would mean more to us all, in the next ten years, than much of the legislation recently so clamored for.

For if anything presages well for the sound growth of a people or a nation, it is thrift; and here I found it being cultivated in the most practical, efficient form and way ever known in history, and *cultivated by private capital at its own expense*; not as a social service, but as a business proposition.

In my conversation with the bankers who have been doing this work, I found that while not unconscious or inappreciative of the social improvement service they were rendering in their communities they were actuated to inaugurate and carry on their extensive savings campaigns by the results in growth and consequent profits to be attained, and which could be gotten, as certainly, quickly and economically, in no other way.

What sounder work of reform or improvement could there go on in the world than this widespread savings movement, pregnant with direct economic and moral benefit to the whole population, benefit to its industry, prosperity and character, and springing from the basic impulse of private enterprise and private gain?

I asked a prominent banker in New

England, who has been active in the movement, why it had not come about sooner, in view of its present extent and results, which so definitely established its efficiency in aiding bank prosperity.

He replied that until the last few years, a fit type of small savings bank had not been available. He said that attempts had been made to interest the public with the small home savings banks in the past, but the lack of quality and attraction in the banks then used made the result unsatisfactory, endorsing the experience of my Pittsburgh friend.

This banker also pointed out the interesting and rather surprising fact that participation in the present wide savings movement comes almost exclusively from the stock type of banks, and that the mutual savings banks, which are organized for the very purpose of encouraging individual thrift, have taken little or no part in it.

These mutual savings banks are jogging along staidly, at a comfortable, set-salary gait, which will incline the best of men to nod, in time; while the profit-making institutions forge briskly and vigorously forward, under the impulse of steadily increasing gain, alive and alert for every possible and reliable agency or means that will add to their growth and earnings from year to year.

"The state and national banks of the country are now doing what the mutual banks were organized for and are intended and supposed to do," said this New England banker, "and they are doing it far better and far more universally; and they would have done it long ago if invention had supplied them with the proper type of savings bank, for use in the work such as we now have in the little recording bank."

Significant social evidence, this, showing: (1) how a great powerful nation-wide movement sprang—not from philanthropic agencies organized directly for that very purpose—but from competitive individual enterprise; (2) how the way was made for it by invention, *itself the crowning fruit of competitive society.*

Beneath all of the progress of the world

lies invention. The true history of the growth of civilization is the history of invention—of the birth and evolution of the machine.

Invention was directly responsible for this movement. It paved the way for the great savings campaign that is going on all over the country, and that is monthly adding millions to the available investment funds for industry everywhere.

And a very simple invention at that, apparently, at least—a mere savings bank. A modern and perfected piece of mechanism, it is true, but a very little thing after all to be productive of such far-reaching commercial and social results.

There have been savings banks of numerous types, on the market and in the homes, for a hundred years. This new one was *new* only in its advanced features, in its improvement and perfection of the idea, design and structure of the home savings bank.

Most of the old style banks are mere boxes, fashioned rudely out of iron, cast or stamped, into which the money of all kinds—paper, silver and copper—is accumulated, in a jumbled mass—shut away from sight and from the air; generators of mould. A few of them are equipped with crude forms of registering mechanism, to indicate the total of the coins placed in them—for a while; but these are so bulky and clumsy that they are impracticable for use by banks, and their structure is so complicated that usually they get out of order shortly and are forced out of service.

The new recording bank which has brought about the savings revolution that is now going on, simply eliminated the objections of the older types and added the desired attributes which they did not possess.

The system under which the home savings bank is employed by the large banking institutions provides that the new depositor shall receive such a bank or safe upon starting his or her account. The key to this little safe is held at the Savings Teller window of the bank, where the safe must be brought before it can be opened, and the accumulated money placed to the credit of the depositor. This means that the safe must have two things: (1) a good

lock; (2) an effective guard over the slot through which the money is placed in the bank, to prevent its extraction. These are fundamental essentials. Additional essentials are (a) the safe must be of small size, light in weight, and of convenient form for bringing back and forth from depositors' home to bank—a heavy, clumsy safe will soon tire the depositor of its burden; (b) it must be attractive in appearance; (c) it must be novel in design, so as to enlist and hold the depositor's interest in it; (d) it must be of superior structure to make depositor respect and prize it as an article of value, and so it may give reliable and permanent service as a fixture of the bank.

None of the latter essentials was possessed by the old style safe. All of them were incorporated in the perfected recording bank; which, in addition, as already indicated, separates and classifies the coins, counts them, exposes them to view, and keeps them dry and clean (a service most welcome to the teller)—providing a compartment for bills, as well.

The new safe is made in a variety of novel and attractive shapes, sizes and styles, all, however, upon the same fundamental principle, as described. In my travels I ran upon many types, a few of the more interesting and unique of which I collected and have had photographed for reproduction, in connection with this article.

* * *

This new and revolution creating savings bank was brought into existence by private enterprise, by the competition of private, profit-making banks. The Mutual Savings Banks had nothing to do with it, in no way encouraged its development—are in no detail responsible for its existence. Note this—and its corollary.

The mutual savings banks don't *reach out* after savings depositors; they wait for the depositors to come in. The Postal Savings Bank will do much the same way. Both are good institutions; but their methods are not the progressive methods of private enterprise.

The difference: about half a million *new* savings accounts per year, representing savings of over \$10,000,000; in five years, 2,500,000 new savings accounts, representing well above \$100,000,000 in

deposits (figure it out)—money provided for commerce, for business—rescued from the hoardings of the timid and deluded; and savers, for solid citizenship, lifted out of the unthinking, loosely-spending millions.

If that does not spell prosperity for a nation, in pocket and in character—Prosperity with a big P—then I think it will be hard to find what does.

They say socialism is coming. Is it? What will it bring us? What will it do for invention, or to it? What will it do for enterprise, or to it?

Are the mutual savings banks a sample of socialism? *If so, there is now for our contemplation the enlightening example of our state and national banks—organized for individual profit—doing more in the philanthropic direction of encouraging the masses of population to save money than the great philanthropic mutual institutions which were organized directly for that purpose.*

A more perfect example of how the free operation of competition and individual initiative works to the general welfare and advancement—the true progress of mankind—could hardly be found.

IN THE LANE

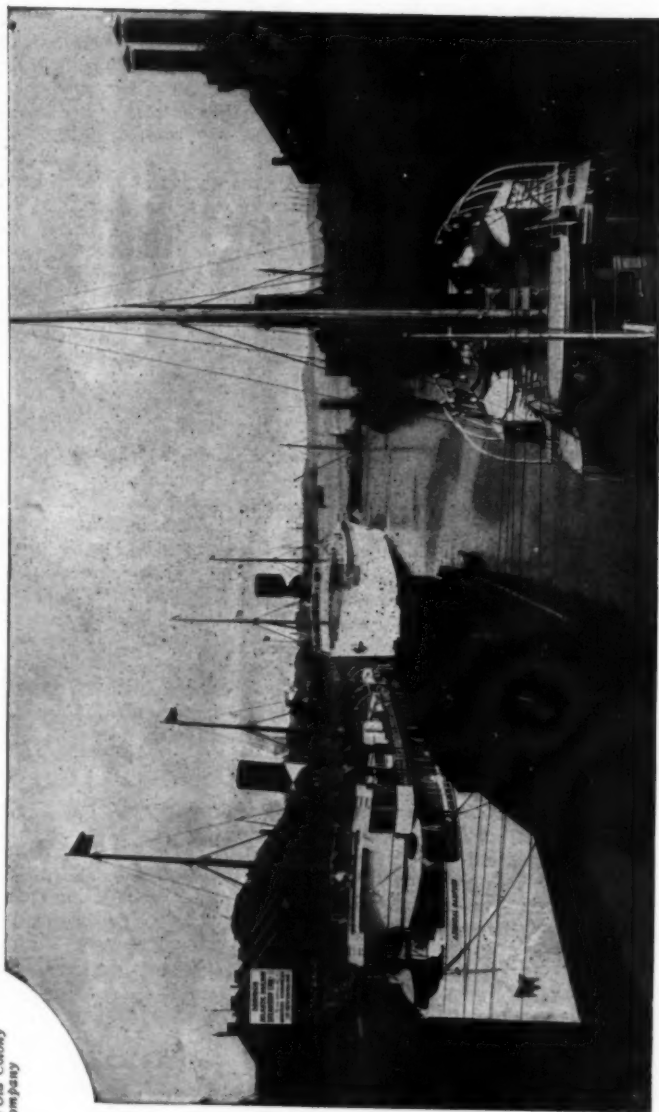
By MARY LIVINGSTON BURDICK

THE partridge sounds a noisy drum;
The fields are rich with yellow grain;
A cricket blows his trumpet shrill;
And east winds bring a hint of rain.
Unheeded lies the hunter's gun,
Far, far away his fancies run.

Beside the millstream is a lane
So little used that carpets green
Usurp old Summer's velvet dust,
And shy wood-creatures oft are seen.
'Tis here the black-eyed susan grows,
And, just beyond, one late wild-rose.

Fair, fresh and sweet, 'tis type of her
Who blossoms late in his life's lane.
Shall he the branches' treasure take?
Dares he attempt a greater gain?
As something Fate a hunter owes,
May he not gather his wild-rose?

*Courtesy Old Colony
Trust Company*



LONG WHARF, BOSTON

Before the Currency Committee

by Flynn Wayne

NO tribunal has ever met with a question more critically and vitally important than that which confronts the Currency Committee of the United States Senate. In connection with tariff revision, improved currency legislation became imperative. Early in the discussion Senator Weeks of Massachusetts offered the resolution to defer legislation, and to direct the Banking and Currency Committee to report the House Bill with such recommendations as it may see fit to make, on December 2nd next. According to this suggestion, the report would become the unfinished business of the Senate, which would proceed to consider it until the subject was disposed of. The hearings conducted by the Currency Committee in the Judiciary Rooms were among the most interesting and instructive ever held at the Capitol. There was no explosive muck-raking or irrelevant testimony. It seemed like a big board of directors earnestly getting together for the purpose of solving a big problem. Senator Owen presided, and he and his colleagues took great interest in the testimony given by the bankers. There was not a dull moment and the attention and queries of various senators indicated how earnestly information was sought. One of the most impressive discussions ever given on the currency question was made at the hearing by Mr. George M. Reynolds, President of the Continental & Commercial National Bank, Chicago. Mr. Reynolds started his banking career in a town of 1,850 people; and today, with an experience of more than a third of a century in banks of nearly every size and description, and with an acquaintance including practically every banker in the United States, it was no wonder that his discussion engaged rapt attention. In an easy, conversational way, as if talking at a board of directors' meeting, Mr. Reynolds outlined views

representing those of thousands of country bankers, emphasizing each point more thoroughly because of questions asked by members of the Committee. He has a candid, bold way of saying things, and the frankness of his testimony last spring before the Pujo Committee was in sharp contrast to the mystery and secrecy which, in popular fancy, encompass banking and financiering. The speech of Mr. Reynolds at Duluth, before the Minnesota Bankers' Association, contains some paragraphs that are so fundamental they ought to be a text book in every public school.

In his discussion before the Currency Committee, Mr. Reynolds invited interruptions, and continued his talk until the Chairman and members of the Committee asked him to defer returning to Chicago and to give them another day. This was an indication that there was a getting together all along the line.

James B. Forgan, President of the First National Bank of Chicago, the sturdy Scotchman whose whole life has been given not only to finance but to a broad and general philosophy of business relationships, put on his spectacles as he read from notes a few facts that contained impressive information. He gave figures to demonstrate that under present banking conditions, \$8 of credit is given throughout the country on each \$1 of actual money reserve. If one-third of the present reserves, said Mr. Forgan, were transferred to the regional reserve banks, notwithstanding the discounts banks might then receive from the regional banks, loans and credits would have to be reduced by \$1,800,000,000 to maintain the existing credit ratio of \$8 to \$1. When you talk of the business of the country now, it is necessary to talk in billions!

The statement of Mr. Charles C. Dawes, President of the Central Trust Company, Chicago, that there would be an expansion of credits under a new plan, was based on

*Courtesy Old Colony
Trust Company*



TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, LOOKING TOWARD PARK STREET CHURCH

the idea that the banks would not continue under the present ratio of credits. Former Congressman E. J. Hill of Connecticut, who for years has made a thorough study of this subject, called attention to what he considered a "fatal defect" of the new currency bill: that it did not make the banks responsible for the issue of notes and relieve the government of liability. No other nation, insisted Mr. Hill, made itself responsible for the payment of notes issued through the banks, and he declared that the government would find it impossible to secure an adequate reserve for the purpose. Mr. Forgan also insisted that, even with the falling off of nearly two billions in loans, the problem could be worked out if several important details in the bill were not overlooked. This seemed to be the consensus of opinion among the bankers.

* * *

On the heels of this important hearing came the statement by Mr. F. A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York, that within the next five years the country would require two billions of dollars to develop electrical plants, this to say nothing of four billions of dollars required for steam railroads. "One does not have to draw on his imagination," Mr. Vanderlip said. "Little more is needed than a grasp of present day statistics, compared with those of five or ten years ago, to give the basis for such an estimate. With the electrification of steam railroad terminals and heavy mountain grades; to say nothing of the larger use of electrical energy for industrial power and agricultural uses, the requirement of \$400,000,000 a year of new capital is absolutely imperative. This means that on every weekly pay day, for the next five years, \$8,000,000 of new capital will be required. Within that time over a billion dollars of steam railroad securities will mature. The railroads will need, in five years, \$4,000,000,000 for refunding

and fresh capital, to say nothing of states and municipalities requiring a billion and a half more. This gives a total of eight billion dollars, a proposition involving almost bewildering figures. The raising of these sums, however, is the practical problem of financiers.

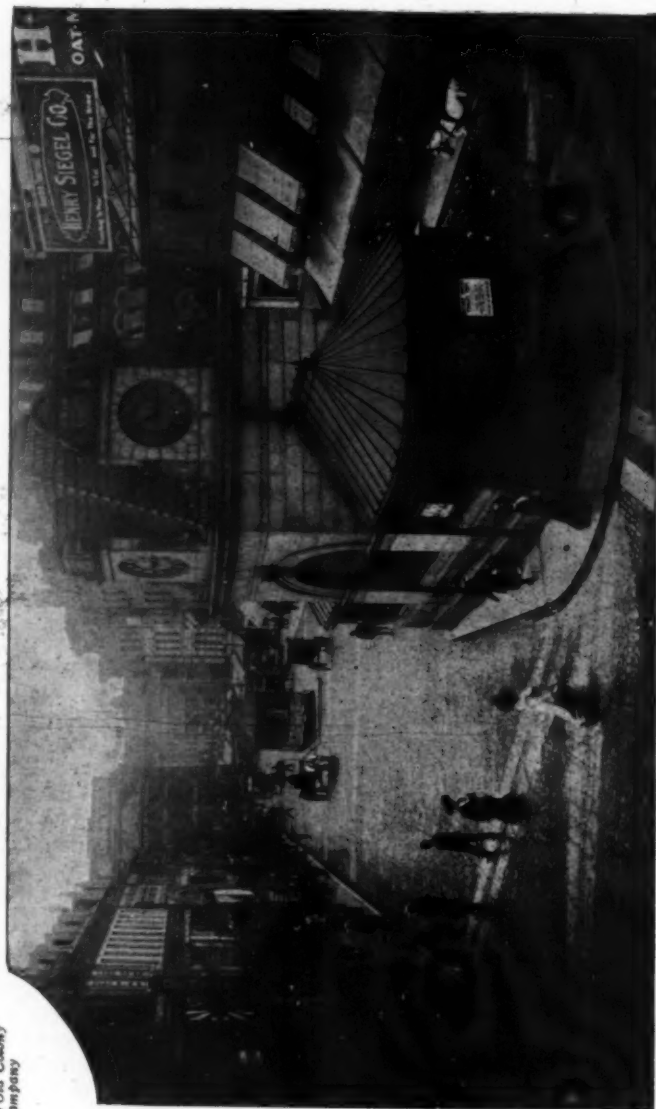


MR. GEORGE M. REYNOLDS

The President of the Continental and Commercial National Bank, Chicago, and an authority on American banking

Mr. F. A. Vanderlip, Mr. George M. Reynolds and Mr. C. G. Dawes are young men in the banking field who have kept in close touch with the rapidity of modern development. Two of these gentlemen served their apprenticeship in the Treasury Department, and all three are representative of that large force of the intelligent banking fraternity of the country, whose integrity and enterprise have been potent factors in American development.

Courtesy Old Colony
Trust Company



SCOLLAY SQUARE, BOSTON, LOOKING NORTH

The Bankers in Boston

by Mitchell Mannering

THE ancient record of "the solid men of Boston" for princely hospitalities will gain new luster as the American bankers gather for their annual convention in October, 1913. The importance of their assembling will be marked by much the largest attendance of any other in the history of the association, for impending currency legislation gives the bankers' discussions pre-eminent national as well as professional interest.

Boston and indeed New England are ideal centers for such a gathering, for ever since the seventeenth century New England has played a leading part in the banking and financial operations of the country. Almost every important railway has been originally largely financed from Boston, not to speak of mines, canals, water powers, construction and other corporate enterprises, and every important section has largely drawn on Boston finance for "sinews of war and peace."

The competent banker must necessarily have a more than superficial knowledge of all trades and professions, for there is not a business man or corporation that does not at some time have to go to the banker with a confession of present need of financial assistance. The banking profession includes men who have served in almost every calling; men who know by practical experience the details of various lines of trade, industrial and professional practice; and also men who when off duty are immersed in literary and artistic research; many who proudly wear the bronze buttons of the G. A. R. or the insignia of the Confederate Veterans. Their life experience is indissolubly interwoven with the history of their state and country, for they still love to hark back to the days of their youth and young manhood.

Among the bankers of the country are numbered the descendants of the Green Mountain boys; the fellow-adventurers

of Daniel Boone of Kentucky and Sam Houston of Texas; of men who dealt with the Red River "Oxcart Brigade" in St. Paul; of traders whose "Prairie schooner" plied across the plains from St. Louis to Santa Fe; of New Bedford whaling captains and Cape Cod mariners of the long voyage—and many other pioneers in the upbuilding of the nation.

It seems especially fitting that Boston should welcome the representatives of the banking interests of America, for here the first bank in the New World was established in 1686, up to which time the business of loaning and caring for other people's money was carried on by individuals who had accumulated wealth and established credit abroad, and in due time became the trustees of funds and transmitters of drafts and bills of exchange. The very inception of the great banking system of America found its first experiment in Boston, as have many good things that have been of benefit to the nation. There are few new enterprises, new religions or new ideas of any kind in which the nurturing or initiative spirit of Boston have not had a part.

The first bank in America, located in State Street, Boston, loaned money on real estate, personal property and imperishable merchandise, though it had not the privilege of issuing money, then the prerogative of the Bay State Colony. After a few years Boston's first branch discontinued business, and was started in 1714, ten years after the first newspaper was printed in Boston. The new bank carried on business and issued \$400,000 in scrip on the basis now sought by certain financial promoters and leaders. It was scrip and nothing but scrip, and consequently the bank was short-lived. In 1742 a Land Bank was founded by several hundred subscribers who gathered in Boston as the bankers are meeting here today and who attempted to relieve the

*Courtesy Old Colony
Trust Company*



THE BOSTON HARBOR FRONT

scarcity of specie by issuing scrip based on real estate holdings. A "Specie Bank" was also founded about the same time, but both institutions found it as impossible to compete with the "bills of credit" issued by nearly every colony as it would be today to rival the government in minting money. All this paper money rapidly depreciated in value, owing to the constant and heavy expenditure for military movements of offence and defence against the Canadian French and their Indian allies. In 1782 during the Revolution, the Bank of North America of Philadelphia received a charter from Congress, and its operations in the Bay State inspired the establishment of the Bank of Massachusetts in March, 1784, an institution which is still in operation as the First National Bank of Boston. As one of its depositors, the NATIONAL feels a special interest in this bank, and its splendid record has added luster and distinction to the banking interests of the United States.

It was in 1780 that the Federal Constitution first forbade the issuance of paper money by the States, which Congress supplied to the various states, or rather provinces. This so-called "Continental Currency" issued by the government flooded the country and so rapidly depreciated that in 1781 it was practically worthless, although subsequently redeemed at an enormous discount. This depreciation of "Continental Currency" more than once nearly occasioned mutiny in the ranks of the Revolutionary soldiers who, poor fellows, could hardly manage

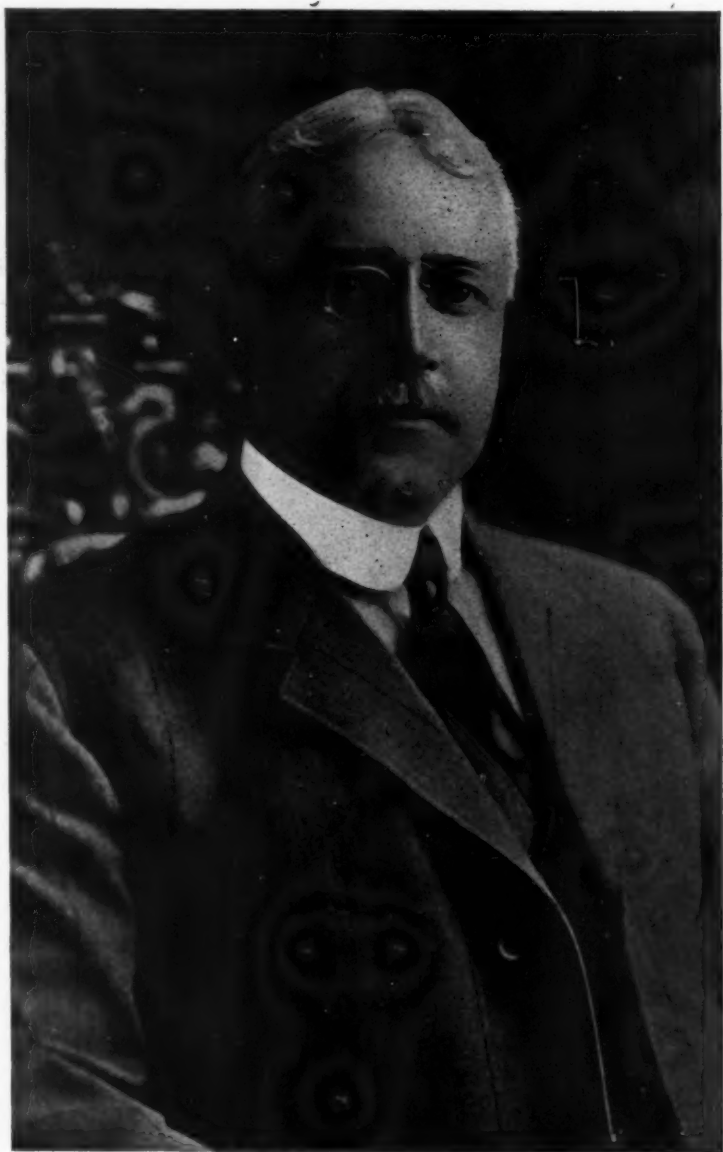


MR. CHARLES G. DAWES

President of the Central Trust Company, Chicago; a leading American banker

to buy themselves a pair of shoes with a month's pay.

The first United States Bank was chartered in 1791 and its life limited to twenty years, providing for a capital of \$10,000,000, which was an enormous sum in those days, and the right to hold property to the amount of \$15,000,000. In 1792 a branch was established in Boston, as in other principal cities, where the bank became the depository of United States funds and was permitted to issue notes



MR. FRANK A. VANDERLIP

President of the National City Bank, New York, and one of the most prominent bankers in the country

payable in specie on demand. A year later the Union Bank of Boston was chartered, the State subscribing one-third of its capital. In 1810 the Bank of New England and a year later the State Bank, now the State National, began to do business, just prior to the War of 1812. During 1812 all bank stock held by the State of Massachusetts in these and other banks was sold, and until the Civil War these were all called "State Banks," although no longer representing the investment of state funds, but simply because they were chartered by the state.

The United States Bank, at the expiration of its charter in 1811, found a determined opposition from some ninety state banks, for there was a banking association that year, which was not quite as harmonious as that which gathers now. In 1814, one hundred and fifty banks with an aggregate capital of \$62,000,000, opposed the renewal, but the War of 1812 resulted in the failure of twenty of these banks. Another United States Bank was chartered for twenty years with a capital of \$35,000,000, of which \$7,000,000 was supplied by the United States Treasury. The operations of this bank and other causes resulted in the liquidation of 281 out of 446 state banks in existence at the date of its formation.

POLITICAL rancor was at its height when Andrew Jackson vetoed the bill renewing the charter of the United States Bank and removed the treasury deposits, under which opposition the bank collapsed, and a vast number of state banks competed for business, which included the issue of bank notes. In 1837 there were six hundred and thirty-four banks, with an aggregate capital of \$291,000,000.

In the history of banking the year of 1837 is prominent for one of the worst panics that was ever known in America, which resulted in the failure of many banks, and a universal suspension of specie payments throughout the country, which were not renewed until over a year and a half later. During this trying period, when banking operations were practically wiped out of existence, all the banks but three continued doing business in Boston. There were temporary suspensions of specie

payments in 1857 known as the panic of '57; also in '61, when Boston followed the lead of New York, since it was evident that further attempt to tide the popular panic would mean ruin to all the interests involved. There are men still living today who remember with a shudder the trying times of '57, when the merchants met in the Boston Merchants' Exchange day after day, insisting that the banks must be sustained; until finally Hon. Amasa Walker rose up and said, "Gentlemen, the banks must suspend specie payments. There is no other course to be followed." There were murmurs of discontent and they were almost ready to lynch the ex-governor of the Commonwealth for the bold position he had taken, but he faced them courageously, and next came the news of the suspension of the New York banks.

In 1838 the Bank of Mutual Redemption was established for redeeming the notes of outside banks which had previously been attended to by the Suffolk Bank, founded in 1816. The present clearing house in Boston was founded in 1856, and the records show that it started with twenty banks and was soon representing three more, doing the first year a billion dollars' worth of business. Thirty years later Boston had sixty national banks, with more than \$32,000,000 capitalization.

WITH recollections of this history and these notable traditions, the bankers set out for Boston Town. Bright and early on October 6 they will arrive from every point of the compass, and an elaborate program has been planned. Part of the first day will be given to a ride in automobiles over the route which Paul Revere took to Concord and Lexington, where the alarm was given to the embattled farmers. On Monday evening the great Charles River Basin and pride of Boston, flanked on one side by Cambridge and Charlestown, and on the other side by the golden dome on Beacon Hill, will be a scene that will rival Venice where the first bank of the world was established. Motor trips every day and a reception and ball at the famous Symphony Hall starts the social pace.

The Entertainment Committee have decided that there will be no idle moments,

Motor trips will be wedged in at every hour, starting from Copley Square. On Wednesday evening in Faneuil Hall, built in 1763, an address on the "Cradle of Liberty" will be given by Honorable Robert Luce, preceded by a concert of American airs by the First Corps of the Cadets' Orchestra. On the same evening will occur a meeting at the Old South Meeting House (built in 1729), with an address on the history of the famous building. At Christ Church the chimes of bells, obtained in England in 1744, will be rung for forty minutes—a total of 550 changes—by a guild of English bell ringers. Here Dean Hodges of Cambridge will deliver an address, and after the exercises a descendant of Paul Revere will climb the tower and hang two lanterns from the same belfry made memorable by Paul Revere April 18, 1775. In King's Chapel, established in 1686, an organ recital will be given by Malcolm Lang, and an address by Honorable John D. Long, former Governor of Massachusetts and Secretary of the Navy in McKinley's cabinet. There will be singing by the Pilgrim Male Quartette, and among other selections will be sung the famous hymn "Our Fathers," written by Rev. John Pierpont, great-grandfather of the late J. Pierpont Morgan.

Thursday there will be motor trips from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. In the evening there will be a special concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall. Friday at 11 o'clock three steamers of the Nantasket Line will leave for Nantasket,

where a shore dinner will be served in Paragon Park at one o'clock. Later the guests will make a tour of inspection through the harbor and the Navy Yard.

As soon as they are adorned with the proper badge, the visiting bankers will be given all the privileges of Boston. Special guides will show them the State House, Bunker Hill Monument, the Museum of Fine Arts, the Library and all the sight-seeing places. Every historical spot in the city or suburbs will be plainly marked, and Boston hostesses are ready to greet the visiting ladies and demonstrate the meaning of real, old-fashioned New England hospitality. Boston ladies will entertain at Brae-Burn and Brookline Country Clubs, and a special concert at the New England Conservatory of Music.

If any visitor does not find Boston bankers the best and most royal entertainers on record, let him just make it known to the NATIONAL. Not only Boston bankers, but the people of Boston and all New England take a pleasure in proving that Boston is the most charming and never-to-be-forgotten convention city in the United States, or, indeed, in the world (this is not written by a Boston man, either). "Boston is a state of mind," said the sage, and all over its sphere of influence are dainty little souvenirs, halos of historical memories, and the charm of the pleasant October days when autumn in all her radiance greets New England's guests with a welcome and thrice welcome that grows in grace and heartiness with the centuries.

THE POOL

Beside the road it dreamed, a darksome thing,
That eyes in passing fain would not behold
Until the sunset lights far wandering
Swept down and brimmed it full with sheeny gold.

—Arthur Wallace Peach.

Books of the Month



SINCE "Trilby" spread throughout two worlds, the artist life of Paris has seldom been more attractively and tactfully set forth than by F. Berkeley Smith in "The Street of the Two Friends."^{*} A number of short stories strung together on a tiny thread of friendship and pleasure-seeking companionship tell the story of wine, women, art and song, not without romance, not lacking in tragedy—and all pointing mainly to "a short life and a merry one" whose merriment is too often turned into the misery of the years when friends, beauty, fortune and hope have departed. The author evidently contrasts very forcibly the *esprit* and vivacity, the courtesy and *bonhomie* of the free lovers of Paris with their contemporaries of England and America, and their business and social life with the sordid and uncultured imitations of French gaiety.

The book can hardly be recommended for school, public and family libraries—and indeed was probably never intended for that class of trade. It is tastefully served up and artistically illustrated.

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A CLEAN story of a strong, helpful, good-hearted farmer's wife comes from the pen of Shirley Carson, who calls it "The Motto of Mrs. McLane,"[†] although

^{*}"The Street of the Two Friends." By F. Berkeley Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, \$1.50.

[†]"The Motto of Mrs. McLane." By Shirley Carson. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$1.00.

which one of many notable sayings of that excellent woman is *the motto* does not too plainly appear. It would seem, however, that it is something like this, "A good turn is a good turn; never mind the weighin' and the siftin' of it."

A farm story of simple folk, used to hard work, plain fare and many "set-backs," but honest and true as gold, is a good thing to read amid the flood of sugar-coated literature that is too freely given to young and old nowadays. The virtues are stern and exacting, but they lay hold on true and lasting courage, content and happiness. Shirley Carson has written with a keen but kindly pen, a story which years hence will be one of her best memorials.

* * *

BEAUTIFUL in its illuminated blue covers, emblazoned with heraldry, "The Former Countess,"^{*} by Annie Fields Vila, contributes another to the many historical novels which draw their inspiration from the terrible episodes of the French Revolution. The plot is sufficiently varied and deals with critical situations of every kind in numbers that must satisfy the most exacting, but the story is told rather than set forth in natural speech and apt suggestion.

The dangers which threatened every one of noble birth, the flight from France, the *rencontres* and escapes from Jacobin

^{*}"The Former Countess." By Annie Fields Vila. Boston: Sherman, French & Company.

assassins, sundry love affairs, and the "happy marriage" are not lacking.

THE thousands of book-lovers who read "The Broad Highway" were interested in announcements of a "successor" in Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's "The Happy Warrior." * The style of both novels is in some ways similar, and both are crowded with adventure. We find the "Happy

Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray."

"The Happy Warrior" is a long volume; but it is well written and developed, and is a powerful effort. The scenes are laid in England, and the atmosphere and general handling of the story remind one of the Victorian novels.



THE HAPPY WARRIOR

A scene from Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's virile novel

Warrior" in babyhood days, and follow his checkered life throughout his entire career. The author has made him an exemplification of Wordsworth's hero:

"Who is the Happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous spirit, who, . . .
Come when it will, is equal to the need. . . .
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one

* "The Happy Warrior." By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.35 net.

A HOST of Americans realize that the strenuous "big business" craze demands all that a man is and can be, without assuring him of steady employment, and much less a competence in the decline of his powers, let alone old age. More than ever before the individual counts for less in many avocations and branches of business, and the end is not yet.

In every civilized country the result has been to overcrowd the professions and eventually to convince many city-dwellers and workers that if they wish to have a home and a business of their own the surest way is to "go back to the farm" and introduce into agriculture and intensive farming the industry, system and modern methods which have driven them out of the old time opportunities of business.

In "New Lives for Old"* William Carleton tells as a sequel to "One Way Out" how, after securing his own future, he convinced the people of a little, humdrum New England town that there was profit, pleasure and social enjoyment in farming, when carried on intelligently and in cooperation with each other. He points out that they possessed "a million dollar plant" which paid bigger dividends and rose in value faster than any of the "favorite" securities; and that by co-operation, they could eventually secure financial backing, and political and social consideration hitherto denied them.

The new immigrants who are ousting too many Americans from every avocation, says Mr. Carleton, are successful

* "New Lives for Old." By William Carleton. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price, \$1.20 net.

because they are pioneers, full of the pioneer spirit which has so long sent the strong and hopeful westward to conquer in war and out-work in peace.

The American who reads this little book will find himself asking if there is not something that he can do to become more than the weekly recipient of a pay ticket.

* * *

WHAT shall I talk about?" and "How shall I say it?" are questions that every one has to consider who goes into society and is expected to contribute his or her share of "the current coin of the realm" of good society, which is neither of gold or silver, but according to Holy Writ is up to the gold standard, since "words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

"Conversation,"* by Mary Greer Conklin will be of value to all who feel themselves at a loss when invited to meet a dozen or more of experienced society people, and if backed by amicable feelings and sincerity of speech, will make it easy to meet all the demands of a situation which seldom lacks the presence of several eager to shine therein, and occasionally graced by a "lion" or "lioness," who "will roar you as gently as any suckling dove" by the half hour together. Read "Conversation," muster a very small array of material, and don't be afraid of being called upon for "much speaking."

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FOLLOWING close upon the receipt of the "Autobiography of General Jubal A. Early," as related by R. H. Early, comes "Pickett and His Men,"† by Mrs. La Salle Corbell Pickett, the faithful wife of the gallant Southern leader of the last

great charge on Meade's lines at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Mrs. Pickett's account of the battle of Gettysburg bears little impress of a woman's authorship, except in its vein of natural and touching sentiment and enthusiasm, and undoubtedly was drawn from the original memoranda and descriptive fragments preserved from time to time by General Pickett himself. It strongly impresses the reader with the belief that the apparently useless sacrifice of Pettigrew's and Pickett's men was not supported and improved as it should have been by other Confederate division commanders who made no simultaneous flank-

ing attacks while Pickett's Virginians pierced Meade's outer defences at the center.

The further career of General Pickett in command of the Department of North Carolina in 1863-1864, his attempt to secure the safety of Petersburg, then threatened by Butler's advance, and barely saved by his audacious defense with less than a brigade, and his brilliant services in the siege that followed, and on the retreat to Appomattox, Lee's surrender and his life after the war are lovingly depicted. The work is finely illustrated.

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A POET whose lyre seems to have been used almost wholly to the praise and study of song is something rare and unusual in this age of literature, whose bards for the most part affect and practice the strong contrasts of varied subjects, plots and treatments of the same. "The Singing Heart,"* by Isaac Bassett Choate, reminds one by its very contrasts, "its likeness in unlikeness," to the sword-song of the Icelandic bard who was commanded by King Olaf Tryggveson to repay him, for the gift of a handsome blade, with a *drapa* in which the word "sword" should occur in each line. In nearly eight-score short poems, only a negligible few are



MRS. LA SALLE C. PICKETT
The wife of the Confederate leader and the author of "Pickett and His Men," an interesting work compiled from memoranda of the late General

*"Conversation." By Mary Greer Conklin. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price, 75 cents.

†"Pickett and His Men." By La Salle Corbell Pickett. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$2.50.

*"The Singing Heart." By Isaac Bassett Choate. Boston: R. H. Hinkley Company.

without some mention of singing or song, and these generally deal with love, contentment, patient courage and endurance in the ordinary walks of life.

Many simple and natural pictures of rural scenery, bird life and contemplative consideration of the "music of the spheres" help to vary the sweet and innocent lyrics. In time to come the seeker of opposite poetical expression will draw from this little book couplets and stanzas which will emphasize a simple expression of the charm of beauty, love and song seldom attained since the days of Wordsworth and the "Lake Poets."

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THE history and biography of grand opera in America is timed by generations rather than by centuries, and in his "Grand Opera in America"* and "Famous Singers of Yesterday and Today"* Mr. Henry C. Lahee has furnished interesting and instructive histories of the leading singers who have appeared in America up to the season 1900-1901, and of the various fortunes of those who have in the past borne the burden and heat of the day in attempting to make grand opera as popular and successful as it has long been in the leading cities of Europe.

The author has brought this interesting record down to the season 1911-1912 in his "Grand Opera Singers of Today"* in which are traced the fortunes of the Metropolitan Opera House under its succeeding impresarios: Maurice Grau, Heinrich Conried, Oscar Hammerstein, Gatti-Casazza and Dippel; those of the Boston Opera House under Henry Russell, and the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera House under Andreas Dippel, with such comparisons with the not remote past as will enable the younger generation of opera lovers to measure the American growth and development of this highest form of drama and comedy in song during the first decade of the twentieth century.

*"The Grand Opera Singers of Today." By Henry C. Lahee. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$2.50 net.

Rich and attractive in paper, press work and binding, the book is rendered doubly attractive by nearly fifty full-page duogravures of the great singers who have illuminated the American operatic stage with their personal beauty, art and melody, most of them *en caractere*, and therefore recalling to the reader nights in which sordid things were for a brief space forgotten in the glory and sweetness of the dream-life before him.

Terse, but on the whole satisfactory biographies, favorable and unfavorable criticisms, anecdote, humor, statistical brevities, a copious index and an intelligent and sympathetic resume of what has been done and is likely to be done to promote true operatic development in the United States make up a book which must please, instruct and benefit every lover of the modern music drama into which grand opera has steadily developed during the last generation.

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INDUSTRIAL training for the young is generally looked upon as quite a modern practice, but in 1876 kitchen garden for girls was originated in New York, and since that time has been successfully taught in many places throughout the country. It is for young girls what manual training is for boys. Both exert a wholesome influence on the children's lives. "Training the Little Homemaker,"* by Mary Louise Keech, is an illustrated exposition of rules and ideas to be followed in giving the much-needed instruction regarding the various duties that fall to the lot of the housekeeper. The course is adapted to girls from eight to eleven years old, an impressionable age when they are beginning to take an interest in household matters. Then, too, many an experienced housewife could glean much valuable information from these pages, and the book would make a good addition to any woman's kitchen library.

*"Training the Little Home Maker." By Mary Louise Keech, A.B. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.



ASTRONOMERS searching the heavens to enjoy "good seeing"—peeping, as it were, into the realm of infinite space—are not more eager in their search for new planets than the editor looking for a new planet in the literary firmament. There is always a keen interest in the work of a new author who strikes the flint and forces the attention of satiated readers. After sentences that stand out like rifle shots comes a gleam of humor, and that broad sweep comprehending the multiplicity of human affairs which is so difficult for us to conceive in the ordinary transactions of life.

An editorial welcome is given a writer expressing an idea that readers have had lying dormant in their minds for many years. In stories of this kind, reader and author form a copartnership. This appears to be the process of the popularity or the vogue of modern authors. Pessimistic talk of the "good old times" no longer attracts the majority of readers. Again, a few years ago English authors occupied the center of the fiction stage, and absorbed the attention of readers in this country. Now, the American novelist and story writer is having his hearing. Not only novelists but writers on other subjects are forging to the front, and creating the literature of the times. The American playwright has been slowly but surely coming to his own. An observing editor, using his contributinal telescope, feels that the times are propitious for a notable literary, artistic and scientific development, through authors able to convey impressions, feelings, thought and philosophy of the hour. Many an amateur

astronomer, scientist and student of psychology is found today among the great audiences of American readers. The increasing popularity of sociology among the student body is a hopeful sign. The youth of today are taking advantage of all the accumulated knowledge which their forbears acquired in hard knocks and experience and continued probing. The analytical processes of chemistry are being emulated in the conduct of business affairs. System and knowledge of parts, in segregation as a whole, are sought. The question sometimes arises whether the public have too much of a smattering of knowledge—a little of everything and not much of anything. The European influence of thoroughness is playing an important part in stimulating a knowledge of fundamentals.

The world is moving forward rapidly. After meeting, face to face, thousands graduating from public schools, colleges and academies in the year 1913 A. D., one unconsciously catches the spirit of hope, enthusiasm and progressiveness characteristic of American student bodies. The time is coming when the sophistries of the demagogue, as well as the deceptions of the arrant tyrant, individual or collective, will not be able to deceive the people. Institutions as well as individuals, newspapers and periodicals that have been built up by capitalizing popular prejudice find a reaction certain and unerring setting in. The old axiom of Abraham Lincoln, insisting that "all the people cannot be fooled all the time," is finding its fruition in these days, when everybody knows a little something about everything that is going on.

SUNDAY in New York is counted a most lonesome day by a stranger. The streets down town are deserted, and the throngs that surged the avenue on parade or lounge in the parks are all apparently strangers to the lone visitor. Even the deserted ranch on the frontier has coyotes and bronchos, as shown in the "movies," but New York on Sunday—alas!

On such a Sunday I ventured across Brooklyn Bridge to Plymouth Church,

forth those powerful sermons that stirred Europe and America. In the church are many relics, paintings and pictures associated with the days of Beecher, and over his portrait glows an electric light that is never dimmed by night or day. The gallery, the quaint pews, and the prismatic light through the stained glass windows have a memory of New England now preserved in Brooklyn, the city of churches.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, the nestor of periodical editors whose sermons have the sage-like philosophy and wisdom of old New England, was for many years the pastor of this historic church and succeeded Mr. Beecher. Today it is a young minister from the West with thunderous voice who delivers the sermons in old Plymouth. The masterly thought and eloquence of Newell Dwight Hillis have maintained for the Plymouth pulpit the splendid traditions of the past, making it a power and influence in all parts of the country.

Mr. Hillis is more than a preacher. He is an aggressive leader in forward movements, and a thinker. He arouses his own people and delivers a message every Sunday that tingles with thought of the hour, and reaches a nation-wide circle through rostrum lectures and the printed word. A resume of world affairs is compressed within the limits of a single sermon. Under the pulpit the stenographer continues "taking notes" as the "chile amang ye" referred to by Bobby Burns. The words flow in musical sequence, but the rugged thought strikes fire. Eyes from the rear gallery seats and rear pews below to side pews are riveted upon the slender form of the minister who amidst the flowers adorning the pulpit, with scarcely a gesture or suggestion of the theatric, is pouring out thrilling words that sink deep into the hearts of his hearers. The scene reflects the earnestness of the old meeting-house of New England.

In Plymouth Church Henry Ward Beecher sold a slave and presented an object lesson on the slavery question that made an impress almost as profound as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," written by his sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe. Amid these historical and stirring recollections of the past, Dr. Hillis is forging bolts of



Photo by J. E. Purdy & Co. Boston

REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

The brilliant and noted lecturer and author, and pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, where Henry Ward Beecher preached so many years

with memories of Henry Ward Beecher in his prime. In wicked Gotham there are are many who flee through the Subway on Sunday, and wander up Orange Street to the old church built in 1849 around which still clings the atmosphere of old New England. The church itself is impressive with the simplicity of the Plymouth forefathers for whom it was named. It has been the forum of pulpit eloquence for more than a half century. Here for many years Henry Ward Beecher thundered

Jove as his voice passes from the colloquial and conversational to that deep, resonant and thunderous tone which is accompanied by lightning flash of his thought and wit. Every Sunday there are many strangers present, but if the delight and inspiration of these sermons were fully realized across the bridge, there would be many sleepy heads in New York on Sunday morning that would arouse themselves before ten and go forth to Plymouth Church or some other church and hear something that is at least a relief from the blood-curdling account of crimes and disaster disseminated as public information through newspapers during the week. A sermon can never be enjoyed so much in the reading as in hearing the man behind the words. The lonesome Sunday in New York can be made refreshing.

To maintain the fame and tradition of Beecher's Church was



DE SOTO DISCOVERING THE MISSISSIPPI
Reproduced from the original painting and used as a poster in an unique American advertising campaign

no small task, but the aggressive and beloved pastor of historic Plymouth Church today is holding fast to the fundamentals of an abiding faith in God and humanity that is widening the horizon of his activities.

* * *

TRAVELING over the country, I have noticed boys standing before the posters issued by the Anheuser-Busch people, discussing the scenes depicted, and it has seemed to me that the pictures had an educational interest far transcending their advertising value. What an interest the picture of De Soto discovering the Mississippi adds to the history lesson with which the boy may be wrestling in school, and how much inspiration may be found in the scene of the Lewis and Clark Expedition blazing a path over the continent, still further illuminating the stirring stories of early pathfinders. These posters in the freedom of outdoors carry with them the same message but much more effectively than the elaborate mural decorations of buildings, placed on the ceilings beyond the gaze of children.

The subject of these illustrations has been the matter of much study and consideration by the originators. The reproduction is a marvel in lithography and is the work of the Forbes Lithograph Company, of Boston, who long ago established a world-wide reputation for exquisitely perfect lithography. The whole conception and plan of the Anheuser-Busch posters has marked a new and distinctive epoch in advertising. People studying these historical pictures cannot fail to catch the spirit of the scenes portrayed.

Next year even greater plans are under way by Anheuser-Busch on their campaign of Educative Advertising. The influence of this sort of advertising commends itself to all thoughtful people, who realize that an enthusiastic interest in historical events must be maintained by appealing in a pictorial way to boys and girls and, indeed, the whole people.

* * *

A LITTLE more than fifty years ago—or to be exact, June 29, 1863—the first National Bank in the United

States opened its door for business at Davenport, Iowa. It was then known, and is still known as the First National Bank in more ways than its title would indicate by the charter. The very next day after President Lincoln approved the National Banking Act, there was on file at the Treasury Department the application from Iowa under the new law. On Monday, June 29, 1863, the doors of the First National Bank of Davenport opened for business in what was then known as "the Marble Building," a three-story structure of white limestone, at that time said to be the handsomest bank building in the West. It was for two days only that the First National Bank of Davenport was unique as the one National Bank in operation, for on July 1 a number of others had also gone into action in other parts of the country.

The "History of the First National Bank in the United States," written by Albert F. Dawson and issued upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the institution, is not only a striking little volume in blue and gold, dealing with biographies and financial matters connected with the history of the bank, but it contains much interesting information as to the conditions of the banking business and currency previous to the Civil War.

The varying banking laws of thirty different states and the utter laxity of repression of recklessness and imposition in most of them, had resulted in flooding the country with "red dog," "wild cat," "stump tail" and other discredited "shin plasters" issued by people with little or no capital except sufficient to "fit up a bank" and pay an engraver for printing their promises to pay. President Buchanan, in a message to Congress, after the great panic of 1857, said "such revulsions must occur when fourteen hundred irresponsible institutions are permitted to usurp the power of providing currency, affecting the property of every citizen." During 1860, ninety-four Illinois "banks" expanded their issues by an aggregate of \$1,400,000; more than half of these banks were merely "banks of circulation," without paid-up capital or reserves, and doing not much business, except printing money.

Hon. Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, proposed two measures to Congress in December, 1861, to enable the government to sell its bonds, and the people to do business with a safe and uniform paper currency. It took two years to carry the National Bank Act through Congress and into actual operation, but it put an end to all other paper money except that issued by the Federal Government; although the issue of bonds and mortgage notes by equally irresponsible parties has practically gathered as much plunder as the bogus state bank-notes did "before the war."

The system has grown until it now numbers more than 7,440 banks, with a capital of \$1,052,265,581, a surplus of \$719,673,812 and undivided profits of \$255,387,230, giving them beyond all dividends as net earnings still undivided \$975,061,042, only \$77,204,539 less than their paid-up capital.

The initial president of the First National Bank to do business in the United States was Mr. Austin Corbin, a tall and athletic son of old New Hampshire. Holding his office but two years, he removed to New York in 1865. There he established an office, and for a time became the head of the almost insolvent Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western Railroad. In 1874 he founded the great Corbin Banking Company, and later organized the Manhattan Beach Promotion Society, whose one hundred acres of beach and upland became one of the most popular and profitable of summer resorts. He reorganized the Long Island Railroad and pulled the Reading Railroad out of the mire, besides many other operations.

He was succeeded as president of the Davenport Bank by George Henry French (1825-1885), a native of Andover, Massachusetts, who held the position for two years, 1865-1867. As a business man and citizen of Davenport, he was successful, enterprising and beloved. He left two sons, Colonel G. Watson French and Judge Nathanael French, and a daughter Alice, better known and loved by the American public as "Octave Thanet," the author and poet.

Honorable Albert F. Dawson, the ninth and present president of the First National Bank, was born at Spragueville, Jackson

County, Iowa, January 6, 1872, a son of Thomas Dawson. His mother died when he was only a year old, and his grandfather, Major Samuel Foster, took the little boy and cared for him tenderly. Educated in the public schools of Preston and the State University of Wisconsin, he became at nineteen publisher of the *Preston Advance*, and later, city editor of the *Clinton Herald*.

From 1895 to 1899, young Dawson was



HON. ALBERT F. DAWSON

President of the First National Bank, Davenport, Iowa, which has the honor of being the first National bank in the United States to open its doors for business

secretary to Hon. George M. Curtis, a member of Congress, and for six years more served in the same capacity with Senator William Boyd Allison. From 1904 to 1911, he represented the Second Iowa District in Congress, and on April 6, 1913, he became president of the bank. Since his election, the bank has almost doubled its deposits.

The story of this First National Bank is especially interesting at this time, when important changes in currency legislation and federal banking laws are under discussion.



ON THE WESTERN SLOPE

THERE inevitably comes to many women the time when, their children having left the home nest, their chief interest in life seems taken away, and yet they rightly believe that they are still too young and active to be, as one mother expressed it, "laid on the shelf."

Now if these homemakers who feel that they have come to the "jumping off" place, because the last one of their flock has married with apparently no further use for mother, will invest in a hobby and ride it to the exclusion of all morbid brooding over the inevitable, they will find that life has yet riches hitherto undreamed of.

One dear woman I know, past fifty years old, recently widowed and whose only son is about to take unto himself a wife, is studying French every spare moment of her busy life. She has become proficient enough to enjoy French novels and now she knows not one dreary moment.

Another friend is an enthusiastic Chautauquan, taking the course year after year with the result that she is abreast of the times and in touch with all things going on in the world that are worth while. Neither of these women is strong enough for work outside of the home center and yet both wield an influence for good that extends farther than they plan or know of. Still another woman friend, who had taken life hard through many years of toil incidental to rearing her brood and husbanding resources, found herself as she topped the divide

of life's road and faced the western slope, destitute of all interest in things that be, no mind left for culture and no strength for effort, and yet tied hand and foot to immediate environment. Luckily, she had sense enough to realize her situation. She felt foundations giving away underneath, but would have none of it. She took herself sternly in hand, as she would an indolent child left to her care. She became almost a battenburg fiend and added to her accumulation of lacy pieces intricate works of art along other lines—quilt piecing, tatting and embroidery, compelling herself to follow a strict rule of keeping busy, and she saved herself, according to her own belief, from a lunatic asylum. In course of time she tided herself over the critical ten-year period and is today enjoying better health and a greater interest in life than at any previous time of all her years.

The secret of a continued happy life after the children have left home for good is concentration of interest in things foreign to matters producing worry and friction. I think at no period of a woman's life is the exercising of will power more essential. We must compel obedience of personality to something outside of the well-beaten path hitherto trodden as a matter of course, and it requires a strenuous and persistent wrench of every fiber of our being to achieve victory. But the end surely justifies the means.

—Alice Elizabeth Wells.

Current Views on Currency Legislation

COINCIDENT with the meeting of the Bankers' Association in Boston, a survey of views held by financial leaders, from bankers in small towns to members of large metropolitan institutions, furnishes interesting information.

The matter of the new currency bill is a practical proposition, in which the savings depositor with the smallest account is concerned as much as the millionaire. It is a question of keeping money circulating and of doing constructive work. The psychological time has arrived when the people as well as the bankers unite in a demand for a more flexible note issue and for co-operative protection against panicky conditions all along the line.

In every part of the country the currency bill has been printed and studied by bankers, who in turn are urging depositors and the public at large to give the bill earnest study and consideration. With the passing years, the old-time prejudice against bankers has been recognized as ill-founded. Bankers must earnestly and honestly consider the needs and welfare of the whole people as the basis of their own success, and if they are honest enough to hold the people's money in trust, they must have honest purposes as well as honest characters. The old criticism against elaborate banking rooms has also passed. Substantial headquarters is a part of the banker's equipment. What depositor, even the smallest, would place his funds in a bank that looked shabby?

To give further publicity to the pending currency bill, Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank, New York, published the bill in full in a pamphlet, with discussion and comment which were especially illuminating. In his remarks he has included a statement as follows, which has attracted widespread attention:

The fundamental objection to the bill as first drafted is the character of the control which is provided. The powers that are granted to this federal reserve board are in the main, but with some exceptions, such as would of necessity be granted to the Directors of a central bank. They are such powers as

are essential to the complete mobilization of reserves and to the operation of the other necessary functions of a central bank. It is well frankly to recognize that broad powers and great authority are necessary to the successful operation of the plan and that those powers must, in effect, be the sort of powers that would be granted to the management of a central bank. No matter what circumlocution is used, we must recognize that the effective mobilization of reserves can only be accomplished through what is substantially a central bank.

The objection is even deeper. If the appointing power lay with the banks themselves and the detached character of the board was maintained, a board could not be created which would be competent to assume the responsibilities. The trouble lies in separating the management of a financial institution from its ownership. A management so separated, no matter how appointed, could not remain intelligently in touch with conditions and perform the vastly important and extremely complicated functions that are entailed under this plan, and which must be inherent in any plan which will successfully mobilize the banking reserves of the country. The objection may be made that a management is needed that will represent the interests of the people and not those of the owners of the banks. That seems to me a misconception both of the relation of the owners of the banks to their invested capital and to the interests of the whole people. It must not be forgotten that the men who control the capital invested in the banking business can and will withdraw that capital if the conditions of the business do not, in their opinion, warrant the continuance of the investment. It should be recognized, too, that the men who have invested money in the banking business are intelligent enough to know that continued success in banking can come only when accompanied by continued prosperity of the whole country. The interests of the general public and the interests of the bank owners are identical. There cannot be, over any considerable period, prosperous banking without prosperous business.

As the executive head of the largest financial institution in the West, Mr. George M. Reynolds in various addresses has succinctly given expression to his views and those of bankers from towns of three or five hundred population, to those of two and three millions. Without asking for views, Mr. Reynolds has received the opinions of hundreds of country bankers, who have urged him as their leader to

make the best of this opportunity for an adjustment that will meet the needs of the farmers and remote communities, as well as large organizations in the cities. Mr. Reynolds went into the matter with earnest enthusiasm, insisting that he wanted to do his best in helping to make a good currency bill even if it required the relinquishment of his present position and his future participation in the banking business. The summary of his views, quoted in the following paragraph, indicates his earnestness in the matter:

I would recommend the following changes as a means of bringing the currency plan to a much more workable, as well as a more equitable, basis.

Provide for representation of banks on the Federal Reserve Board or for the organization of an Advisory Board composed of one selected by each Federal Reserve Bank, thus bringing into daily contact with the members of the Federal Reserve Board men who would be familiar with the banking business and agricultural conditions in each section of the country, thereby insuring a more intelligent discharge of their duties so far as their actions would affect business in the various sections.

Modify the section relating to reserves, by providing that until the plan has been fully tried out, one-third of the reserves that banks in country towns and in reserve cities are required to carry may be carried with reserve correspondents as is now done under the National Banking Law, leaving the requirement that banks in central reserve cities must carry twenty per cent reserves, one-half of which must be in their vaults and one-half to their credit in the Federal Reserve Bank.

This would decentralize reserves in the centers over one-half and would be much less liable to disturb general business than the drastic and revolutionary shifting of reserves now provided for in the bill.

Later on, say five years after the plan has been in operation, any further shifting of reserves of the banks found to be necessary or desirable could be effected without taking that risk of disturbing business that might follow if the plan proposed is now enforced.

I would also recommend a change in the plan for the issuing of notes. While I think it much preferable that the Federal Reserve Bank should issue the notes, yet, knowing as I do, how determined in their opinion are many who are powerful in the Democratic party, that the Government should issue the notes, I am willing, in view of the fact that the notes are abundantly secured, to yield that point, but even then, the limit of the amount that can be issued should be removed and the tax, instead of being on the notes when issued, should be levied only when the

Federal Reserve Bank issuing them should fail to maintain a proper reserve of gold against its liabilities.

I cannot feel that the Administration has a full conception of the ramifications of the power the bill vests in the Federal Reserve Board, and I hope that in their desire to enact the best possible legislation they will clearly see the necessity for modifying the bill in two or three sections with a view of so harmonizing the situation that the banks not only will be willing to enter the system, but that they will do so enthusiastically, and on that co-operative basis so necessary for the success of the plan and the future welfare of our country.

For many years Mr. Charles G. Dawes has been an earnest advocate of currency reform. As comptroller of the treasury during a long period in the McKinley administration, he had unusual opportunities for studying the needs and necessities involved in changes proposed. As head of the Central Trust Company, Chicago, his ideas have also the sympathetic appreciation of the needs of the small depositor and of country districts. His views, expressed some years ago, show how public thought has crystalized today.

We may as well recognize the fact that, while we believe we have the best government to live under in the world, we must take along with all the good we get from it some of the disadvantages which are inseparably incident to it as compared with a monarchy.

Our whole form of government was in its essence a protest against the centralization of power. Under these circumstances the opposition to centralized financial strength which we have always seen manifested in this country to some extent, and latterly to so large an extent, should not be wondered at.

My objections to the central bank idea are as follows:

First, no theoretical plans can protect in a republic any quasi-political institution of real financial power from legislative or demagogic attack. If the bank is to perform the functions expected of it, it must of necessity become, as was the case with the second bank of the United States, the greatest single financial power in the country.

Second, a demagogic or legislative attack upon a large business corporation other than banking, having outstanding only funded indebtedness or being without debt, does not of necessity compel immediate changes in its business policy, but an attack of this character upon a bank which, if it is successful, must owe in the shape of deposits immense sums, payable on demand, would require on its part changes of policy which would inevitably produce dangerous financial conditions.

By creating a central bank, having on

deposit a large part of the banking reserves of the country, we make the entire banking system of the country sensitive to attacks on the central bank, for an attack upon the credit of the central bank would be a blow to the credit of the banks depositing with it.

Bankers are not less patriotic than other business men. While the currency bill was pending, Mr. Elbert Johnson of Waterloo, Iowa, made a frank statement showing his attitude toward the bill.

Experience is desirable in banking as in other business. An equitable division of profits and responsibility is of paramount importance in all transactions. While we believe in government supervision of banks, yet we feel that the government administration went too far in depriving the stockholders of the control of their property, and of placing its active daily management with political appointees in no way interested in the stock. As a precedent, we fear that this would be a menace to all business interests.

The bill undertakes to devise a system applicable to the whole of the United States. In every part of our country some strong, successful national banks have grown up, adapting themselves to their special environment in such a way that entering into this system would be a hardship to many small banks. We earnestly request such a modification of the bill as will permit any national bank, so desiring, to give up his charter as a national bank and continue as a state bank without other sacrifice than the loss of the charter and prestige as a national bank.

The bill as drawn practically compels country banks to subscribe to the new system, because of the loss inflicted through their holdings of two per cent bonds if they surrender their charter. This feature could be remedied by allowing the circulation to continue as at present and be reduced by paying off five per cent of the bonds securing the circulation each year. This would save the banks loss and be no hardship on the government, because the Federal Reserve Banks are empowered to issue their own notes in place of the present national bank currency retired. The government would get the entire profit from the circulation, which profit at present is divided between the government and the banks. Without some provision whereby a bank can remain out of the system, if desired, the bill practically takes the private property of the stockholder for public use without compensation.

Mr. Andrew Jay Frame of Waukesha, Wisconsin, made a most interesting statement before the committee:

"We all desire a reasonable mobilization of cash to the end that cash suspension of banks may be avoided, but such calls seem far beyond reason to accomplish the object sought. Reason must reign, or a continual

warfare for a repeal of the bill will bring a second Andrew Jackson to destroy these banks.

"What we want to do is to work in harmony together. We want it so reasonable that we can afford to go into it even if it should cost a little to go into it. I am willing that it should; I believe all banks are willing that it should; but I believe you should do what seems fair and not oppressive.

"From my canvass of 450 country banks of Wisconsin, the result of which is herewith submitted, I am confident if country



THE LATE CHARLES H. HUTTIG
Of St. Louis, who died while holding the office of
president of The American Banking Convention
during the present year

national banks contribute ten per cent of capitals and one per cent of deposits, approximating \$100,000,000, it is all that should be required of them. To demand more, I believe, will seriously injure if not wreck the system, and state banks will not join.

"I respectfully submit herewith a tentative compromise plan, which should be acceptable to the Government, as it covers the underlying principle of the bill, and probably would be acceptable to the banks. The object sought would also be attained. Let us get together and preserve our splendid independent banking system."

Mr. C. F. Latimer, Northern National Bank, Ashland, Wisconsin, has long advocated radical changes in currency legislation, and outlined the following plan some years ago:

"Have a Board of Commissioners or

Governors appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, of not less than nine or more than fifteen men, who by experience in a financial way are qualified to fill a trust of great responsibility, men who will in no way be identified with the different banking interests of the country and will, therefore, be entirely independent in their actions; to hold their positions for life, and to be paid salaries such as the responsibility and dignity of such positions are worth, placing them, as are our judges of the Supreme Court, above reproach; make the Secretary of the Treasury an ex-officio member of this body; place in charge of this body of Governors or Commissioners our entire treasury system, giving them power to issue government notes, backed by a coin reserve of not less than forty per cent; refund the legal tenders and treasury notes into a new form of government note; refund the national bank notes into government notes of like character; take the gold and silver certificates and do likewise. To do all of this and procure the necessary coin for reserve it may be necessary to issue United States bonds to quite an extent, possibly four hundred million dollars, but as some six hundred million will be surrendered by the banks the bond issue will be reduced about two hundred million. The ultimate saving to the government will be a large sum of money. The coin purchases will be naturally from the banks, as they will have no further use for coin or gold except for export, and it can then be procured on demand by the presentation of government notes or by the presentation of securities, the kind of which we will mention later."

Mr. Flannagan, a retired banker of Montclair, N. J., has made the statement:

I am firmly convinced that the present bill, under general discussion throughout the country, has in its preparation been prompted by an earnest and patriotic desire to advance the best interests of all the people, irrespective of particular localities, and has not sought to benefit one class at the expense of another.

I consider that the bill displays a high order of constructive ability in legislation; that it is sound in its fundamental principles, and that with few changes it will remove the inherent defects which were inseparable from financial legislation fifty years ago, necessitated under the stress of abnormal conditions.

I have read with much interest and benefit the excellent report made by the House Banking and Currency Committee which accompanied the presentation of the bill and am impressed with its judicial tone and the spirit in which the difficulties of the problem are considered and the convincing reasons for the adoption of the remedies suggested.

I have also read the report and recommendations of the currency commission of the American Bankers' Association growing out

of the recent meeting at Chicago. No one with an open mind can read and compare those two reports without being impressed with the contrast in the pervading idea of the two documents. The "presidents of 47 State bankers' associations" and "the representatives of 191 clearing houses," "being invited to attend and unite in an expression," "through their representatives adopt certain resolutions," which in the preamble are general commendatory of the bill, but the provisions of which they emasculate in the changes suggested. These suggested changes are not supported in that document by any argument or appeal to reason. The signers seem to rely entirely upon a formidable array of names of the banking institutions and associations which they claim to represent, as if the "dictum" of such a quantity and quality of these eminently respectable bodies should carry conviction and be the last word.

The preamble says that to insure the successful operation of a new banking law, it must be of such a character as to warrant a general acceptance of its provisions by existing banking institutions, and therefore proceeds to tell what these changes must be in order to meet this approval. This method of securing legislation does not appeal to the average citizen, and I doubt if it appeals to you. After such an exhibition of the "big stick," it ill becomes these bankers to complain of the compulsory nature of the bill in question.

I cannot doubt the patriotism nor the good faith of men in these high positions of trust, nor can I doubt, after much reflection, that what they contend for does not serve the best interests and welfare of the whole country.

What is the explanation? Can it be the pervading idea which has afflicted the great managers in the combinations of capital, that they are the guardians of the Nation's prosperity, and that such prosperity is inseparable from their continuing guardianship? Such a condition of mind may arise, and is apt to arise, where good men hold the power which directs the destinies of others.

BOSTON banking institutions will accord welcome to five thousand delegates not to be forgotten. The history of American banking cannot be dissociated from the history of Boston. In historic Temple Place, long known to American boys, now grown gray, as the place of publication of the *Youth's Companion*, is located the largest branch of a trust company in the United States. It is in the center of the Boston shopping district that the Temple Place branch of the Old Colony Trust Company is located for the convenience of its patrons.

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TO MAKE GOLD LACE

BY MRS. J. C. V.

Ordinary laces may be made very beautiful by applying to them a coat of gilt paint. To do this gilding lay the lace perfectly flat over a clean piece of blotting paper and apply with a brush. Let one side dry, turn and repeat the process on the other side. If necessary, apply two coats of paint. Silver and copper can be applied in the same way. Lace treated thus is lovely for all sorts of fancy work, besides trimming for gown and hat.

To Color Plumes

With tube paint and gasoline one may secure every shade of color simply by adding more or less of the paint to the gasoline. For plumes, wings, laces, ribbons, etc., take one quart of gasoline and one tube of paint the desired color. Put in only a little of the paint at first, and mix thoroughly. If the color is too light, add paint until the right shade is secured. If too deep, add gasoline; test by dipping in a piece of cloth. When coloring plumes, hold them by the stem and keep moving them in the dye until they are thoroughly and evenly covered. Then shake them in the air until the gasoline is dried and the feather becomes fluffy again. Be careful not to use gasoline near a fire or exposed light.

HAIR CURLERS

BY K. T. B. I.

More durable kid curlers than can be bought can be made from required lengths of picture wire, wrapped with a little cotton batting and covered with pieces of discarded kid gloves.

Spearmint for Ants

To keep the little pests out of the refrigerator, place in it a small piece of spearmint gum, or even the wrapper will have the desired effect.

TO CLEAN BOTTLES

BY MRS. T. J. C.

To clean milk bottles for babies, water bottles, vinegar cruets, etc., cut raw potato parings the size that will easily slip in, shake and rinse thoroughly. The potato parings will clean the glass as clear as crystal.

TO WASH CURTAINS

BY C. D.

Hang them up to the window wet and run a pole through the bottom, which, by the way, is as large as the top one, thus enabling one to equalize the wear. Arrange the gathers at the bottom to correspond with those at the top. When dry remove the lower rod and the curtains will delight the eye with their straight, even folds, which will be permanent also. Cheesecloth looks especially well treated in this manner, and it saves much labor.

Stained Water Bottles

When water bottles become badly water stained, fill them with buttermilk and let them stand for a few days, when the stains will have disappeared.

A VALUABLE TABLE

BY MRS. W. E. B.

To weigh without scales:

Ten eggs—one pound.

Soft butter size of egg—one ounce.

One pint A sugar—twelve ounces.

One pint brown sugar—thirteen ounces.

Two teacupfuls (level) granulated sugar—one pound.

Two teacupfuls (well heaped) A sugar—one pound.

Two teacupfuls soft butter—one pound.

One pint liquid—one pound.

One pint chopped meat—one pound.

TO FRESHEN CUT FLOWERS

BY V. E. C.

If cut flowers have been carried for a distance and are wilted, they may be freshened as follows: Take each flower separately, and holding the stem under the water in the vase, clip off an inch or so with sharp scissors. In this way water is absorbed instead of air, and if no air reaches the base of the stem, the flower will freshen in a short time.

HELP FOR RHEUMATISM

BY M. L. H.

Try kerosene, applied with hand and rubbed in thoroughly, on the affected parts. It has proved a great help to the writer.